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JOHN WILLIAM BURGON

LATE DEAN OF CHICHESTER

A Biography

*WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS AND
EARLY JOURNALS*

By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., D.C.L.

SOMETIME DEAN OF NORWICH

IN TWO VOLUMES: WITH PORTRAITS

VOL. I

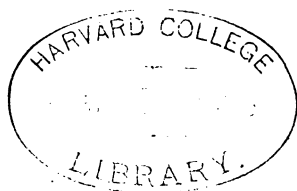
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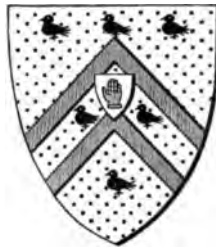


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LIFE OF DEAN BURGON



Collegium Orielense



Collegium Vigornense

Oxford

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John William Burgon.
From a photograph by Lewis & Widdow.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD
RICHARD
LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER
WHOSE UNVARYING KINDNESS AND TRUE FRIENDSHIP
THE SUBJECT OF THIS BIOGRAPHY
ACCOUNTED TO BE ONE CHIEF SOURCE OF THE HAPPINESS OF HIS
LIFE AT CHICHESTER
AND WHOSE SERMON ON THAT MOURNFUL SUNDAY
AUGUST 5, 1888
IS DEAN BURGON'S BEST AND MOST ELOQUENT EULOGY
THIS WORK IS (BY PERMISSION) INSCRIBED
WITH SENTIMENTS OF AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM AND VENERATION
AND WITH GRATITUDE FOR ASSISTANCE RECEIVED IN IT
BY THE AUTHOR

Works by the late Dean Burgon.

THE REVISION REVISED.—THREE ESSAYS FROM THE 'QUARTERLY REVIEW.' (I) NEW GREEK TEXT; (II) NEW ENGLISH VERSION; (III) WESTCOTT AND HORT'S TEXTUAL THEORY. Corrected and Enlarged. With a Dissertation on 1 Timothy iii. 16. 8vo. 14s.

THE LIVES OF TWELVE GOOD MEN.

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PREFACE.

It may perhaps be questioned, even by some of those who greatly esteemed and admired John William Burgon, whether his claims to be gratefully remembered by the Church, and had in honour by future generations of English Christians, might not have been satisfied by a short Memoir,—whether the part he played in ecclesiastical affairs, and in the history of religious thought during the past half-century, was of sufficient importance to justify so detailed a record of his life as is attempted in these volumes. The author entirely thinks it was so, and for the following reason. Burgon was in this country the leading religious teacher of his time, who brought all the resources of genius and profound theological learning to rebut the encroachments of Rationalism, by maintaining inviolate the integrity of the written Word of God as the Church has received it; by pointing out its depth, its versatility of application, and absolute inexhaustibility of significance; and by insisting upon its paramount claims to the humble and reverent reception of

mankind, as having been "given by Inspiration of God." That Rationalism has been in our times largely undermining the simple faith of our Bishops and Clergy, as well as our laity, in those parts of the Divine Testimony which seem to present difficulties either to the understanding or moral sense, there are unhappily only too many evidences on all sides of us. "By faith we stand" spiritually. And the great object of faith,—the stay and support on which it assures itself in temptation and trial,—is the Word of God. Rationalism therefore busies itself industriously with the Word of God,—to see whether it cannot call in question its certainty, and throw doubt upon its infallibility. The initial question of Rationalism, the question by which the Evil One succeeded in supplanting the loyalty of our first mother to her Creator, was, "YEA, HATH GOD SAID?" "Is His Word genuine? Is it authentic? Are you sure that it was He who spake to you? Are you sure of what He spake? And if indeed He uttered the vexatious restriction which prevents your enjoyment of a tree 'good for food,' and 'pleasant to the eyes,' and 'a tree to be desired to make one wise,' how does that restriction comport with His goodness and His desire to make you happy?" This was pure Rationalism in the germ thereof, and as it came from the mouth of its author. And it was to receive subsequent developments in the history of the Church. Sadducaism was its great development in the Church of the Old Dispensation. And Sadducaism outlined with great exactness the features of modern Rationalism. Without rejecting the Scriptures of the Old

Testament, as the Jewish Church had received them, the Sadducees declined to interpret them in the obvious sense which was ordinarily and traditionally attached to them; they explained away,—it is hard to say how, but probably by some convenient allegorizing—such passages as were understood to assert a life after death, and a world above and beyond the senses;—"the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit." Now the two methods of modern Rationalism are to call in question, wherever it can, the genuineness of much which has hitherto passed as Holy Scripture, and, where it cannot do this, to offer natural explanations of the supernatural, and to regard the narrative, where it presents difficulties, not as historical in the strict sense, but as an instructive legend or fable. And the fundamental fallacy of all such methods will be found to be an entirely wrong and derogatory mental attitude taken up at the outset towards what the Church presents to us as the Word of God. That Word is conceived of as an ordinary book, to be subjected to criticism of exactly the same kind as that which is applied to Livy, or Herodotus, or Homer, by way of discriminating the genuine from the spurious, the authentic from the fictitious. The student is not in the cell of an oracle, listening devoutly on his knees for the response of the Deity, but in the dissecting room of an anatomist, going to work with the scalpel upon a body which he conceives of as dead, but which really in the minutest member of it is instinct with the Divine Life,—the breath of the Holy Ghost. When shall we

learn that no profit is to be had from God's Oracles,—aye, and no progress to be made in the right understanding of them—unless they are approached in quite a different spirit? “When ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, YE RECEIVED IT NOT AS THE WORD OF MEN, BUT AS IT IS IN TRUTH, THE WORD OF GOD, WHICH EFFECTUALLY WORKETH ALSO IN YOU THAT BELIEVE.”

Now this view of Holy Scripture as, in virtue of its having been “given by Inspiration of God,” altogether unique in its character and its claims upon mankind, Burgon stoutly and consistently defended in our time against the underminings and corrosions of Rationalism, bringing to the defence, as has been said, (what thousands of those who entirely concur with his views have not to bring,) talents, accomplishments, and learning of the highest order, and that patient indefatigable industry of research, which never jumps prematurely at conclusions, however attractive, but toils and plods on, in the assurance that the highest Wisdom reveals herself only to those who bestow upon her the miner's toil, “seeking her as silver, and searching for her as for hid treasures.” That in protesting for the grand truth, to the maintenance of which he consecrated his life, he was guilty of occasional extravagances; that the very impetuosity of his zeal for the integrity of God's Word and its paramount claims carried him away now and then into sallies of the pen, which it would have been better to restrain, and perhaps sometimes led him to take up positions not altogether defensible,—may be freely admitted, without

in the least disparaging the value of the great work which he did, or the grandeur of the position which he held, as the brave champion in a rationalizing generation of God's Inspired Word. No great cause was ever maintained successfully without infirmities of temper and extravagances of statement in its champions. The Reformation might have been strangled in its birth, had it not been for Luther. But few indeed of those who acknowledge the deep indebtedness of the Reformed Church to Luther, would care to defend all his paradoxical assertions about good works, or the slur passed by him upon the Epistle of St. James as "an epistle of straw."

Moreover, in a state of society, when a fresh originality of character seems, under the levelling tendencies of the day, to have become almost extinct among us, a strong vivid individuality, like that of John William Burgon—especially when it is an individuality which has consecrated itself to a grand cause,—seems to deserve a distinct and detailed record. The very circumstances of Burgon's birth and breeding contributed to give him an originality of character possessed by few indeed among the English clergy of his day. Of foreign extraction by the mother's side, with a strong infusion of Smyrniote blood in him (which of itself accounts to a great extent for that *perfervidum ingenium* of his, which was always breaking forth); destined originally for a mercantile life, and leading it till he had attained an age, ten years in advance of that at which young Englishmen usually go to College; familiar too, long before

he came up to Oxford, with poets, artists, archæologists, literary men,—his antecedents, so entirely out of the ordinary groove, gave a peculiar complexion to his character throughout life, and made other men, however gifted, more or less tame in comparison with him. But quite independently of external circumstances, which may have contributed to form his character, the character itself was one of great originality, with a vivid colour, and an indomitable force of will all its own. This force of will, while it gave him a tenacity of purpose in carrying into effect everything he undertook, by its very unyieldingness failed entirely to carry others with it. Compromise was a word unknown to him ; he was incapable of making the smallest concession to those who differed from him ; perfectly assured of the truth of his own conclusions, he was also perfectly assured that those who arrived at different conclusions were in the wrong ; and therefore he stood and acted alone, and never had (as indeed he never cared to have) a following among his equals. Never, it is thought, were two members of the same Communion so singularly contrasted in character as he and Archbishop Tait, whose biographers have recently presented the Church and the world with so faithful and so graphic a portraiture of that very considerable figure in the English Church of our day. Here was a born ruler of men, a man who had the secret of carrying his own point with others, but carrying it (as only it can be carried in a free society, every member of which has a voice of his own,) by conceding whatever he did not think to involve a vital principle, in order that

what was vital might be maintained and preserved. Thus the Archbishop became a great social force, not only in the Church, but in the State;—his weight was distinctly felt, and consciously acknowledged, in the Upper Chamber of the Legislature. The Dean, though ardently beloved and profoundly revered by his disciples, was no social force at all. His work lay in literature, not in affairs. He attracted by overwhelming kindness; he attached others by the strongest ties of gratitude, affection, sympathy; but he was no wielder of movements, nor leader of men; God had not formed him to be so. Other points of vivid contrast between the two characters will probably strike those who were acquainted with both men,—such as the calm, deliberate judgment of the one, the passionate impulsiveness of the other; the phlegmatic temperament of the one, the excessive sensibility of the other; the ultra-Liberalism of the one, the old-fashioned Toryism (not only by hereditary sentiment, but also by mental constitution) of the other; the somewhat prosaic, unæsthetic mind of the one, and the exuberant poetry, romance, and artistic proclivities of the other;—contrasts which cease only when one reaches the lowest deep of both characters, where it is seen clearly enough that both were men of prayer, and both men of God. And when the survey both of the contrasts and of the fundamental harmony is completed, the truth is realised of that profound and weighty saying of the Apostle's; "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are

diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

But putting on one side the interest of the character which it is the purpose of these pages to depict, the author ventures to hope that the work may be regarded as a humble contribution to the Church history of our times—times characterized by a restless fermentation of thought on all religious questions, and by the equally restless movement which must always follow upon such fermentation. If the review of these times has been in the main a saddening one, if the movements and changes have seemed to take a wrong direction, and if at present the outlook upon religious thought in this country is as dismal as it well can be, Rationalism speaking out more confidently than ever its insinuations as to the fallibility both of the written and the Personal Word of God, writer and reader alike must console themselves with the thought that a deference is due to accomplished facts, as having been, even when calamitous, brought about in the order of Divine Providence (as punishments, it may be, of the Church's sin); and that there are still the "seven thousand in Israel," "the remnant according to the election of grace," who value the Inspired Volume of Holy Scripture above all earthly treasure, and whose simple child-like faith in its testimonies is proof against all the suggestions of its fallibility thrown out by the (so-called) Higher Criticism. In the hearts of all such persons the memory of John William Burgon will be embalmed for ever.

In concluding this Preface, the author desires to

remind the reader that Burgon himself has not yet said his last word on the subject nearest his heart. The Church yet anticipates the great work, to the preparation of which he devoted the better part of his life, but which he was not permitted to complete,—his “*Exposition of the true principles of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament, and the Vindication and Establishment of the Traditional Text by the application of those principles.*”

It is confidently expected that this work, now in process of completion under the able editorship of the Reverend Edward Miller, will, when it makes its appearance, set its seal upon the fame of Burgon as a Textual Critic of the highest order, equally indefatigable in research, cautious in judgment, and keen in acumen.

The enthusiastic affection, which Burgon inspired in those who knew him well, and came under his influence, has been the means of procuring for the author a vast mass of materials, both in the shape of letters, and written contributions; and he is quite sensible that by far the greater part of the interest of his work is due not to his own share in it, but to communications made to him by the friends of the deceased. To enumerate all those who have made these helpful communications to him, would be to fill several pages with names, and thus materially to lengthen the Preface. Let it suffice, while cordially thanking all contributors, whatever shape their contributions may have taken, to acknowledge his special obligations to Mr. Robert Harry Inglis Palgrave, of Great Yarmouth, the letters lent by whom (addressed to the

late Mr. Dawson Turner) will be found to constitute the chief interest of the earlier part of the work ; to Mrs. Samuel Bickersteth, a typical disciple of Burgon's, whose letters to her show, better than any description can do, the affectionate ties which bound him to the younger members of his flock ; to the Venerable Archdeacon Palmer, who has given all sorts of aid, including a most able and interesting paper upon Burgon's ministry at Finmere ; to the Reverend R. G. Livingstone, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Oxford, who, like other of Burgon's former curates, writes with a warmth of affection and liveliness of appreciation about him, which shows what he was to his colleagues in the Ministry ; to the Reverend Alfred Hensley, of Cotgrave Rectory, his earliest Oxford friend, who, despite some differences of opinion, clung to him to the last with unabated affection ; and to Lord Cranbrook, who had the discrimination to see his singular merits, and the claims which he had established upon the gratitude both of the Church of England and the University of Oxford, and who was doubtless the means of procuring for him some recognition of these claims, in the very modest preferment to which quite late in life he attained.

We, his friends, deeply deplore him, not only from the warm personal love which we entertained for him, but also from its seeming to us, in our purblind view of capacities and coming emergencies, that in the great struggle which is impending for the genuineness, authenticity, and infallibility of the Holy Scriptures, he was the man, who

from his studies, his genius, his faithfulness, could most effectively have helped the cause of Divine Truth. But be we assured it is best as it is. As regards the cause, God has many other arrows in His quiver, and can and will raise up "the man of His right hand," and "make him strong for His own self." And as regards our friend,—while we have lost, not indeed his sympathy nor his prayers, but his counsel, and that access to him which was so enlivening and so edifying,—it is our comfort to think that he has been spared from witnessing the more recent developments of a Rationalising Criticism and a Latitudinarianising Theology, and that

THE RIGHTEOUS IS TAKEN AWAY FROM THE EVIL
TO COME.

BRIGHTON,
September 18, 1891.

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LIFE OF DEAN BURGON.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY LIFE.

*From his Birth [Aug. 21, 1813] to his Matriculation at
Oxford [Oct. 21, 1841.]*

It is usual to begin a Biography with some notice of the ancestry of the person whose life is to be recorded. If a prelude of this sort is in any and every case suitable and appropriate, much more so is it in the case of the subject of this memoir, JOHN WILLIAM BURGON. For with many other striking characteristics he combined a perfect passion for pedigrees, and a remarkable industry in the investigation of them. Among many other works of a character wholly dissimilar, he has left behind him a series of papers which he entitled "Parentalia," being the results of a research into the pedigrees of his father and mother; a research to which, besides prosecuting it at odd moments, he devoted a tour in the West Riding of Yorkshire during the autumn of 1840. In a letter descriptive of this tour, which he addressed to his great friend Mr. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, under date Dec. 2, 1840, other extracts from which will be given lower down, he writes:—

"At the risk of being laughed at, I must tell you what I principally wished to do, in taking the queer tour I am going to describe. Without such an explanation, you will set me down for a tasteless ass, with all the world

before me, to select the West Riding of Yorkshire for the scene of my summer pilgrimage. I wished to fill up the wanting links in my *pedigree*, and to investigate the history of my worshipful progenitors by a local inspection of wills, parish registers, and the like. So with a little portfolio of memoranda collected in previous years, a map, and my sketching apparatus, I started; and Tom" [his younger brother] "was the companion of my wanderings aforesaid."

This tour added considerably to the genealogical particulars respecting his ancestry, which he had been for several years previously engaged in collecting; and the fresh particulars were incorporated in the "Parentalia." After a lengthy introduction, telling his reader how he was first "put on the right scent" in his genealogical researches; how difficult any such work proves "when accuracy and detail are aimed at" ("the age of a maiden aunt being sometimes as great a mystery as any of ancient Eleusis"); how much still remains to be done by him in the way of research "at Doctors' Commons, at the Rolls' Chapel, and other similar repositories"; and how he is "wholly unable to sympathize with men who are strangers to an interest" in such enquiries, he divides his subject thus: "My plan is simply this. My prefatory matter is followed by (1) a dissertation on our family name; (2) some account of the several families who have borne that surname; (3) some account of our own family. This genealogical and biographical sketch is accompanied by a pedigree and abstracts of wills, etc. Then comes a short account of the *De Cramer* family" [his mother's]; "then of the *Johnson* family, and the families of *Murdoch* and *Broomer*; then of *Eyre*. After which come some notices of *Rose*. These are followed by a series of pedigrees of *Burgon*, from which a collateral descent alone is to be traced." He labours learnedly to

prove that the name Burgon, or Le Burgon, "simply signifies 'the Burgundian,' the native of Bourgogne or Burgundy." From the mass of "Dryasdust" genealogical details there emerges every now and then (as could not fail to be the case with one so brimful of sentiment) the sentiment of the writer; as, when he comes to the Burgons of Silkstone, in the West Riding of Yorkshire ("a village," as he writes to Mr. Dawson Turner, "degraded by its coal-mine, and by the vices such a neighbour is ever productive of");

"It is a pleasure to think that *Silkstone* was the first parish in this part of Yorkshire which was christianized, —that from this spot, as from a centre, the rays of Gospel-light first disseminated themselves over the neighbourhood. My forefathers therefore enjoyed in a peculiar degree the privileges" (in these early days he always spells the word thus, as was the fashion formerly), "and dwelt among the hills which were first imprinted by 'the beautiful feet of them who preach the Gospel of peace.'"

He has not put upon record anything remarkable as to his ancestry on the father's side; but as to his mother's father, the Chevalier de Cramer, Austrian consul at Smyrna (who was born at Cologne, Feb. 10, 1757, and died at Smyrna, Nov. 9, 1809), he tells this story, which will be read with interest for its own sake, and more especially in connexion with the character of the teller. The Chevalier's antecedents were these:—Meeting with indifferent success in commerce, he changed his line of life, and having been thrown across an American gentleman (one Isaac Cramer¹), who took a strong fancy to

¹ The original form of the Chevalier's name was *Cremer*; but Isaac Cramer made him his heir on condition of his taking the name of

Cramer,—a process easily effected by the change of a single vowel. The change, however, was duly legalized.

him, and furnished him with the necessary funds, he studied law and diplomacy at the University of Vienna, and so distinguished himself in this more congenial sphere, that in 1777 he was appointed Austrian Consul at Smyrna. How he became Chevalier will be seen by the following anecdote, given in one of the notes to the "Parentalia."

"When Napoleon was at Jaffa" [March 4 to 14, 1799], "the French Church of St. Polycarp at Smyrna was treated by the Turks as part of the spoil of the enemy. Karasman Oglu², claiming to be the lawful proprietor of the church by right of conquest, sold it to the Greeks for the sum of 50,000 thalers, 30,000 of which were actually paid into his hands by the Greek purchaser. A few Turkish soldiers had already entered the church, and seated themselves upon the altars. At this juncture intelligence of the outrage was brought to my grandfather by the Curé of the church. 'Sir,' he said, 'there is no French Consul here for me to apply to. To him of right would belong the duty of defending this church from sacrilegious invasion. But your faith supplies a sufficient reason why you should stand forth as the defender of the Church of St. Polycarp.' Not an instant was to be lost. My grandfather had not even time to draw on his

² Readers of Byron will be reminded of Giaffir's recommendation to Zuleika (in "The Bride of Abydos") of the bridegroom he had selected for her,—a kinsman of this very "Karasman Oglu."

"a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslem reck not much of
blood;
But yet the line of Carasman
Unchanged, unchangeable hath
stood

First of the bold Timariot bands,
That won and well can keep their
lands.

Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou."

The note on this passage says;
"Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landowner in Turkey; he governs Magnesia. Those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots."

boots. He hastily put on his uniform, and seizing the Austrian banner, repaired alone to the scene of outrage. He quickly drove out the one or two Turks, whom he found within the sacred edifice, and took up his station on the threshold, grasping the Austrian flag, while the banner of France floated about him. It was not long before Karasman Oglu appeared in person, attended by about two hundred Janissaries. Finding the entrance of the church so guarded, he called upon my grandfather instantly to withdraw. The other refused. 'This church,' said the Turkish Prince, 'was French property, and by right of conquest has become mine.' The other replied that a possession of the Church cannot change hands like a secular estate, and may on no account be forfeited. The Turk advised the other not to resort to extremities, declaring that he was resolved to obtain possession of an edifice which he had already sold. My grandfather for all reply drew his sword, and vowed that no one should enter that church except by pulling down the Austrian banner, nor cross that threshold except over his dead body. His firmness triumphed. He saved the church of St. Polycarp, and won for himself the abiding friendship of Karasman Oglu, who, by the way, refused to refund the 30,000 thalers, declaring they were the price of the trouble he had already taken in the affair, 20,000 thalers more being required for the actual transfer of the property. When the story of his heroism was related to the Pope, my grandfather was created a count of Rome³. To this day, on the anniversary of its rescue out of the hands of the infidels, a Mass is celebrated in the church of St. Polycarp to the memory of Ambroise Hermann de Cramer."

It is impossible for anyone who knew John William Burgon not to recognise in him that chivalrous gal-

³ In a note to the "Parentalia" he says; "My maternal grandfather received his *lettres de noblesse* 28th Feb., 1800; and by a Bull of

Pope Pius VII, dated 30th Sept., 1802, was created a Chevalier of the Order of Christ."

lantry, that utter carelessness of what might be the consequences of a generous action to himself, which had come down to him in the current of the Chevalier's blood. He was just the man, had he been a soldier, to have put himself at the head of a forlorn hope, and, grasping the banner of England, to lead it into the breach. He has been called, with something approaching to a sneer, "the champion of impossible orthodoxies." Substituting for the word "impossible," "offering difficulties to belief" (as what really orthodox creed does not? the difficulties of belief are the trial to which God submits our faith), we his friends, who mourn his loss, not for our own sake only, but still more for that of the Church, accept that description of him. In the true spirit of his maternal grandfather he planted himself resolutely in the doorway of the sanctuary of the Faith, and grasping the banner of Divine Truth, he vowed that the rationalist's desecrating foot should never enter, except by pulling down the banner, "nor cross that threshold except over his own dead body."

There was another person of some mark among his ancestry, of whom something may here be said,—his mother's aunt, Mrs. Baldwin (*née* Maltass), of whom he himself wrote an obituary notice in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' for December, 1839. The extraordinary beauty of this lady,—whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with an ancient coin of Smyrna (her native place) in her hand, is still to be seen in Lord Lansdowne's gallery at Bowood,—created a great sensation, both at Vienna and in London, procured for her attentions from the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, and elicited even from Dr. Johnson a burst of clumsy amorousness.

"In all the pride of youth and beauty," writes her great nephew to the *'Gentleman's Magazine,'* "she was brought before the aged and infirm sage, whose curiosity had been aroused by the story of her foreign birth, and residence in distant lands. Johnson asked her what was the colour of the Abyssinians? Mrs. Baldwin replied that she did not know. 'But what colour do you *think* they are?' persisted the author of *Rasselas*. After some hesitation, and renewed professions of utter ignorance on the subject, Mrs. Baldwin said that she supposed they were *brown*. The doctor next said that he should like to give her a kiss; and the husband's permission having been obtained, a kiss was formally inflicted. Mrs. Baldwin could never forget the forbidding exterior of her Platonic admirer, and the servile adulation of his future biographer."

Mrs. Baldwin had infirmities of temper, it appears (for which, however, great excuses and allowances were made by those acquainted with her circumstances), and in a letter to Mr. Dawson Turner, accompanying the obituary sketch above cited, her nephew, who, "knowing that she was living *quite* alone, and but indifferently off, used to pay her a periodical visit," describes amusingly how the loss of a penny had on one occasion made her violate the son of Sirach's precept, "Be not as a lion in thy house, nor frantic among thy servants." She was storming at her maidservant. "On such occasions I used to sit quietly and say nothing; for though I verily believe she loved me exceedingly (simply because I used always to be very respectful to her), I dared not begin any buffoonery, such as 'Well, Aunt; it certainly is a very bad business, but I'll soon find it for you,' and then by a piece of legerdemain fumble a penny out of my pocket; for she was so *sensitive*, so *extremely shrewd*, so clear sighted in spite of her obliquity of mental vision, so clever in spite of all her absurdities, that one would

have been infallibly detected, and, if detected, rebuked in the manner one does not like to be rebuked by a woman, young or old." He dutifully accounts for these occasional outbursts by her having been alternately spoiled by adulation, and soured by unkindness; but doubtless she was naturally a woman of strong and passionate temper,—and those who love him best, and esteem him most, will be the last to deny that he too inherited a share of this characteristic of his mother's family, while entirely free at all times from resentment and personal dislike.

But to come to his immediate progenitors.

JOHN WILLIAM BURGON was born at Smyrna, August 21, 1813. His parents were Thomas Burgon, of London, merchant (born Aug. 1, 1787), and Catharine Marguerite de Cramer⁴ (born Aug. 7, 1790), eldest daughter and child of the Chevalier Ambroise Hermann de Cramer, Austrian Consul at Smyrna (some particulars of whose life have

⁴ It may be convenient here to give a pedigree of the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burgon, in reference to the members of the

family who are mentioned or alluded to in this narrative, as also to show who are its present representatives.

Thomas Burgon, Esq., b. Aug. 1, 1787, d. Aug. 28, 1858.			Catharine Marguerite de Cramer, b. Aug. 7, 1790, d. Sept. 7, 1854.		
Sarah Caroline Burgon ^a , b. July 1, 1812, d. Apr. 6, 1889.	JOHN WILLIAM, b. Aug. 21, 1813, d. Aug. 4, 1888.	Thomas Charles, b. June 25, 1816, d. Feb. 14, 1872.	Emily Mary, b. Feb. 16, 1819, d. May 6, 1871.	Helen Eliza ^b , b. May 28, 1823.	Catharine Margaret, b. Oct. 27, 1828, d. Apr. 28, 1836.

^a Married (May 24, 1838) to the Rev. Henry John Rose, Rector of Houghton Conquest and afterwards (1866) Archdeacon of Bedford, who died Jan. 31, 1873. They had five children, four of whom survive,—Emily Susannah, Hugh James [d. 1878], William Francis (Vicar of Worle), Anna Caroline, Gertrude Mary.

^b Married (July 28, 1853) to Charles Longuet Higgins, Esq., of Turvey Abbey, Beds.

been given above), by Sarah Maltass, daughter of William Maltass⁵, a merchant of Smyrna. Mr. Thomas Burgon's family had for many years been connected with the commerce of the City of London. He was a Turkey merchant, and a member of the Court of Assistants of the Levant Company, which position gave him a voice in the management of the Company's affairs and the appointment of its officers. The Company, while it existed, enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in the Levant; but in the first quarter of this century monopolies were becoming out of keeping with the spirit of the times; and by an Act of Parliament passed in 1826 (6 Geo. IV. cap. 83) the Levant Company, which had long carried on a thriving business, was abolished. Mr. Burgon's house, which was an old established one and had excellent connexions in the Levant, maintained its ground for some time; but the competition which the abolition of the Company introduced into the trade, told more and more unfavourably upon it, and having struggled vainly for some fifteen years against losses, which towards the end of that time

“huddled on” its “back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,”

⁵ Mrs. Thomas Burgon, therefore, was on her mother's side English, as on her father's Austrian. Mrs. Baldwin (*née* Jane Maltass) was her mother's younger sister. The mother, however, of Sarah Maltass (afterwards Madame de Cramer) and of Jane Maltass (afterwards Mrs. Baldwin) was one Margoton Ickhard (*or*, Icard). Of what nationality was this lady?

Dean Burgon is often said to have been of Greek extraction. But how? If Margoton Icard (his mother's maternal grandmother) were Greek, he would have had Greek blood in his veins. But probably the word Greek is used loosely to denote a Smyrniote. Mrs. Thomas Burgon was a Smyrniote, as having been born and bred at Smyrna, where her family resided.

at length collapsed in August 1841, and began to wind up its affairs, a calamity memorable principally for the effect it had upon the fortunes of the subject of this Biography, for, had it not occurred, he would never probably have felt at liberty to gratify what had long been the cherished wish of his heart, and to enter the Sacred Ministry of the Church. Mr. Thomas Burgon, though in the earlier part of his life distracted by the calls and cares of business, incidental to the position of the head of a great mercantile house, made himself, under the prompting of a natural instinct, one of the most eminent antiquarians of his time. So innate in him was the passion for research into the monuments of antiquity, that, as a child, he is said to have buried halfpence in his father's garden, and to please himself with digging them up again, and making believe that they were old coins discovered by excavation. As his son inherited from him this propensity for archæology, and in his early days contributed several articles to the '*Numismatic Journal*,' besides a paper to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' "On a cairn in the Isle of Skye⁶," it will not be out of

⁶ Here are two private memoranda of his own.

"My contributions to Akerman's '*Numismatic Journal*' were as follows:—

1. Review of Millingen's '*Sylloge of Ancient Unedited Coins of Greek Cities and Kings*' [Oct. 1837]. No. VI. Art. xiii. p. 81.

2. On the Current Coins of Great Britain, considered as works of Art [Nov. 1837]. No. VII. Art. xvii. p. 121.

3. Review of the Marquis de L . . . 's '*Description de quelques Médailles inédites de Massilia*,' etc.

[Apr. 1838]. No. VIII. Art. xxvii. p. 237.

4. Pistrucci's Invention: A letter to the Editor [June 1838] Num. Chron. No. I. Art. vii. p. 53.

5. On the Amelioration of the Coinage, A.D. 1560 [May, 1839]. No. V. Art. IV. p. 12.

6. On a hoard of Pennies of Henry II. found in Bedfordshire [June 1839]. No. V. Art. XI. p. 54.

7. On a new Method of obtaining Representations of Coins [Jan. 1841]."

And again;

place here to re-produce the obituary notice of Mr. Thomas Burgon, which appeared in the '*Athenæum*' of Sept. 11, 1858:—

"In the death of Mr. Thomas Burgon the world of collectors and connoisseurs of ancient art has lately suffered an irreparable loss. He was long and honourably known for his experience and judgment on matters connected with antiquities and painted vases; but more especially in Greek and Roman metallurgy. His dictum respecting the genuineness of a work of Art belonging to these branches was almost infallible, and not a few instances could be brought to bear in which the judgment of foreign authorities deferred to his. To classic learning he had no pretension; and all his scholarly attainments appear to have been purely the result of his devotion to the relics of antiquity. In early life, Mr. Burgon was occupied in commerce, and his long residence at Smyrna as a Greek merchant afforded him peculiar opportunities of becoming practically acquainted with the various circumstances under which particular

"My contributions to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' are as follows:—

1. A memoir of poor *Boddington*. See the Obituary of the" [Feb. 1838. New Series, vol. ix. p. 211. No signature*.]

"2. Strictures on the Review of Tytler's Book—Defence of Tytler's views." [July 1839. Vol. xii. New Series, p. 22. "A lover of Historic Truth."]

"3. A Memoir of Mrs. Baldwin. See the Obituary for" [Dec. 1839. New Series, vol. xii. p. 656. No signature.]

"4. A reply to Bolton Corney (refused).

5. A reply to Mr. John Bruce on the orthography of Shakspeare's name." [March 1840. Vol. xiii. p. 264. Signed, John William Burgon.]

"6. A review of Rose's New General Biographical Dictionary." [May 1840. Vol. xiii. p. 497. No signature.]

"7. A reply to Mr. Bruce's Reply to my former letter^b."

"8. On a cairn in the Isle of Sky^c."

"9. A letter on D. Turner's book of painted screens^d."

* The insertions in square brackets are not in the original memorandum, the hiatuses of which have been filled up by a reference to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*.'

^b [May 1840. Vol. xiii. p. 474. Signed, John William Burgon.]

^c Sky." [Jan. 1841. Vol. xv. p. 33. Signed, J. W. B.]

^d [Oct. 1841. Vol. xvi. p. 375 Signed, J. W. B.]

objects were to be found. In his vocation he was necessarily a traveller; but his own choice may, probably, have kept him so much among the Islands of the Archipelago. He was at one time as much an explorer as a collector, and his researches and excavations in the Island of Melos (*Milo*) have tended considerably to enrich the stores of the British Museum. At Athens, also, Mr. Burgon carried on extensive excavations, and discovered many fine vases, especially the celebrated Minerva one, containing burnt bones, with the inscription upon it, 'Τον Ἀθηνεθεν Ἀθλον εἰμι,' from which the accidental omission of a letter puzzled Brøndsted⁷ and all the learned world for a considerable time. His entire collection passed some fifteen years ago to the British Museum. Having so long had dealings with the Turks, Mr. Burgon well knew how to pursue and to obtain without suspicion objects of value that had been discovered. His taste and judgment on Greek coins were unparalleled; and at an early period of his career, the eminent connoisseur, Payne Knight, whose bronzes and coins now form so important a part of the British Museum, purchased from him a handful of Greek coins, not indeed for an enormous price, but for (at that time) a very large sum. Late in life Mr. Burgon found a quiet retreat in the Medal Room of the British Museum, where his wonderful memory and quick detection of forgeries were of especial value in regulating the numerous acquisitions made by that department, and

⁷ The Panathenaic Amphora in question was found by Mr. Burgon at Athens, near the old Acharnian Gate, in the year of his eldest son's birth (1813). The letter accidentally omitted by the copyist from the inscription on this Amphora is the third ε of the word *Αθηνεθεν*. As the word appears on the Amphora, it is *Αθηνεθν*. The Chevalier Brøndsted restored the missing letter in his Monograph on Panathenaic Vases published in 1832

[London, A. J. Valpy, M.A.],—a translation of which monograph into French was the earliest published work of the subject of the present Biography. The whole inscription, taken out of the archaic Greek spelling (which does not recognise long vowels) runs thus: *Τῶν Ἀθῆννηθεν ἁθλων εἰμί*;—"I am [one] of the prizes from Athens." It is written from right to left, like Hebrew.

where his courtesy and readiness to convey information to visitors will ever be remembered with thankfulness. He died on the 28th of August, in Burton Crescent, aged seventy-one."

Before we part company with Mr. Thomas Burgon it may interest the reader to be presented with a short sketch of his character drawn by his son in a letter to his intimate friend Mr. Fellows; "He is very anti-poetical—never read a romance in his life—a high Tory and high Churchman—the creature of habit—fond of matter-of-fact reading and conversation—still fonder of chewing the cud of his own thoughts over his pipe—in a great measure self-taught—that is to say all his pursuits were struck out and followed alone—not *too* rich—and having the care of a great business. . . . Before quitting the subject however I must tell you that he *likes* and *esteems* you, and, being a most indulgent parent—indulgent to a fault—in no way opposes my fondness for you and yours, tho', in his dry way, he wonders at times what our correspondence can be all about."—If the son has rightly conceived the father's character, we must suppose that the strong element of poetry, sentiment, and romance, which was so marked an ingredient in his own mind, came to him from his mother.

Here is an extract from '*Music and Friends, or Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante*,' (a work by William Gardiner, of Leicester, [1838, Longmans]), which gives a somewhat lively picture both of Mr. and Mrs. Burgon. [Vol. I, pp. 422-3].

"Dr. Reid also introduced me to his near neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Burgon of Brunswick Square. Mr. Burgon, our Consul⁸ at Smyrna, is respectably noticed by Clarke

⁸ It may be queried whether Mr. Burgon was ever *British Consul* at Smyrna. Undoubtedly he was a Turkey Merchant who had resided there.

in his Travels as a Collector of Grecian Antiquities. He employed not less than twenty men at Athens in constantly digging for curiosities, and the coins he has collected are considered rare and of great value. The impressions of some are as fresh as if just come from the mint. Mr. Taylor Combe, one of the Curators of the British Museum, spent the evening with us," [at the Burgons' house in Brunswick Square], "and I was much instructed by the knowledge he displayed upon all the Greek antiquities. He particularly admired a gold coin of Alexander, the helmet in such high relief that it projected with an inconvenient degree of sharpness.—He pronounced it superior to any one in the Museum, and said it was worth fifty times its weight in gold. But the most invaluable of Mr. Burgon's eastern treasures was his wife, a native of Greece⁹. Though not beautiful, her form and manners were singularly elegant. I could not but notice the peculiarity of the Grecian outline in the nose forming an almost straight line with the forehead, and the peculiar length of her neck. She spoke, with great facility, most of the European languages, and had a fine taste in music. I tendered my service in choosing her a grand pianoforte at Broadwood's. In going there, I complimented her upon her walking, when to my surprise she replied; 'I walk pretty well, consider I learn only *tree* year. In my own country I always was carried.' This lady realised in her person all the epithets which the poets of old have bestowed upon the female form and grace of the Circassian women."

Mr. Thomas Burgon was well known to, and on intimate terms with, many of the literary, artistic, and scientific men of his day. Rogers, the poet, as will appear a little later in this chapter, was one of them; C. R. Cockerell, the celebrated architect, another. In the year after John William Burgon's birth the family moved from

⁹ Mrs. Burgon's nationality has been discussed in a previous note. [See above, p. 9, note 5.] By "a native of Greece" is meant a Smyrniote.

Smyrna to England, stopping at Athens in their way. Here they accidentally encountered Mr. Cockerell; and the father showed his friend with some pride the eldest son, who had been born to him at Smyrna rather more than seven months ago. Then followed a freak of Mr. Cockerell's, which borrowed part of its point from the circumstance of Mr. Thomas Burgon's having in the preceding year discovered at Athens the Panathenaïc Vase above referred to, and gained a name in consequence among the *savants* and virtuosos of the day. "He carried me up to the Parthenon on his shoulders" (says a memorandum of the late Dean Burgon's), "and dedicated me to Minerva at Athens on Sunday 3rd of April, 1814." And the perpetrator of the freak attests the fact, and gives it a happy turn in the following letter:—

"20 July, 1842.

"My dear John,—I can indite nothing more interesting to you or to me on this page than the reminder that about the year 1813" [the exact date, however, is that given in the memorandum,—Sunday April 3, 1814] "I dedicated you to the Athenian goddess of Wisdom, carrying you up to the Acropolis in my arms" (it doubtless was so; the child would be too young to sit on a man's "shoulders," though it may have been raised to that position for a moment in the act of dedication), "which I should be very sorry to do now, and in company with your father and mother.

"You have shown me that my labour was not in vain; for from Athenian you have now devoted yourself to Divine Wisdom, and I doubt not will do credit to us all

"Affectionately yours,

"C. R. COCKERELL."

Here is an earlier letter to him from Mr. Cockerell, advertizing to the dedication at the Parthenon, written in reference to his article in Akerman's '*Numismatic Journal*,' "On the Current Coins of Great Britain, considered as Works of Art" (Nov. 1837).

"My dear Burgon,—When I had the pleasure of thanking you for your essay on our coinage, I was really not qualified (by the hasty view of it) to endure any cross-questioning on the subject. Since then I have read it more carefully, and with very great pleasure, as well as instruction.

"I think the criticism most apt and valuable, and hope you will circulate it. The ideas thrown out are ingenious, and often beautiful, and very creditable to you. The justice done to Pistrucci is also a worthy act, though I think Pistrucci *over-rated*, and differ with you on the St. George and Dragon as a composition, and will satisfy you of its absurdity any day you please, or I will eat one.—Then I think the lively, good humoured, and smart manner (without flippancy) in which you have written the article is entirely Platonic (?)¹, and a style never to be lost sight of on all subjects, because it is *Athenian*, giving 'to science a milder air, and making art but nature.'

"Go on and prosper; be assured that these elegant tastes will make you more really prized and more really happy, than if you were to be Lord Mayor, monopolizer of the Turkey Trade, cloathed outside with fine linen and inside with turtle, in short, than if you were a Bashaw of four Tails.—I feel to have dedicated you to the Athenian Goddess to some purpose, and trust you will remain a faithful devotee.

"Ever yours,

"C. R. COCKERELL."

¹ The writer has doubts whether the word used by Mr. Cockerell is

"Platonic," his handwriting being here and there difficult to read.

E. M. G.

It should perhaps be said, as even great reputations do not in these days of rapid movement long survive, that Mr. Cockerell was very eminent as an architect, and also as a man of general cultivation, and had spent many of his early years in the study of ancient architectural remains in Greece, Rome, Sicily, and Asia Minor, from which circumstance he imbibed a predilection for the classical style of architecture. He was architect of the Bank of England. Like most of Burgon's early friends, he was considerably older than Burgon himself,—a full quarter of a century.

It is a curious circumstance, the memory of which still survives in the Burgon family, in connexion with John William's inborn propensity to the use both of the pen and the pencil, that, before he was two years old, and when he could only speak a few words of modern Greek, which he had picked up from his mother and his nurse, he would imitate the action of writing with his little hand on the table, saying, *γράφω, γράφω!* (*Grapho, Grapho*; "I write," "I write.") His parents often mentioned with amusement this incident of his earliest years; and added that "Johnny was never happy, unless he had a pencil in his hand."

Having received instruction from his mother during the first eleven years of his life, young Burgon was sent to a school at Putney, kept by Mr. Watts, October 2, A.D. 1824. Æt. 11. He had already acquired the rudiments of drawing at home, under the private tuition of Mr. Woodley; and it is characteristic of him both that one of his early sketches (he had made attempts at drawing ancient vases when he was only five years old) should be a drawing of his first school, and also that his first letter from school to his mother is to ask her acceptance ("as I know that you are fond of poems") of a book of poems "by Mr. Alaric Watts, who is Mr. Watts's brother."

In connexion with his school life at Putney his surviving sister writes :—

“From a very early age my brother was a most religiously disposed boy. I have heard my mother say that at his first school (Mr. Watts's, at Putney) it was his custom, besides showing kindness to and supporting any little boys in trouble, to protect a French boy, who was a Roman Catholic, while saying his prayers. J. W. B. used to keep guard at the door of their bedroom, and give notice of the approach of his tormentors... From infancy he was, I should say, wonderfully pure, thoughtful, liberal, and loving to the poor. I have heard my mother say that, when quite a little boy, he would occupy himself of an evening in making little articles of worsted work for a poor woman (who sat with her basket near our house in Brunswick Square) to sell. He would take the articles to her *himself*, and on his return would describe to our mother her thankfulness, and say ‘she had *blessed* him.’ This he dwelt upon, and seemed to appreciate. These visits to the poor woman afforded him the liveliest pleasure.”

A. D. 1828. In the summer of 1828, when he had not been quite
Æt. 15. four years at Putney, where latterly he does not appear to have been happy, he was removed to a school at Blackheath, and placed under the charge of Mr. Greenlaw. Several of his letters to his parents from both schools have been preserved. While their topics are the ordinary topics of schoolboys' letters, they show every now and then, as might be anticipated, an intelligence and an interest in certain branches of knowledge (not in the regular school-work) above the average; and they derive a certain importance, in connexion with his life and character, from the following memorandum made by him respecting them when he came of age, which, even if it shows perhaps a little sense of self-importance, shows also a power of introspection not very common at the age of twenty-one.

"*Memorandum.* To-day, by mere chance, I stumbled on this bundle of letters, written for the most part by myself from school at an early period,—and I lay them aside, thinking that at some future day they may be interesting.

"From a hasty glance over their contents, I perceive that I was 10 years ago much the same creature that I am now. I notice the same love of books and of study, the same hatred of school and contempt for the society of my equals in age, which since I was 11, and first went to school, I have never been able to shake off," (he always, in his earlier days, lived with men older than himself), "the same love of quiet, and consequent love of home, the same ill-health, which is after all at the root of half the evils of life; in fact I perceive that, save in a general *manliness*, which at 21 everyone must more or less acquire, the 10 years in question have produced very little alteration in the *materials* of my moral organisation.

"Good-night to you.—Sunday Night, 1 o'clk.

"June 8th, 1834.

"JOHN W. BURGON."

A few short extracts from these schoolboy letters are here subjoined, showing the affectionateness and domesticity of his character, and his interest (even at that early age) in antiquities, and in the vindication of the truth of the Holy Scriptures.

Aug. 22, 1828 [*Ætat.* 15]. (Returning, with his younger brother Thomas, to school at Blackheath.) To his Mother.

"I am sure the reason why the boys do not mind so much leaving home is, because they do not feel the same happiness in their circle at home, which proceeds from that mutual affection which we always have, and I am sure we ever will enjoy."

Blackheath, Oct. 27, 1828 [*Ætat.* 15]. To his Father.

"I heard from Greenlaw" (the master of his school) "that a *mummy* lately arrived from Egypt has been discovered to have been the high priest of Pharaoh, by

means of the hieroglyphics, in which great improvements are making. This event is perhaps as excellent a proof of the truth of Scripture History as can be produced for the conviction of the incredulous, and I dare say it will make many a fellow, who is fond of being thought remarkable in his notions, &c., appear a most egregious ass."—In this last observation there is surely an augury of much that was to come after.

His account of his Confirmation (by Bishop Murray of Rochester) will be read with interest. It shows his seriousness in attending the Ordinance, though not the sensibility which was so marked a feature of his character.

A. D. 1829.
Æt. 16.

Blackheath, May 26, 1829. To his Father.

"I thought it a very solemn ceremony; but my companions seem to think very little about it. One thing though I thought very absurd; several of the women and girls were in tears!!! Now Mr. G. has been kind enough to explain to us all, so often, and so fully, the whole meaning and purpose of Confirmation, that I was very far from anything like this; and indeed, to tell you the truth, this circumstance provoked my laughter in spite of myself. I see nothing further to be implied, than that you own that you are old enough to perceive the necessity of doing your duty, and the propriety of what has been promised in your name, when an infant, and that in confessing your belief in Christ, you undertake to do your best to do what is right. Three sermons I have heard, and two I have read on the subject, and this is what I extract from them. The bishop seemed young. He was attended by a great many clergymen. I enclose a little sketch of him from memory. Which I think is rather like²."

² It surprises us to find in his Journal of the year 1834—the year in which he came of age—this entry: "March 28, Good Friday . . . Took the Sacrament for the second time in my life." The date of his first Communion does not seem to

be recorded; but it appears strange that in the five years which had elapsed since the Confirmation of one so religiously minded from boyhood, he should have only communicated twice; more especially as his attendance at Church on

It is very many years since the writer saw Bishop



Murray; but "the little sketch" (in pencil,—the slightest thing in the world—done with wonderfully few strokes) seems to summon back the stately and dignified presence of the Bishop with his wig. Beneath it is written by the draughtsman, "Bishop of Rochester. - May 26, 1829."

Bishop of Rochester. -

May. 26. 1829.

It may be mentioned here that in later life Burgon,

who, as has been said, received instruction in drawing

Sundays (frequently twice, and not unfrequently thrice) is carefully noted, and observations are usually made on the preachers he hears. It must be remembered however that it is quite of late years that the desirableness of frequent Communion has been recognised in our Church, and admonitions to it and opportunities for it given, and that in the earlier part of the century the notion of something terrible and repelling in connexion with the great Ordinance ("as if a different God entered the Church after the sermon," as an eminent divine of those days well and pointedly said) prevailed very

widely, and kept a persistent hold even upon the minds of those who were quite bent on doing their duty, and were very attentive to other religious observances. Mistaken as this notion undoubtedly was, it yet furnished a security against irreverence and the dispensing with previous preparation; and it may be gravely questioned whether, since this security has been swept away, good Christians have not been somewhat the losers in edification. Constant Communion implies a life of constant watchfulness and prayer, and only in association with those conditions can a blessing be expected upon it.

before he went to school, from Mr. Woodley, had a few lessons from Dibdin in landscape-painting; in which he attained great proficiency, as may be seen from the beautiful water-colour drawings which he made in the course of his tour to Egypt and Palestine.

His desire to take Holy Orders dated from his earliest youth, and it was only in deference to his father's strong wish, and out of his own sense of the duty of filial obedience, that he went into the counting-house after his removal from school. "He disliked it more than I can tell" (writes his surviving sister), "and found relief only in the pursuit of Poetry and Art during his leisure moments, when he returned from the city."

And thus we are brought to the year (1830) succeeding his Confirmation, when he commenced a book of extracts from his reading with the following memorandum, which shows his thoughtfulness at that early age, and his serious determination to improve his mind :—

"I have now attained my 17th year; and although in the course of the last 10 years I have perused several works, the contents of many, and the titles of a still greater number, have escaped my recollection. This may have been partly owing to my youth; but must, I think, be principally attributed to my never having preserved extracts from them, or committed to paper my opinion of their contents: such a custom would have induced me to read with greater care, and by leading me to reflect on what I had read, might have materially assisted me in forming my judgment and taste.—Although I have suffered so many years to elapse without doing this, I do not intend any longer to do so; but as I read, shall note in this book everything that may appear interesting or worthy of observation.

"For my note book.

"(Signed)

J. W. BURGON.

"Aug. 27, 1830."

It should be added that, by way of completing his education, he attended lectures at the London University, where he gained a prize for the best Essay in the Junior Class, at the conclusion of the Session of 1829-30.

And now it will be well, before going further, to take a general view of his occupations and surroundings during the eleven years which were to elapse between 1830 and 1841. He was taken into his father's counting-house, in the expectation that he would one day succeed to the headship of it. The work, always most distasteful to him, occupied most of his mornings, and often detained him, especially on "Turkey Post days," till a late hour in the evening. But so extraordinary was his mental energy, that he not only (as will be seen further on) composed his '*Life and Times of Gresham*,' and many other literary pieces, both in prose and poetry, of a more fugitive and less substantial character, but found time, chiefly by sitting up to a very late hour, to become versed in several departments of Art and Archæology, in the knowledge of rare and old books, of pictures and engravings, and in the study and criticism of Shakspeare. And we are to think of him as moving, from his school-days onward, in the society of men of high cultivation, and literary or artistic eminence, who were frequent guests at his father's house. This fell in with his intellectual leaning, which was towards research and literature in all its forms, and also with his moral temperament, which was of an aspiring character,—a leaning and a temperament recognised by himself in the memorandum which he made on coming of age, and which has been given above: "I notice the same love of books and of study, the same contempt for the society of my equals in age, which since I first went to school I have never been able to shake off." (See above, p. 19.)

A few are here mentioned, whose names are constantly re-appearing in his Journals and Letters, and whose tastes and studies were no doubt in some measure communicated to him and contributed to the formation of his mind. Mr. Cockerell has already made his appearance in our narrative. Thomas Leverton Donaldson [b. 1795] was another celebrated architect, and connoisseur of Art, who was on intimate terms with the Burgon family. Then, in the department of travel, besides Sir Charles Fellows, who will be mentioned at length presently, there was Mr. Frederick Catherwood, the author of '*Travels in Yucatan*.' Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor [b. 1775, d. 1856], well known as having executed the bronze Achilles in Hyde Park, the statue on the Duke of York's column, and several of the monuments of public men in St. Paul's Cathedral, was another member of the same circle. James Millingen [b. 1774, d. 1845] had been a very early friend of Mr. Thomas Burgon, and was in entire sympathy with his tastes and pursuits, having written on the "Ancient Unedited Coins of Greek Cities and Kings, from various Collections, principally in Great Britain [1837: 4to]," and on many similar subjects, and being possessed of great critical acumen in judging of coins, gems, and antiquities in general. He lived at Florence, but frequently visited England in the summer, and, when he did so, never failed to make his appearance (always duly noted in John William Burgon's journal) in Brunswick Square. Dr. Leemans, a Dutchman, "Conservateur" of the Museum at Leyden, who came to England to study Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum, received much kindness from Mr. Burgon senior, and was constantly in the house, as John William records, when little "Kitty," the treasure and joy of the whole family, was snatched away by death. Dr. Lepsius,

a German, was introduced to the Burgons by Dr. Leemans. He was a great student of Hieroglyphics and a learned Egyptologist, became Keeper of the Egyptian Museum at Berlin, and was appointed leader of the great scientific expedition sent out by the Prussian Government to Egypt, of which he wrote a description in several large volumes. Of English literary men, whose names are familiar to all, there were several who maintained friendly relations with the family. The poet Rogers was one of these ; and the following account, extracted from John William's Journal, of a conversation, which he had the honour of holding with Rogers at his father's table, will be read with interest, as throwing light both on his own character and that of the poet.

"Aug. 4, 1832." [*Ætat.* 19]. "Rogers dined with us. After dinner the following conversation took place between us as nearly as I can remember. I asked him how his new edition went on. He said, 'But slowly, it being in the hands of the engravers.' When I asked after Moore, what he was at, &c., he told me he talked of a long poem we are some day to see of his. Rogers is a queer man : he thinks me too young, I suppose, to merit his confidence, or even to deserve being conversed with. I was afraid of being troublesome, and therefore said no more on the subject I then observed ; 'What a pity it is that the poet cannot exercise the same power as the sculptor, and, after he has conceived something grand, commission another to execute it for him ! For,' I added, 'the charming part of the task is the conception ; the execution is laborious, and takes up time.' 'Then,' said Rogers, 'how much Byron would have left us ! He would have *sickened* us !' I begged him to recall that word. 'We might then have had an accumulation of *pleasures*,' said I. He smiled, but said nothing. I asked him what quality must we consider as most essential for a poet to possess,—imagination, judgment, common sense, or what ? He replied, he supposed imagination, though common sense was indispensable. 'It

is a pity,' said he, 'Byron had not more common sense.' I said nothing. 'Homer,' he added, 'had more common sense than any poet who ever lived.'—The conversation at table turned on Death (violent Death principally; for they were discussing the proposed reform in criminal punishment). Donaldson observed that he did not see why that extreme degree of fear should be manifested at the prospect of Death. The answer seemed to remain with Rogers, who replied; 'You are the first man that I ever heard say so.' Then, after a pause; 'Shakspeare has expressed the sentiment better than any one else;

"Aye, but to die—to go we know not whither," &c.' "

Here is another account from his journal of a dinner at Miss Rogers', at which he met the poet, and three painters,—Westall ("he teaches the Princess Victoria drawing, and loves her as his own child"); Leslie ("a fine man, with an intelligent, agreeable face . . . his wife is said to be the original of all his ladies"); and Ottley ("strong in a particular branch of painting, very condescending and communicative, and possessing much of the 'milk of human kindness'").

"Tuesday, 15th" (the year and month are not given. Perhaps it was December, 1835, or perhaps March, 1836;—the 15th of both these months fell on a Tuesday). "Samuel Rogers I have often scribbled about. He has a peculiar way, and one which it is difficult to describe; for *la morte parole* gives one no notion of *tone* and *manner*. His 'God bless me' is as comical as a long paragraph from the lips of a common man. When Miss Ottley had ended a little song, 'That is Italian,' said Rogers, 'eh?' Miss Ottley told him that it was Spanish. 'Ah! Spanish,' observed the poet, without the least alteration of feature or tone,—'I didn't know whether I was in Italy or Spain.' . . . In the course of the evening I asked him whether he had ever seen Johnson. 'No,' said Rogers, 'I never did.' I pressed him a little closer. 'Once,' said he, 'when I was a very young man, younger than you, I was passing Bolt Court with a

schoolfellow, and I proposed that we should pay Johnson a visit. But when I laid my hand on the knocker my courage failed me.' 'Have you not often repented it since?' 'Yes; for I should have had a story to tell. I dare say he would have received us kindly; and if he had not, I don't know that I should have minded it.' We were disturbed from the conversation by the sound of the guitar in the next room. . . . The conversation at table turned principally on painting and painters—Vandyke and so on. In answer to an inquiry Rogers told me that Gainsborough's 'Boy in Blue' was a *bravura* occasioned by Reynolds having said that blue was not a good colour for the principal light in a picture. The original was the son of a coachmaker in Long Acre."

And here another of his breakfasting with the poet in company with his brother.

"This morning Tom and I breakfasted at St. James's Place with Mr. Rogers. We were invited for half-past nine, and took care to be punctual. I think Rogers so interesting a person, that I shall set down everything that passed as nearly as I am able.

"We found the breakfast on the table, and the Poet writing at a little side-table. He rose to receive us, remarking that he was sorry that it was such a dull day. I replied that everything would be bright where we were,—with which I think he was pleased; and then in compliance with our entreaties he continued his letter.

"We amused ourselves in the meantime with his pictures, and happened to be contemplating a most interesting bust of Pope by Roubiliac, when he ceased writing. He came near us, and talked to us about Pope, and that bust, which is an original. Sir R. Peel has the marble which was executed from it, and which is not nearly so beautiful as the model. Rogers made us notice the character of the mouth, and the intellectual formation of the head. Then he alluded to Pope's deformity, and we agreed that Millingen resembled Pope in some respects. When we sat down to breakfast, I observed to Mr. Rogers that I never approached his house without feel-

ing that I trod on holy ground,—so many eminent men had imprinted it with their footsteps. He smiled, and told us that he certainly could number among his guests some great names. ‘After I had been here four weeks,’ said he, ‘Fox came to pay me a visit, and there has scarcely been a greater man than he.’ I reminded him of Sheridan, Scott, Byron, &c. He assented, and observed that Sheridan had often been at his house. ‘Oh, yes,’ said I, ‘we know that well from books.’ . . . I told him, *à propos* of Sheridan, that I did not think he was enough regarded in the light of a warning;—with such splendid talents, to have lived so unhappily and died so miserably! ‘Yes,’ said Rogers, ‘I think so too. If he had had one vice more, his history would not have been such a warning as it is,—had he had the littleness to love money, and the meanness to hoard it.’

“He said, speaking of his illustrious guests, that nothing would satisfy Queen Caroline, short of paying him a visit; and she came.

“I happened to mention the name of Gray incidentally; and I am glad I did so, for it led to some interesting conversation on the part of Rogers. I discovered that he has my taste for old associations and classic haunts in perfection. He told us where Gray lived (which with some other particulars I shall note down in my life of Gray) and perceiving the pleasure it gave us to hear him talk about such things, told us which was Dryden’s house, which Newton’s, and which Lord Mansfield’s (Pope’s Murray).

“The hint for Dryden’s house he had found (it seems), in Spence’s anecdotes, a book of which he is extremely fond, and which he subsequently made his man-servant bring down stairs for him to refer to. Gray’s he was told of by Mr. Nicholls, and Newton’s he discovered in walking through St. Martin’s Street. He noticed a curious little construction at the top of a house in that street, on which he thought he could discern the word *Newtoni* inscribed. He went in and found a boy scraping the floor of the lower room, and he enquired of him the meaning of the little pigeon-house on the roof. The

boy said that an old man named Newton used to sit up and watch the stars from that little building all night. 'Now,' said Rogers, 'no one notices such things!' We expressed our satisfaction at finding him as fond as ourselves of such things. 'I live upon such recollections,' he replied, 'I think of nothing else all day. . . . When Wordsworth came to see me the other day, I took him to see Dryden's house and Newton's observatory.' He reminded us that Addison used to live in St. James's Place, but he did not know the number.

"To return to Gray. I told him that I had seen Gray's rooms at Cambridge, and the bar of iron which he had caused to be fixed outside his windows, to effect his escape in case of fire. 'Is it there still?' said Rogers; 'I remember Mr. Canning's narrative of the circumstance which occasioned Gray's departure from Peter House. Some frolicsome young men placed a tank of water under his window, and called out fire. Up flew the window, and out came Gray with his fire-escape, which necessarily conducted him into the tank prepared for his reception. The young men apologized, alleging that they meant to have called out *water*; but that in their confusion they called out *fire* instead. Gray left the College, contenting himself with observing that the College was noisy, and the young men troublesome.'

" 'I was always from a boy fond of Gray,' said Rogers. . . . 'Gray was a nervous, perhaps a finical man; but he commanded the greatest respect. Lord St. Helen's, who is alive and well at 85 (?), told me that, when he went up to Trinity College as a boy, he took with him a letter for Gray, who came next morning to pay him a visit, attended by three of his friends—Stonhewer, Palgrave, and another. They did not come as if in conversation, in a group, or two and two; but they walked in a line, one after the other. On their departure the young men of the College, who were assembled in the quadrangle to see Gray come out, all took off their caps to him.'

"While on the subject of interesting sites, Rogers remarked to us how few persons passing Milk Street and Bread Street, remembered Milton and Sir Thomas More,

who were born there. He praised Mackintosh's life of the latter, and in remarking on the character of Sir Thomas, insisted that he did not die for the sake of Popish Supremacy, but that he died for *freedom of opinion*. We talked a little about Egyptian antiquities,—a study, as Rogers observed, in which so much remains to be learned by those who will concentrate their attention.

"When we arose from breakfast, Rogers told us that the mahogany pier, which stands in his dining-room, and supports a vase, was the work of Chantrey when he worked for 5s. *per day*³.

"Turning to one of his pictures, he made a remark to Tom which displeased me;—it displayed, I thought, such a want of taste. 'West,' said he, 'used to refuse £1000 for that picture'; and in a similar strain he would remark of other objects, as if the money value of the objects around him was of any moment.

"I was meanwhile engaged in making some memoranda from his copy of Gray, which had belonged to Cole⁴, the antiquary. I was amused to see that Rogers has another of my weaknesses, viz., that of writing in his books, and when he meets with anything which interests him, noting the page at the end of the volume,—a trick of my own. Gray appears indeed to be one of Rogers' favourites;—he told me that he was an especial object of his admiration from boyhood. Hence, obviously, Rogers' 'Ode to Superstition,'—which I remarked to him. I told him too, that I thought his

³ There is an anecdote, which the writer is unable to trace to its source, of Chantrey himself having seen this mahogany pier, when he was breakfasting with Rogers, and having asked the poet if he could call to mind the name of the man who made it. On Rogers' saying that he could not, and that it was made by some poor working man, Chantrey is said to have replied, "That man was myself."

⁴ The Rev. William Cole, the

Antiquary, was born in 1714 and died in 1782. He graduated at Cambridge, where he was the College friend of Walpole, Mason, and Gray. He held the benefices of Hornsey, Bletchley in Bucks, and Burnham, near Eton. He left to the British Museum fifty folios of Manuscript Antiquarian Collections. It was his intention to compose an *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, as a companion to Anthony Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

genius very much resembled that of Gray; they both have written so little and so well. . . . We went up into the drawing-room, and after looking a little at his vases, left him. He is certainly a very amusing gentleman-like man, and has the courtier-like art to make it appear that he is receiving a favour, while it is quite obvious that he is, on the contrary, conferring a considerable one."

Having seen what were the literary surroundings of John William Burgon in his early life, we now return to our narrative, which we left off with the memorandum made by him in his note-book, at the age of 17, in the year 1830. The following year, 1831, was marked by the A.D. 1831.
Æt. 18. formation of a very strong early friendship,—almost of the Pylades and Orestes type,—such as young men are apt to form in their *première jeunesse*, such as one whose nature was so intense and passionate was certain to form. His first acquaintance with the object of this friendship is thus briefly recorded in the diary, which he appears to have commenced in the previous year:—

"Monday, Oct. 31, 1831. Went to Mr. Booth's—a small dance—met a Mr. Fellows—a delightful *fellow*, who has seen Byron and H. K. White, and knows Moore, &c., &c., &c.—very agreeable evening."

In the autumn of the following year the friendship thus begun was cemented by a tour which the friends made together in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire.

"Monday, Sep. 17, 1832. Drank tea with Fellows— A.D. 1832.
Æt. 19. planned trip to Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire."

The trip began on Sept. 21, when they left London for Nottingham, and ended on Wednesday, Oct. 3, when they returned by the night coach from Nottingham to London. Matlock, Bakewell, Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, the Peak, Dove-dale ("the most lovely spot in the world"), Alton Towers, Southwell, Newstead

Abbey, Annesley, and Hucknall (the place of Lord Byron's burial) were all visited. The last occasion of course did not fail to elicit verses from Burgon ("written in the Book at Hucknall Church"); Byron's poetry always had a special charm for him, all the more from that vein of sadness and melancholy which runs through it, and which, though overlaid and concealed occasionally by the exuberant and even extravagant frolicsomeness of his temperament, was a real constituent of his own mind. He himself recognises this tendency of his mind, and the colour which his own verses took from it, in his correspondence with Mr. Fellows a month or two after the Derbyshire tour.

"Tuesday Night, Nov. 13, 1832. Do you remember the few words that passed between us some hours ago, about the melancholy that runs thro' my poetry? Forgive a midnight apology.

Oh! blame not if I sometimes wake
 A note thy friendship deems too sad—
 I *would* not, if I *could*, forsake
 That mournful note, for one more glad!

Perchance you deem my spirits light,
 Because these lips are wont to jest?
 Alas! they share the gloom of night
 When left, unmoved, within my breast.

The harp beneath the minstrel's touch
 Oft utters such a blissful tone,
 That you, to hear, might deem that such
 Were uttered by its strings, alone.

But let the breath of heaven fly
 Uncheck'd amid those trembling wires,—
 Go, hear the deep impassioned sigh
 They render as each breath expires!

Then tell—oh! tell me which you deem
 To be in truth their proper strain—
 The minstrel's gay, enchanting theme,
 Or those self-uttered notes of pain?

Such are my feelings, ev'n if bliss
 Is sometimes offered to me here,
 My heart reminds me that it is
 The prelude to a future tear.

And thus from childhood have I learned
 To see things in their darker view;
 For even then my joys were earned
 By drinking deep of sorrow too.

Then blame not, if I sometimes wake
 A note thy friendship deems too sad;
 I *could* not, if I *would*, forsake
 That mournful note for one more glad!"

Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Fellows was a very considerable man,—perhaps the most distinguished archæological explorer and discoverer of this century. He was born at Nottingham in 1799, and thus was senior by fourteen years to Burgon,—a seniority which characterized almost all the early friends of the subject of this Biography. Not only his love of archæological research, but his great artistic aptitudes and his extraordinary genius for drawing, were links uniting him to Burgon, who was similarly endowed. He it was who discovered (in 1827) the present route to the summit of Mont Blanc, which superseded the route previously taken by travellers, and who in his first expedition to Asia Minor discovered the ruins of Xanthus, the ancient capital of Lycia, and in his second thirteen other ancient cities. These Asiatic discoveries are recorded in a volume of some 500 pages published by Mr. Murray in 1852, entitled '*Travels and Researches in Asia Minor, more particularly in the Province of Lycia*,'—a work which will be found as interesting to the general reader as it is to connoisseurs in Archæology. In reading over the letters addressed by Burgon to this gentleman,

we are struck by the circumstance that, although Mr. Fellows had so much the advantage of him both in age, and in regard of a recognised position among the literary and scientific circles of London, their familiarity seems to have been as unrestrained as if the two had been starting in life together. Burgon thinks that he may talk any nonsense to Fellows, and vents upon him the most atrociously bad puns; nor is there any of that self-restraint, and desire to write what is worth reading, which characterizes his letters (for example) to Mr. Dawson Turner, to Mr. Hunter, and to Mr. Tytler. Indeed a vein of punning and poetizing runs through all his letters to this early friend, to whom he was evidently, despite one or two occasional misunderstandings (which only proved the truth of the old adage, "The resentments of lovers are the renewals of love"), most deeply and, one may say, sentimentally attached. Mr. Fellows had given him a ring containing a fragment of granite taken from the summit of Mont Blanc; and of course Burgon bursts into rhyme forthwith. Here is his effusion:—

1.

"My ring! though I prize thee (and almost divine
Is the charm Friendship lends to that circlet of
thine),
When I think of thy dwelling on Earth's highest
hill,
There's a lustre comes o'er thee that's holier still!

2.

For the purest of snow, and the freshest of dew,
Unseen, sinking on thee, have hallowed thee too;
And how oft, ere it gladdened the valleys below,
Has the breeze cooled its wings on thy dwelling of
snow!

3.

If the tale be a true one our fathers have told⁵
(And who'd not believe them?), that Angels of old
Full oft from *their* world of enchantment have flown,
To count the bright eyes that enliven our own,

4.

The peak, where this granite once grew, must have
been
The first trace of Earth they could ever have seen;
And who—oh! who knows, in their flight thro' the
air,
How often they've lingered to rest themselves there?"

Mr. Fellows took a strong interest in ancient clocks and watches, a curious collection of which was left by his widow, Lady Fellows, to the British Museum; and we find from their correspondence that Burgon, out of the resources of his extensive reading (the pursuit of his evenings when the business of the counting-house was over), sent his friend several pertinent and helpful memoranda on that subject. It seems that on one occasion Mr. Fellows had pressed upon him the acceptance of a great curiosity, which from his intense love for antiquities, and objects associated with great men, he would naturally have much desired to possess,—a watch which had belonged to Milton. But with his usual chivalrous delicacy of feeling, Burgon would not deprive his friend of so great a treasure.—It may be added that on religious subjects the friends entertained different opinions, of a sufficiently serious character; but these differences do not seem on either side, certainly not on Mr. Burgon's, to have created any coolness, or to have diminished their intimacy and the interest which they

⁵ An allusion to Gen. vi. 2; "The sons of God" (by many supposed to be the Angels) "saw the daughters of men that they were fair," &c.

felt in one another. Both parties candidly avowed their convictions, and maintained them argumentatively, and there the matter was allowed to drop,—there was no breach of mutual confidence or esteem. Burgon's tone on the subject may be gathered from a single passage of a letter to Mr. Fellows which bears date July 21, 1833.

“As regards what you have stated about religion, I have only to say what I have often said before, and what I shall often say again. I believe the *sincerity*, and *not* the *nature*, of our peculiar modes of regarding the Deity, will be one day called in question. I believe, in spite of all that St. Athanasius has written on the subject, that the Turk, who in a broiling sun thrice a day prostrates himself on the soil, and, though there is not a soul who beholds him, offers in that position his adoration to his God, has a much better chance of going to Heaven than the Christian, who is as regular in his weekly round of crime as he is in his appearance on Sunday Mornings at Church. Such is my creed; and, if it were not, you may very easily imagine that I should weary you day and night with intreaties to think as I think, and to see as I see.

“The wonder is NOT that certain divine points should be incomprehensible: but the wonder is that *finite* reason should be able to comprehend *so many* of the designs of *Infinity*. We believe sundry matters in every day life, though we cannot *explain* them;—‘So let it be with Cæsar.’”

Quite in harmony with this last thought are the fine lines which he sends to Mr. Fellows in the letter, in which he announces to him his having won Lord Mayor Copeland's prize for the best “Essay on the Life and Character of Sir Thomas Gresham.” It will be admitted that the image, by which he illustrates the sentiment that in the future state we, whose knowledge here has been so partial, shall “know even as we are known,” is graceful and beautiful:—

"Cold, prone to err, incredulous, and slow,
Man knows alas! how little here below,
In vain attempts, with vision so confined,
To scan the works of the Almighty Mind,
Or of the little, which 'tis his to scan,
To comprehend the complicated plan.
Yet will the day arrive—no distant day—
When, like thin mists before the morning's ray,
One glance from the Omnipotent shall roll
Error, and doubt, and darkness from his soul.
The mind, which, destined for a higher sphere,
Toiled darkly on through gloom and sorrow here,
Will wake in wisdom, and at once expand
In the mild climate of 'that better land'!

So fared the lily, which I saw lift up
Above the Ouse its alabaster cup;
Fair as it seemed, while yet beneath the wave,
No sign whate'er of loveliness it gave;
But when at last it rose above the stream,
Like one that wakens from a gloomy dream
It opened its bright eye, and far and wide
Burst into beauty o'er the azure tide."

"You understand of course that the water-lily yields
no blossom till it emerges from the waters.

"It is past 1 o'clock. Good night, dear F.

"J. W. B."

One more of his letters to Mr. Fellows, which reveals
much of his moral and intellectual character at this early
date, will be presented to the reader at the end of the
Chapter.

We pass on now to the date of his earliest publication, ^{A. D. 1833.}
1833, when he had reached the age of twenty. This, as ^{Æt. 20.}
has been said, was a translation⁶, which was published in

⁶ The Title Page of this work is in full, "Mémoire sur les Vases Panathénaiques, adressé, en forme de lettre, à M. W. R. Hamilton, par le Chev^r. P. O. Brøndsted, et traduit de l'Anglais par J. W. Burgon. Avec six planches." [Here follows a representation of

Paris, of Chevalier Brøndsted's monograph on Panathenaïc Vases. The discovery by his father in 1813 of the Panathenaïc Amphora, the inscription on which had given rise to a question, which Brøndsted in this monograph settles, naturally had great interest for him; ("comme la découverte du premier vase panathénaïque," he says in the "avant-propos" of his translation, "fut faite par mon père à Athènes, il est naturel que j'aie dû sentir un intérêt particulier et, pour ainsi dire, personnel, pour tout ce qui concerne l'explication de ces monuments remarquables"), and he seems to have thought that it would be useful to present in a language "plus répandue sur le continent" an essay which he characterises as "rempli d'érudition et de recherches profondes."—No more need be said of this earliest publication of J. W. Burgon's than that it shows not only his deep interest, which, as we have already said, was hereditary with him, in antiquarian research, but also a mastery over the French language attained at an early age, which enabled him to speak and write it like a native.

A.D. 1834.
Æt. 21.

The memorandum made by him on the year of his coming of age [1834] has been given above [see p. 19].

the obverse and reverse of an old silver didrachm in Mr. Thomas Burgon's collection, which Brøndsted determined to be not Aeginetan (as he had at first thought) but Athenian, and to have been struck with some reference to the Panathenaïc festivals, the vase on the obverse of the coin being precisely similar in form and proportion to all the Panathenaïc amphorae hitherto discovered]. "Paris, Librairie de Firmin Didot Frères, Rue Jacob, No. 24, 1833."

The Title Page of the original work of Brøndsted is:—

"On Panathenaïc Vases, and on the Holy Oil contained in them; with particular reference to some Vases of that description now in London: Letter addressed to W. R. Hamilton, Esq., by Chev^r. P. O. Brøndsted. From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. II. Part I. London: A. J. Valpy, M.A., Printer to the Society, 1832." Facing the Title Page is a fine engraving of Mr. Thomas Burgon (in the fifty-first year of his age) as the discoverer of the first Panathenaïc Vase.

In the early part of the year 1835 we find him ad-^{A.D. 1835.}
 dressing the following letter to the poet Southey, in ^{Æt. 22.}
 view of a new edition by Southey of Cowper's works,
 which had been announced. It is to be regretted that
 Southey's answer is not now to be found among Burgon's
 papers, though the envelope is forthcoming which con-
 tained it, and on which is written, "From the poet
 Southey—in acknowledgement of an anecdote of Cowper,
 communicated to him by me. J. W. B., March 9, 1835."

"11 Brunswick Square, London, 14 Feb., 1835.

"Sir,—In looking over the list of forthcoming publi-
 cations, I see with much satisfaction that a new edition
 is promised us of the works of that beautiful poet and
 excellent man, Cowper.—What makes this intelligence
 yet more agreeable is the promise that the present volume
 will be edited by yourself, and accompanied by a life of
 the poet, from your own gifted pen.

"On this occasion, though a perfect stranger, I take the
 liberty (and I hope it is an excusable one) to communi-
 cate to you a little anecdote respecting Cowper, which
 is not perhaps so trivial as to be altogether undeserving
 of the notice of a Biographer. . . . A friend of mine, who
 lives within a few miles of Weston, and whose father
 was well acquainted with Cowper, tells me that in the
 beginning of 1833, having occasion to visit Weston, he
 went over Cowper's house, to see it *in statu quo* for the
 last time, as a farmer, who had just taken possession of
 the place, was in the act of painting and whitewashing
 the rooms to render them habitable.—In the course of
 his survey (and you may imagine it was rather a curious
 one) my friend tells me that behind one of the shutters
 in an upper room, he found the following lines written
 in pencil, which he immediately recognised as being in
 the hand-writing of Cowper—

'Farewell, dear scenes for ever closed to me!

Oh! for what sorrow must I now exchange you.

July 28, 1795.'

"What gives interest to these verses is the circumstance of the *date*, which, I believe, is the very day that Cowper left Weston for Norfolk. . . . I have preserved this anecdote; for it seems to me characteristic of the man.—He has been contemplating the accustomed prospect from the window, perhaps for the last time, and he unburthened his ever melancholy ill-boding heart by writing a verse behind the shutter! I long to read your *censure*⁷ of Cowper.—In the meantime I am, Sir, with much respect and admiration,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. W. B."

This year (1835) was marked by his becoming acquainted with Patrick Fraser Tytler, of whom he was to publish a Memoir at the end of 1858, nearly a quarter of a century later. In that memoir [p. 239, ed. 2] he says:—

"We" (Tytler and himself) "first met at Mr. Rogers', in St. James' Place; but did not become acquainted until I met him (19th December, 1835,) at the Chev. Brøndsted's, a learned Danish antiquary, and accomplished traveller, who was lodging at Palliano's in Leicester Square. The party at Brøndsted's being small, and my own youthful pursuits being of a kindred nature to Mr. Tytler's, I remember regarding him as a lawful prize, and making the most of the opportunity to discover from him something about the nature and extent of the

⁷ The word certainly seems to be "censure," which is generally used of an unfavourable judgment. Occasionally however (like its Latin original *censura*) it means merely a judgment or opinion, whether favourable or unfavourable. J. W. B.'s mind was thoroughly imbued with Shakspeare's phraseology. And in Polonius's often-quoted advice to

Laertes (Hamlet I. 3, 69) we find

"Take each man's *censure*, but reserve thy judgment."

And again in Richard III (ii. 2, 144);

"Madam,—and you my mother, —will you go

To give your *censures* in this weighty business?"

MS. stores in our great national repositories. Enthusiastic he certainly found me, and observant, if not learned, in such matters. The first note I ever received from him, (February, 1836,) reminds me that I called his attention to the curious Common-place Book of Lord Burghley's among the Lansdowne MSS., which contained several entries of interest to himself. His affability, and the patience with which, though his years fully doubled mine, he surrendered himself for the whole evening to so unprofitable a conversationist, I well remember; as well as the gratification I experienced at forming the acquaintance of one whose tastes and whose manners were so entirely congenial."

It was not until three years later (1838) that the acquaintance thus formed with Tytler ripened into close friendship.

"Circumstances" (doubtless, his researches for materials for the '*Life and Times of Gresham*') "led me in the beginning of the year 1838 to apply for permission to inspect the Domestic and Flemish Correspondence of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in the State Paper Office. Mr. Tytler was then the only person reading there; and it is needless to say that the bond of a common study, constantly pursued in the same room, drew us very much together. When the Office closed, we discussed as we walked home the questions on which we had been respectively engaged, and the papers which had passed under our eyes. Not unfrequently, at the Office, one stole across to the desk of the other, document in hand; and many an interesting conversation ensued, by which it is needless to say that I was very much the gainer. Though but a novice in such studies, I was passionately fond of them; and, I suppose, made up somewhat in enthusiasm and application for what I wanted in knowledge. . . . He treated me like a younger brother; invited me often to his house, and admitted me freely to his confidence. I grew very fond of him indeed, and it made me happy to find that he was equally fond

of me" [Burgon's "Memoir of P. F. Tytler, London: 1859, pp. 263, 4].

There can be no doubt that Tytler exerted a considerable influence upon Burgon, though it was one which Burgon was already thoroughly predisposed to receive. There was a wonderful homogeneousness both of intellectual and moral tastes between the two men. Tytler was a great adept at comic sketches, witness his sister's description of him, as given in Burgon's Memoir, p. 297,—which description, word for word, might have been written for Burgon, although in point of fact it was written for Tytler. One of his favourite amusements was to draw comic sketches for young children, with which he illustrated his letters to them, and of which some specimens will be given at a later period of this work.—And deep would be Burgon's sympathy with this beautiful eulogy upon children, which he has quoted from Tytler [Memoir, pp. 132, 133]:—

"In recalling the many days of happiness which I have enjoyed, I am not sure but that (next to my own domestic circle) the memory rests with the greatest pleasure on the hours I have spent amongst children. Amongst men and women, we are perpetually meeting with all that overcasts the original excellence of our nature; with ambition, interest, pride, vanity; with the jarring of contending interests and opinions, the false assumption of knowledge, the doublings of affectation, the tediousness of egotism, or the repinings of disappointment. All these are perpetually elbowing us in our intercourse with men. With children, we see Nature in its real colours, and happiness unsullied as yet by an acquaintance with the world. Their little life is like the fountain which springs pure and sparkling into the light, and reflects for a while the sunshine and loveliness of Heaven on its bosom. Their absence of all affectation, their ignorance of the arts of the world, their free

expression of opinion, their ingenuous confidence, the beautiful aptitude with which their minds instantly embrace the doctrine of an over-ruling Providence, and the exquisite simplicity and confidence of their addresses to the Father in Heaven; that unforced cheerfulness, that 'sunshine of the breast,' which is only clouded by 'the tear forgot as soon as shed';—all this is to be found in the character of children, and of children only."

In introducing these sentiments of his friend's, Burgon tells us that he sympathizes with them entirely. Those who knew him would not need to be told so. Every word might have been written by himself.

"J. W. B.'s *tenderly kind* feeling for us as children," writes his surviving sister, many years younger than himself, "will always dwell in my heart. Many a time, when we were little, and ill in bed, he would, though pressed for time, before accompanying our father to the City, hastily draw several pictures for us to paint, and bring them up to us, with a plate of colours rubbed from his own paint-box, to afford us amusement through the day. Then, with many kisses and kind words, he would promise to come up and see us immediately he returned home,—a promise he *never failed* to keep."

The record of the year 1835 must not pass over without some notice of his visit to Shakspeare's birth-place, which is thus briefly recorded in his diary:—

"1835, Oct. 27, Tuesday. Drew Shakspeare's House—went over it—made impressions of his tombstone, &c. . . . I slept in Shakspeare's House—drew and rhymed. (Kit's"—his youngest sister's—"7th Birthday.")

He was on a ten days' tour with one of his sisters, in the course of which they saw Woodstock, Blenheim, Charle-cote, Hampton Lucy, and Stratford-on-Avon. The night of the 27th was spent by him on an oaken settle in the room shown as the birth-place of Shakspeare, with the

expectation, as many years after he told the Rev. John Pickford, that the poetic afflatus would visit him; but he added that he awoke in the grey dawn, cold and uncomfortable, and experienced no elevating sensation whatever. Mr. Pickford, who was present in the family circle at Turvey, when Dean Burgon (as he then was) narrated this disappointing experience, and who is well versed (if any man ever was) in old traditions and the habits of thought of bygone generations, writes in reference to this incident as follows:—

“Perhaps J. W. B., when he spent the night on the oak-settle at Stratford-on-Avon, might have been thinking of what Persius says in his exordium:—

‘Nec in bicipiti somniâsse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic poëta prodirem.’

(Nor on Parnassus’ two-peaked height
Remember I t’ have dreamed at night,
And then woke up in twilight gray,
A poet at the spring of day.)

“I fancy this idea is very universal. The Welsh proverb says that ‘the man who sleeps on Snowdon will awake a poet.’ When Dean Burgon told me of it, I quoted (in reference to the rawness of the early October morning, which had disenchanted him) the lines of Hudibras:—

‘When, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red begins to turn.’”

It will be seen that in the following year (1836) he did experience “a rapture,” in rather more favourable physical surroundings, over *Milton’s* house.

It is possible that some may regard the incident of passing the night on the oak-settle as a fantastic freak, a piece of levity inconsistent with seriousness of character. But the truth is that, from a very early age, the study to

which he devoted more time and labour than any other—always excepting that of the Holy Scriptures, which drew to themselves after his Ordination ever more and more his cares, his pains, his studies,—was that of Shakspeare, the sonnets as well as the plays. The writer has now in his possession a manuscript book of Burgon's notes on Shakspeare with the most copious memoranda on the Editions, the various readings, the antiquated expressions, and the *loci classici* of each play; and from certain of these memoranda it is clear that he had in contemplation an edition of Shakspeare, with a commentary and a life. The notes are unfinished (doubtless from the fact that in later life the pastoral labours and the sacred studies of the Christian Ministry absorbed too much of his time); but a page is left for each play with a heading, of which a specimen is here given:—

ÆT. 41. KING LEAR 25. 1605 (Malone).

Allusions to

Deer.	The Chase.	Ships on the Sea.	Archery.	Hawking.	Legal Matters.	Heraldry.	Guns.	Music.	Painting.	Puns.	Remarkable Words.

Only two or three of these pages, with their counter-pages on the left hand of the reader, are absolutely destitute of all annotation. The eleven earlier ones (Henry VI, Part I; Part II; Part III; Gentlemen of Verona; Comedy of Errors; Richard II; Richard III; Midsummer Night's Dream; Merchant of Venice; Love's Labour's Lost; Taming of the Shrew,) are copiously annotated on

both page and counter-page. His scheme seems to have been to exhibit the plays in the chronological order in which Shakspeare wrote them.

A few excerpts from these Notes and Memoranda, which, it is thought, might interest the reader, are given in an Appendix. (See Appendix A.)

But before passing away from his studies in Shakspeare, in which, as well as other literary pursuits, he found a great relief from the always distasteful drudgery of his father's counting-house, it will be well to give one or two passages of his correspondence with the Rev. Joseph Hunter, of Sheffield (*b.* 1783; *d.* 1861), an eminent writer on British Antiquities, author of '*The History and Topography of the Parish of Sheffield*,' and '*The History and Topography of the Deanery of Doncaster*,' whose intimate knowledge of ancient writings and minute points of history procured him in 1833 the appointment of Sub-Commissioner of the Public Records, and, on the re-construction of the Record Office in 1838, that of assistant-keeper of the first class.

Here is the letter in which Burgon opened the correspondence:—

"Reverend Sir,—The handwriting of this letter is unknown to you; but when I recall to your memory the conversation you had with a stranger the other night, at the party given by our friend Mr. Fellows, you will easily recognise the writer. It is with reference to that conversation that I am now taking the liberty of addressing you.

"I believe I told you that I have, for some years past, devoted all the leisure I have had at my disposal to the illustration of Shakspeare's^s life. Among other things

^s In the correspondence of Mr. Burgon with Mr. Hunter the name of Shakspeare is spelt as they respectively spell it,—the former with an *a* in the second syllable, the latter with an *e* in the first as well as an *a* in the second. Shakspeare himself spelt his name with neither one nor the other. Six genuine signatures of his are in existence,

I discovered, unaided, the clue to his sonnets; and have pleased myself with the idea, that an Essay

"three attached to his will, and two affixed to deeds connected with the mortgage and sale of a property in Blackfriars," and the sixth in his copy of Montaigne's Essays, now in the British Museum. Moreover in the entries of his baptism and burial in the Register of Stratford Church, and in those of the baptisms of his three children, and of the burial of his son, the name is always spelt SHAKSPERE. [See the first note to the Preface to Knight's edition of Shakspeare, from which the above particulars are taken.] It is thus spelt therefore in this narrative.

The author, however, is quite sensible that by adopting this mode of spelling a world-famous name, he would have incurred the (literary) wrath of the dear friend whose Biography he is writing. One of Burgon's articles in the *'Gentleman's Magazine'* [March, 1840, vol. xiii. p. 264] is "A Reply to Mr. John Bruce on the Orthography of Shakspeare's name." And in the following May [vol. xiii. p. 474] appeared in the same magazine "A Reply to Mr. Bruce's Reply to my former Letter,"—both articles signed with his name at full length. Mr. Bruce had contended that the name should be spelt Shakspeare, because this was the continual and consistent usage of the poet himself. Burgon replies that there is no proof that the poet invariably spelt his name in one way, and some good reasons for thinking he did not, and that we do not necessarily spell names as their owners spelt

them. Nobody ever spells Cecil's name with two *ls*, because he himself so spelt it six hundred times. Moreover, many eminent persons have spelt their names in two or more ways, e.g. Dryden and Raleigh. The spelling of our great poet's name, which has been sanctioned for 250 years by the majority of cultivated and well-educated persons is indisputably SHAKSPEARE; and to depart from this established mode of orthography is affected and pedantic. He points out, as regards Shakspeare's acknowledged signatures, that three of the six are attached to one document, his will, and "are therefore only entitled to one vote." The three others he makes out to be dubious. "It is true," he says, "that the Parish Clerk of Stratford spelt the name Shakspeare 27 times out of 30 in the Parish Register. But Shakspeare's daughter and her husband, Dr. Hall, who were his executors, and certainly raised a monument to him, spelt his name as *I* spell it,—SHAKSPEARE. If her father had hinted any dislike to this spelling, she would not have adopted it for his monument." But the reader who desires to pursue the subject must refer for himself to the articles in the *'Gentleman's Magazine.'* They are extremely characteristic, the writer being assured that his conclusion was beyond all controversy the right one, and expressing himself with the vehemence of an impulsive nature, as was always J. W. B.'s wont.

on the subject, at some future period, would not be unattended with the approbation of men whom it is a merit to please. I have accumulated by degrees, observations, having reference more or less directly to Shakspeare; and with a little leisure should be prepared to publish an Essay on his life.

"But it appears that you have been yourself for many years pursuing the same inquiries, and that on certain subjects we have come to the same conclusions. Further, I am inclined to believe from your conversation, that it is your intention, sooner or later, to publish something on the subject of Shakspeare.

"Now Sir, the frank and liberal style in which you conversed with me the other night makes me desirous of acting in a manner as courteous towards yourself; and I wish to know, whether it would give you pain, or indeed any degree of displeasure, that I should proceed with my humble Essay? I cannot of course resolve this question for myself, because I am ignorant of what your own particular intentions may be on the subject; though I must say, they appear to me likely to be on so much more extensive a scale than the extent of my leisure has ever permitted *me* to contemplate, that I can scarcely imagine that such few observations as I might be desirous of publishing, would interfere very materially with you.—I trust that you will regard this letter in the light in which it is really written, and that you will not deem the spirit of it either as inquisitive or presumptuous. My only wish is, to avoid giving you hereafter any mortification or displeasure.

"I am, Sir, with much respect,

"Your most obed^t servant,

"JOHN W. BURGON.

"Tuesday night, Feb. 11, 1835.

"11, Brunswick Square.

"To the Rev. Joseph Hunter, No. 30, Torrington Square."

And here is Mr. Hunter's answer, written on the following day, courteously informing his young friend that he was not the first who had discovered the clue to Shakspeare's Sonnets. When all allowance has been made for the complimentary vein of the letter (arising from the natural gratification felt by Hunter at young Burgon's deference to him as an authority), it is still clear that the veteran antiquarian thought highly of the labours and abilities of the juvenile one.

"30, Torrington Square, February 12, 1835.

"Dear Sir,—I meet with so few persons who are engaged in curious investigations connected with our early literature, that it is quite a refreshment and a pleasure to find that such investigations are being pursued in quarters unsuspected. I heard of your enquiries, of the manner in which they were conducted, and of the results, with no other feelings than those of satisfaction ; and so far from wishing them to cease, or from wishing that the public should not, as speedily as to you may seem meet, enjoy the benefit of them, I most earnestly desire that they should be pursued, and I anticipate very high gratification, whenever the world shall be favoured with your work.

"This will I think be a sufficient answer to the more material part of the truly obliging note which you have addressed to me,—a courtesy demanding from me the most respectful acknowledgment. What I may do with my own collections of a similar nature, I can by no means tell ; I may go on collecting and planning to the end of life, or I may snatch a few days of leisure from pursuits deeply interesting to me indeed, but little congenial with these, and throw them before long upon the great heap of Shakespear-criticism. This however ought not to have, and cannot have, any effect on your operations, as enquiries so entirely independent of each other must needs lead to very different particular results, whatever the general conclusions may be ;—but I should think it a very great misfortune, if my humble labours in this

department should deprive the public of the benefit of enquiries so tasteful and so judiciously conducted as yours, or yourself of the high honour which belongs to such successful investigators in our national literature.

“The point itself, that the Earl of Pembroke was the person to whom most part, or all, of the Sonnets were addressed, you will have perceived is no secret, as you have no doubt referred to the volume of the *‘Gentleman’s Magazine’* to which I referred you. Mr. Boaden, you will perceive, there distinctly announces the fact, and details some part of the evidence by which the conclusion is supported. I had corresponded for many years before that time with the friend who is named in my letter, on this very point. It was indeed his discovery, not mine: and it may be some satisfaction to you to hear that no one will rejoice more than he in the appearance of your Essay. But though the fact itself cannot therefore be considered in the light of ‘a secret,’ there are inferences to be drawn from it of a most curious nature, which may equally entitle him who draws them to the merit of a discoverer, and a discoverer in a region unknown, but full of surprise and curiosity.

“I remain, with the truest respect,

“Dear Sir,

“Your obliged and very faithful servant,

“JOSEPH HUNTER.

“John W. Burgon, Esq.”

The correspondence between Mr. Hunter and the young friend who had such a sympathy with him in his Shaksperian studies, and in antiquarian subjects generally, was carried on during the latter part of 1835 and the earlier part of 1836, and witnesses to an acquaintance of Burgon with general literature, which at his age, and gained as it was during the short intervals of leisure which his occupations at the counting-house allowed of, is truly surprising.

From this digression on the Shaksperian studies, which engrossed him so largely in the earlier part of his life, we return to our narrative.

Some two or three years after the publication of the translation of Brøndsted's monograph on the Panathenaïc Vases an announcement was made in the City that "a prize would be given by William Taylor Copeland, Esq., then Lord Mayor, to the author of the best Essay 'on the Life and Character of Sir Thomas Gresham ;' which was to be comprised within such limits, that the public recitation of it should not exceed half an hour." Young Burgon was connected with the City by his employment in his father's counting-house ; he had been born and bred in commercial circles ; and thus Gresham in the sixteenth century [*b.* 1519 ; *d.* 1579], son of a Lord Mayor, "the royal merchant" as he was called, who had furnished out of his own purse the funds for building the Royal Exchange⁹ (the merchants had hitherto transacted their business in the open air), was likely, independently of any desire to win a prize, to be an attractive subject to him, falling in as it did with his immediate surroundings. We learn from a private letter, bearing A.D. 1836.
Et. 23. date March 15, 1836, that Mr. Renouard, who as English Chaplain at Smyrna in 1813 had baptized him,—an eminent Orientalist, an elegant scholar, and a man of

⁹ It may be added that the house of Gresham traded in the Levant, and seems to have been one of the earliest English houses which did so, and that Mr. Thomas Burgon also, the father of the subject of this Memoir, was, as has been already said, a Turkey merchant, and an associate in the Levant Company, and had a house of business at Smyrna. "Another illustration of the early

traffic of the Gresham family with the Levant is supplied by the will of Lady Isabella Gresham (Sir John's sister-in-law), where particular mention is made of her 'Turkey carpets,'—a great luxury for a private individual, in an age when rushes formed part of the furniture of the court." Burgon's '*Life and Times of Gresham*,' vol. i. p. 12.

high general cultivation,—had offered to look over the manuscript before it was sent in. Young Burgon availed himself gladly of so advantageous an offer. In a letter of not quite three weeks afterwards (April 2, 1836) he acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Renouard's criticisms;—where the suggested alterations have been verbal, "I have adopted them without hesitation; where the sentiment is concerned, I have taken the liberty of weighing them a little, and, though I have invariably availed myself of the sagacious interlinear pencilling, there yet remain some few passages which I have noted, as passages about which I should like to say a few words to you." Further on in the same letter he gives an account of the method in which the Essay had been drawn up, which deserves to be quoted as illustrative both of his habit of postponing work to the last moment (a habit which clung to him in the composition of his sermons, in which he was occasionally so pressed for time that the manuscript was only finished just before the bell for the service at which he was to preach went down), and of the indefatigable industry and research characteristic of his every literary effort:—

"The truth is, that I acted very foolishly in the way I wrote it. I deferred, from want of leisure, turning my thoughts to the subject, till within a very few weeks of the day appointed for the compositions to be sent in to the worthies who were to pronounce on their merits. When at last the time drew near, I obtained permission from my father to pass a few days at the British Museum. Here, to my great astonishment, I discovered, that what I contemplated as a mere Essay, was capable of being amplified into something very like a Life. I found letters—original, and written in the very crumpest hands—official documents, and, above all, an immense mass of really useful information concerning my hero; scattered however of course, up and down, in

all manner of out of the way books. . . . I assure you, Sir, for the week or so I passed in the Reading-room pursuing this inquiry, I worked as few of the readers there have done. The iron fist of time was pressing upon me; and if I failed to bring my work to an end by the appointed time, there was but one alternative, to abandon the undertaking altogether, a thing not to be thought of with me. When the evening came, I used to sit up in my lodgings (it was during the repairs of our house) and I never rose from my papers till my hand was literally too weary to guide my pen, or my brain too tired to guide either. I used first to transcribe in a fair hand the scarcely legible note I had made at the Museum;—then, as collectedly as I was able, to weave them into a kind of story, and I was finally only able to finish transcribing my Essay into the book you have seen, by half past two in the afternoon of the day appointed for the Essays to be sent in; so that I literally never once read over what I had written, till my MS. was returned to me from Crosby Square. . . . Pardon this long egotistical paragraph—I did not know that it was going to extend over so much paper . . . but I could not suppress it altogether; for it really seems scarcely proper to trouble a kind friend with a composition containing so many obvious inaccuracies.

“I must still go over it once more with a microscopic eye; for the pointing, and other such *nugæ*, comparatively unimportant as they are in MS., look terribly distinct when they come to be printed.—I have written to Hamburg, and to Antwerp, on the subject of Sir Thomas Gresham, and I have been assured from good authority, that many an archive that has slumbered for centuries, has been disturbed, and is undergoing examination, at both places, for my sake. Do you know Dr. Lappenburg¹?

¹ So J. W. B. spells the name. Johann Martin Lappenburg was an eminent German historian, born at Hamburg in 1794, where he was appointed by the Senate of the City Master of the Rolls, and where he discovered the Archives of the

Chapter of the Church of Hamburg. He doubtless was one of the persons to whom Burgon had written to institute researches about Gresham. When in London, Lappenburg often joined the circle in Brunswick Square.

"My paper warns me to conclude—but I will not do so till I have begged to be most kindly remembered to your amiable sisters—(I wish the world contained more such ladies)—and till I have offered you my share of thanks for all your kindnesses to Caroline and Tom.

"Believe me most respectfully, dear Sir,

"Your obliged and affectionate

"JOHN W. BURGON."

Shortly after the date of the above letter (April 2, 1836), and before the public reading at the Mansion House of the abbreviated Gresham Essay (May 14 of the same year) the first great shadow fell upon his life,—a shadow which contributed with later sorrows to give a tinge of melancholy to his character, contrasting strangely with, and throwing up into relief, the occasional hilariousness of his buoyant spirits. This was the death of his little sister Katharine Margaret ("Kitty"), born Oct. 27, 1828, to whom he was tenderly attached, and of whose pretty childish ways and words he had long been observant, as appears from sundry memoranda in his Journal.

The circumstances of this dear child's death and burial were deemed by him worthy of a special journal, which he calls, "The Journal of my sorrows"; and justice would hardly be done to the extraordinary sensibility of John William Burgon, both as regards his love of young children, and his affection for kindred, unless the reader were presented with a slight sketch of the contents of this journal and one or two extracts from it. Kitty had been ailing since Thursday, April 14, but her sore throat was so much better on Saturday, the 23rd, that "she ran about the house and resumed all her dear old ways," and her brother went with a light heart to visit Mr. Renouard at Swans-

combe, and to confer with him about the Gresham Essay, in which Renouard had detected "several inaccuracies."

It was, however, but a momentary gleam of sunshine, upon which the clouds were soon to close in again thicker than ever. When he reached home on Monday, the 25th, he found that the child's "throat gave evidence of a worse state"; the complaint was pronounced to be an "ulcer creeping downwards, and making for the wind-pipe—one of the gates of life"; and the family were assured by the medical practitioners that the only chance of recovery was the opening of the wind-pipe. He darts off for the specialist who is recommended, and holds the child down during the operation, which, however, proves unsuccessful.

... "Three or four times did she make signs that she wanted something; for I told her, as often as she wanted something, to lift up her hand; and what do you suppose the angel wanted? when I approached my face, I found all she desired was to embrace me; she passed her thin poor hand round my neck, and in that uncomfortable posture,—uncomfortable to herself, I mean—held me for half a minute at a time; once she even raised her parched lips to kiss me, and every time I approached her face, I kissed her and called her the names I knew she would like best."

Frightened at first by the thought that she was going to die,

"'Johnny,' she said, '*pray*;' and while she of her own accord folded her little hands, and looked up to Heaven, I prayed aloud.... Presently she said she was 'better now,' and folded her hands again. I then repeated the Lord's Prayer to her, and she nodded approbation. She subsequently often looked up, and I reminded her of many consoling things, and told her of the angels, and, I am sure, comforted her. She grew much calmer and happier, and seemed to have no more religious misgivings.... And here let me pause and reflect what awful moments must those

have been to my angelic Kate, with which I am dealing so briefly. When she asked me if she was going to die, doubtless the advancing shadows of death were falling upon her soul. It must be an awful sensation that of dying; one, to which the external appearances are no real index; paleness means nothing, tells nothing; but in the 'secret closure of the breast,' in the inmost heart, there must be a deep and indefinable dread,—a consciousness of some great change—one cannot tell what—the ground must seem sinking from beneath one, the scene must seem growing misty around one², and on the 'prophetic soul,' already loosening its connexion with the clay, must begin to dawn the awful glories of an eternal morning. It must be terrible, all alone, to have to walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, to know that none of those around you can participate in the perils of the journey, that He, whom we have never yet known than as the object of prayer, is to be our Guide, and that an instant will bring us into His dread presence, which, though one knows it to be at all times near, one fancies at all times to be immeasurably distant. I say it must be an awful thing to die; and when afterwards I looked on Kitty's lifeless face, I surveyed it and her with a deep

² One is reminded of the opening of Cardinal Newman's '*Dream of Gerontius*' written many years afterwards:—

"Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons
at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me
and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me
before;
'Tis death,—O loving friends,
your prayers!—'tis he! . . .
As though my very being had
given way,
As though I was no more a sub-
stance now,

And could fall back on nought to
be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole
Refuge, Thou,)

And turn no whither, but must
needs decay
And drop from out the uni-
versal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless,
blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of
which I came:

This is it that hath come to pass
in me;

Oh, horror! this it is, my
dearest, this;

So pray for me, my friends, who have
not strength to pray."

respectful awe. Little, weak, helpless, dear child, thought I, whom, while you lived, I considered as a tender plaything, and trembled lest the very winds should visit thee too roughly. I taught thee, and unfolded thy young mind as tenderly as sunshine unfolds the sweet blossom of the rose; for thou wast young, and more ignorant than I; but now Death hath made thee the wiser of the twain. All that the wisest man on earth knows is foolishness compared with what thou knowest; thou, in thy innocence, in thy helplessness, hast wrestled with the conqueror; thy agony is over, thy race is run; all that I dread, yet wish to know, thou knowest; the mysteries of Heaven have been revealed to thy sense. My sister, I bow to *thee* now!

Oh sweet one, think sometimes, when thou art in Paradise, of me—think of thy old friend and brother, and be my ministering angel!”

Dr. Leemans, an attached friend of the family, had given the child a rose-tree a little time back.

“I remember the delight that rose-tree gave her, when she first possessed it. It had then but one flower in bloom, and the rest were in buds. Alas! the flower she loved was withering, but fresh blossoms were unfolding around it! Kitty was dead; but the rose was living—blooming, fresh, and green, and strong!! Some of the flowers and leaves were subsequently scattered in her coffin, where they looked very lovely. The rose-tree itself I have taken out of its mould, and preserved, root and all, in paper.

In the evening came the leaden coffin. I stood at the door trembling, while the men deposited within it the darling form of my sister. Terrible as it was to me, I was determined that her Jonah” (the child’s way of pronouncing *Johnnie*), “whom she loved so dearly, should see her gently handled, and stand by through every scene, even to the last.”

On Monday, May 2, the funeral took place, and Katie was interred in the Church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. With the other members of the family he goes into the vault, and sees her deposited there, and sketches from memory in "the Journal of my sorrows" the position of the coffins. Kitty, however, was not to lie there for ever. The dear child will come before the reader again. Thirty-one years after she was to share, with several of the mediæval saints, the honour of a "Translation." She was enshrined in the heart of her brother; and he longed to have her grave in the place of his residence, that he might pay it constant visits, and there indulge in all the tender recollections which the thought of her never failed to summon up in his mind.

Most touching are some of these reminiscences, which he has committed to paper on August 14 of the same year, when he finds himself "oppressed with a profound melancholy," and "does not know what to do to console himself." We are told of the extraordinary affectionateness of the child, of her sensitive delicacy, of her fear of giving pain, of her anxiety to give pleasure even in mere trifles; of all her little winning ways and frolicsome talk with him, when he used to come in from the Counting-house ("I used to praise her for the excellence of her tone, and say in the tone of *La ci darem la mano*, 'I know who's a fine girl; her name is Kitty'; to which her reply always was, with a slight variation, 'I know who's a fine boy; his name is Joner'"), and how "she used regularly every morning to trot into Mamma's room at seven o'clock to wake her. I believe the missing of that little creature's moving round the foot of the bed every morning has occasioned more grief to father and mother than the sight of her ever occasioned joy."

He says in the course of these reminiscences; "I shed tears while I write of such things." It is a little hard sometimes to keep the eyes dry while reading of them.

But we must return from this long digression to his '*Life and Times of Gresham*.' The work at the British Museum having opened out new sources of information, and brought to light a vast accumulation of materials, which he was not at all prepared for, when he first addressed himself to his task, "the Essay, instead of forming a slight pamphlet, as was anticipated, soon assumed the size of a small volume." It won the prize, however, and the condition imposed by the Lord Mayor as to the limits which the public recitation was not to exceed, having been complied with by selecting "such portions of it as seemed best adapted for the purpose," these "were publicly read at the Mansion House, May 14th, 1836, the office of reader having been undertaken with singular kindness by the Rev. George Cecil Renouard, B.D." (whom we have already seen revising and amending it) "Rector of Swanscombe, Kent; of the value of whose long-standing friendship" (it was "a friendship *à baptisterio*," as Burgon called it,—dating from the Baptismal Font) "the writer is deeply sensible, and whose good offices on this, and many other occasions, he gladly avails himself of the present opportunity to acknowledge³."

It appears that, notwithstanding his week's researches in the British Museum, Burgon found that there was still much to be discovered respecting Sir Thomas Gresham in other quarters, and that his Essay, notwithstanding his enlargement of it in bulk, beyond anything he had

³ Preface to Burgon's '*Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*,' pp. viii, ix.

originally contemplated, would still want the fulness which might have been given to it, had the writer had access to other sources. For on May 30, 1836, we find him at Oxford⁴, bent upon prosecuting his subject still further in the Bodleian Library. Here his reception by Dr. Bandinel, then Librarian of the Bodleian, to whom he presented two letters of introduction, seems to have disappointed him; and from the first day of his study in the great Library he reaped little or nothing. But having "heard a young fellow say something about nightingales in Bagley Wood," he consoles himself very characteristically by finding his way thither to hear them, seeing *en route* a boat-race ("pretty sight, so full of youth and lustihood"). The nightingales were not as disappointing as Dr. Bandinel; for two of them sang to him "wonderfully loud and sweetly" ("moon up, and some stars—thought of dear Kit"—the little sister, whom he had lost in the preceding month). Next day (Tuesday, May 31), after a breakfast with Mr. Brancker at Wadham, Dr. Bliss the Registrar of the University, "a small, white-haired man, with an acute benevolent face," joined the nightingales in soothing his ruffled spirit and making up for Dr. Bandinel;—"he received me with much kindness—entered into my views, and appointed me to-morrow to come to him again: meantime he accompanied me to the Bodleian: and put Catalogue of MSS. into my hands—read all day in the Bodleian." He prosecutes his researches for information about Gresham in "the Ashmole Library," and, under the auspices of his kind

⁴ The sister University he appears by his Journal to have visited in 1833 (the year, as already noted, of his earliest publication) on Sept. 23. He records little of this visit. He sees the Fitzwilliam Museum and

other objects of interest, makes a few sketches, and spends a day at the Pepysian Library. He returned to London, October 3, after an absence of ten days.

friend Dr. Bliss, in the Library of St. John's College. On the following day (Wednesday, June 1) after he had dined at the Angel, where he had put up, follows the account (too characteristic to be omitted) of his making his way to Forest Hill, "where Milton's wife lived, and where Milton must have passed some of his time."

"I unfortunately took the road to *Shotover* Hill, which threw me some miles out of my way. I scampered across the country, and approached Forest Hill as the night was coming on, or rather the twilight. The neighbourhood seemed picturesque and *Allegro*-like; and something,—I know not what,—told me, when I reached the summit of a slight ascent, that I was standing on holy ground. I walked round a little church, and thro' a farmyard and stood before a cottage. I saw a young woman standing at the door. 'Pray, did not Milton live here once, or somewhere hereabouts?' 'Milton—O O! that's a smart way from here.' 'I don't mean the place called Milton;—I mean a man who once lived here, and bore that name,' &c., &c., &c. 'Well, but what was he? Was he a farmer or a tradesman, or anythin' o' that?' 'Oh! farmer!' thought I.—I explained to the damsel as well as I could that the author of *Paradise Lost* was what men call a *Poet*, &c. It ended by the farmer coming out to our assistance.—Milton's house has been pulled down forty years. Some old men in the neighbourhood, the farmer told me, could remember the place. It must, I should think, have been nearly contiguous with the house tenanted by my *cicerone*. On the site grow some apple trees. The steps (two or three) of Milton's house remain; so does the garden-wall, and the gateway that led up to the door, though the gateway has been blocked up. There is a smaller gate hard by, which has been left open. On a neighbouring barn there is a barbarous Adam and Eve and the tree, &c., done in stucco bas-relief—surprised me not a little.—It is a touching thought that all that neighbourhood was familiar to Milton!

"I leaned over the low garden-wall in the twilight, watching the evening star, and felt perhaps as much rapture as under the most favourable circumstances I could have hoped to derive from a visit to the place . . . I got back to Oxford at 11 o'clock very tired—took tea—wrote Tom and Emily" (his only brother, three years younger than himself, and his second sister, six years younger), "and went to roost."

The next day he breakfasts and dines with Mr. Rogers (afterwards Sir Frederick, and eventually Lord Blachford) who shows him great kindness and asks him to meet at dinner three men who were to become celebrities,—Archdeacon Harrison, Dean Liddell, and Professor Mozley.

But neither these hospitalities, nor Dr. Bliss, nor the evening star stealing out to shed its placid ray on Milton's garden-wall, nor all these together, had quite reconciled him to the reception he had met with at the Bodleian and other libraries. For after recording a breakfast with Dr. Buckland next day, and copying the inscription on Dr. Burton's tomb in Christ Church Cathedral ("very uncomfortably; for Buckland *would* keep standing all the time"), he explodes in his Journal *more suo*, and the passage is worth quoting, because it contrasts so curiously with his sentiments respecting Oxford in later days, when he himself had become part and parcel of it, and shows how personal connexion with an institution wholly alters the point of view, from which it was regarded and criticized *ab extra*.

"Oxford is certainly a most infernally ill-governed place. There being no acknowledged principal, and the scholastic habits of the people making them naturally indolent and lazy" (the difference between the administration of Oxford and that of the British Museum is working in his mind), "the supreme command by indirect circumstances generally devolves (for it *must*

devolve *somewhere*) into the hands of"—some one (it is better to omit his too strong language)—"who enacts rigorous laws, or sanctions old abuses, till the whole place becomes like one vast cobweb; so that, fly which way you will out of the direct line, you get entangled. In fact, the place seems designed for one sole purpose, viz. the accommodation of overgrown schoolboys. For this I confess the arrangements are admirable; there are good masters, good lodgings, and there is quiet. But surely this is not a legitimate and sufficient use for Oxford—the ancient—the sacred—the learned—the venerable—the storehouse of wit, and the repository of literary research? The *stranger* (for whom such treasures are surely *in part* accumulated!) is baulked at every step. Does he want to see a library? He has to rummage out a nameless librarian, who knows nothing of what is placed under his charge, nor desires to know—an *old boy*, who has crammed enough Greek, Latin, and Logic, to enable him without shame to pass an examination, and who now eats, and drinks, and does nothing on the strength of having sweated in his youth."

It is probable that this disappointment at Oxford may have contributed towards, if it was not the sole cause of, the temporary abandonment of the design of publishing the Gresham Essay. At all events, in the Preface to the work [p. ix] he indicates that it had been laid aside for a time. The next year indeed we find him again in Oxford; but with no design apparently of prosecuting his researches into Gresham's Life and Times. He went there for a three days' holiday with his elder sister, and saw and did a great deal in that short space of time. To his great disappointment, he found the Bodleian closed, "this being the season of its visitation," but is compensated by becoming acquainted with Mr. Newman "who makes such a noise just now in Oxford," and hearing him read Prayers "in the Lady Chapel of St. Mary's, and deliver a short discourse." "He seemed austere

A.D. 1837.
Æt. 24.

and sickly; there was something peculiar about his manner; for instance, he read in rather a peculiar style, and observed sundry slight unusual forms, such as reading from the first step of the altar, and dropping on his knees on the next step, when he had occasion to kneel." Afterwards, at the rooms of Mr. Browell, of Pembroke College (who showed the strangers every kind of hospitality, and acted as *cicerone* to them), "I had the advantage of five minutes' talk with Mr. Newman, who looked in for not much more than ten minutes. Browell had invited him to dine with us, but he was engaged elsewhere. I was much pleased with his early retreat,—a custom of self-denial practised by him on all occasions, as a young clergyman told me. Mr. Newman, after he has retired to his apartments, occupies himself until a very late hour." Not only Mr. Browell, but other Academical celebrities—Mr. Palmer of Magdalen College (who "talked of nothing but Ecclesiastical History for two hours, so that, listening to him, I scarcely could attend to the beauty of the walks, pictures, architecture, or any thing else"), Mr. Henry Burrows of St. John's, Dr. Buckland of Christ Church, and Mr. Clough of Jesus, showed the brother and sister much kindness and attention, the latter "giving us a splendid dinner! I will only record the *entrée* of a Welsh rabbit, eaten on toasted bread, sopped in a mess of ale, negus, sherry, &c. I did not like it; but it was genuine Welsh. The liquor did duty as a grace-cup after the cheese was ended." But pleasant as the visit was, there was one great disappointment in it, from his having made a previous engagement for one of the nights when "Dr. Pusey invited me to attend a theological meeting at his house, and hear Mr. Newman." After recording which he writes in his Journal: "And thus, I take it, ends this

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visit to Oxford—dear, delightful, theological, polemical, well-fed Oxford. *Esto perpetua!*” (He has quite recovered from the disgust occasioned at his visit of last year by his reception at the Bodleian.)

Before we pass away from the year 1837, it may be mentioned that he gained a medal in that year for a song at the Melodists’ Club, which was presented to him at a dinner given by the Club at the Freemasons’ Tavern (Aug. 13). More than two years afterwards, he seems to have received £15 15s. from the publication and sale of this song, which, he says, was “the first money I ever *earned* in Literature.” The verses, while they cannot be characterized as more than pretty, show the versatility of his powers, and the variety of his pursuits. They breathe his usual sensibility, and are probably an echo of his sorrows of the preceding year, when little Kitty had been removed from the family circle.

Here are some of them:—

“The friends, whom in Life’s early morning we cherish,
Are fled ere the noon of existence is o’er;
And when night gathers darkest around us, we perish
With few hearts to love us, and none to deplore.

“Ah! who—when he sees by some rare chance united
Around him the faces and forms he loves best,
Each with hopes undeceived, young affections un-
blighted,
And joy the sole inmate of every pure breast—

“Ah! who has not wished that just then a deep slumber
On him and his cherished companions might fall,—
That the summons, which else would steal one from
their number,
Might come like an Angel of peace to them all!”

At the beginning of the year 1838 occurred the burning A.D. 1838.
of the Royal Exchange, which was the occasion of re- Æt. 25.

viving his project of publishing on the subject of Gresham's Life and Times, as he tells us in his Preface.

"Two years had elapsed, when the destruction of the Royal Exchange by fire in the beginning of 1838 seems to have suggested the idea that a more auspicious moment had arrived for the appearance of the life of its founder; and inquiries were made for the neglected MS." (He had "laid it aside," under the impression that, with the large mass of materials at command, justice could not be done to the subject in a small compass.) "But before it left his hands the writer determined to apply for permission to inspect the correspondence of Sir Thomas Gresham, which he was told existed in the State Paper Office; and the necessary facilities having been very obligingly granted him by Lord John Russell . . . to the State Paper Office he repaired. Great indeed was his surprise and satisfaction at discovering such a mass of historic evidence as was then first disclosed to him. Hundreds of letters now appeared in place of the scanty documents which he had hitherto known of;—and these volumes are the result."

The Gresham family being of Norfolk extraction, and deriving its name from a small village in Norfolk, the free school of Holt in Norfolk having been the manor-house of James Gresham, Sir Thomas's great-grandfather, and Intwood Hall, about three miles from Norwich, having been his country seat, inherited from his father, it was obvious for young Burgon to apply to his father's friend, Mr. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, for assistance in his '*Life of Gresham*,' not only as the possessor of a "valuable MS. library," but also as thoroughly versed in the antiquities of the eastern counties. This assistance he acknowledges in his Preface, pp. xv, xvi.

Accordingly '*Gresham*' was resumed, and, as was Burgon's wont, "whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might." On the day of the Queen's

Coronation (Thursday, May 28, 1838) the brief entry in his Journal is as follows:—"Coronation—Tom and Helen" (his younger brother and youngest surviving sister) "went to see it—I did '*Gresham*' all day." On Saturday, July 27:—"Said the last word to the last sheet of T. G.!!!!"; and, finally, Aug. 26 (when he is in the midst of a Scotch tour with his friend Patrick Fraser Tytler):—" '*Gresham*' came out."

But his visit to Norfolk in 1838 ought not to be passed over without some detailed notice of it, because this seems to have been the commencement of an intimacy, which he prized very highly, with the amiable and estimable family of the late Mr. Dawson Turner. The ostensible object of the visit was that he might see with his own eyes Holt and Intwood, and make enquiries on the spot as to any particulars of the Gresham family, which might have been handed down by tradition, and still linger among the peasantry. He accomplished this before he left the county; but it is clear from his Journal that his acquaintance with the Turner family rather diverted him for a time from his avowed object, by setting up another strong current of interest in his mind, and exercising upon him an influence not merely intellectual, but sentimental. Mr. Dawson Turner himself was just such a character as would naturally attract Burgon. He was highly cultivated, and was strong in several subjects, particularly in antiquities. Papers from his pen appear in the Transactions of various scientific Societies; several of the most interesting monographs to be found in the Proceedings of the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society were contributed by him; and it was he who wrote the letter-press for Cotman's splendid engravings of '*The Antiquities of Normandy*.' He possessed valuable pictures and

antiques, and, being a great botanist, had got together a *hortus siccus*, which was one of the completest collections of that kind in the country. But Burgon himself shall give what he calls "a pen and ink sketch" of him. Thus he writes in his Journal of Monday, 16 April, 1838:—

"D. T. is an extraordinary man; he combines the banker with the man of letters. He is a classic and a botanist, a picture-fancier, an autograph collector, and general lover of *virtù*, a pleasant companion, a kind host, a zealous abettor in literary enquiries" (witness his hospitality to young Burgon, when bent on prosecuting his researches into Gresham's life), "the very tenderest of husbands, and the very kindest of fathers. But the business habit *usque recurrit*; he tells you how much this and that cost; what he has been offered, and what he has refused; what he would and what he would not give for other men's, and take for some of his own treasures . . . He reminds me of Scott" (Sir Walter),—"is so fond of dogs."

En route to Great Yarmouth, and again in returning to London, Burgon stops at Norwich, lionises the Cathedral, where "Dean Pellew is making immense improvements, or rather restorations;—the roof, or rather ceiling, a noble *coup d'œil*—few tombs,"—"attends the Cathedral service Apr. 15" (it was Easter Day), where "a lad sang the Anthem, *But thou didst not leave His soul in hell*, like an angel,—small voice, but so sweet—it was splendid,—but there was not enough chaunting, and he who has been to Oxford and Cambridge misses the *Amens*, which were done in prose," (Take notice, all manner of people whom it may concern, that such is the case in Norwich Cathedral no longer); sees the pictures in St. Andrew's Hall, and the Guild Hall, and at the latter place "the sword Nelson took from the Spaniard at the battle of St. Vincent." On Easter-Monday he

gets to the Star at Yarmouth by 9 A.M. "A few doors distant is the Bank, and over the Bank lives Dawson Turner in a wonderfully contrived house, where there is every luxury, every convenience, and no more idea above stairs of what is passing below than there is in the blue empyrean of what takes place in this nether sphere. I found Mr. Turner admiring a newly acquired Titian, for which he has paid £180." He meets at Mr. Turner's house Bernard Barton the Quaker Poet⁵, and *à propos* of some Cowperian relics, which a very old woman had recently been showing to Barton, and also of Cowper's autograph translation of the '*Iliad*,' which his host possessed and exhibited to his two literary guests, he has a long talk about Cowper, and about poets and poetry in general; "we discussed the Lakers and the Saltwater worthies;—Barton likes both Wordsworth and Pope, and is therefore all right—but Lamb seemed his favourite food—he wrote his name in my Album—seemed a cheerful, grave, and (in a word) good kind of little fellow." He is in the element in which he luxuriates: "I cannot pretend to describe Mr. Turner's Library—such an immense collection of Books, illustrated, and in a thousand ways rendered valuable—MSS.—drawings, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c."—As to the hospitality of his reception in this wonderful house, most congenial to him as being the repository of so much Literature, Art, and Antiquity, he writes "I am domi-

⁵ Bernard Barton (b. 1784, d. 1849), a member of the Society of Friends, was employed in a bank at Woodbridge in Suffolk. His '*Metrical Effusions*' published in 1812, and a second volume of poems in 1820 having been favourably received, he seems to have thought of abandoning the bank, and devoting

himself to literature; but Charles Lamb dissuaded him from doing so in strong and incisive terms; "Throw yourself rather, my dear Sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash headlong on iron spikes." He received a pension of £100 a year, in recognition of his poetical labours.

ciled in a bedroom fit for the great Cham of Tartary." It is clear, however, from the Journal that (as already hinted) the chief attraction of those four days at Yarmouth (April 16, 17, 18, 19 of the year 1838) was a sentimental one. Such topics are sacred and must be passed over in silence. But every one who knows how passionately susceptible to affection of all kinds his nature was, can imagine what would be the nature of his self-communings under such circumstances. Suffice it to say that colder and older men than John William Burgon (he was then only twenty-five) have found the days when love first lays hold of their whole being, and they are made to feel the force of Coleridge's description of it,

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame,"

to be the golden days of this plodding, care-beset earthly life,—days of continuous delight, if only the hope of ultimate union with the object upon which the affections are set, however remote, is not entirely precluded. To him, than whom nobody ever knew better how to put an heroic restraint upon himself in the interests of the persons he loved, it seemed that, dependent as some of the members of his family were upon him, to have offered marriage to any one would have been wrong, as gratifying his own inclinations at the expense of those who had a prior claim upon him. Those who knew him but superficially would not have believed it,—he was at all times so gay and light-hearted; but he was ever austere to himself, and almost an ascetic in his personal habits. Hence the strong attraction to the other sex, which in the majority of men seeks and finds its gratification in marriage, and soon sobers down in a single

tranquil channel, in him fastened more or less to the end of his life on every agreeable woman whom he came across, and assumed occasionally, though always in transparent guilelessness and simplicity, an almost amatory expression.

In order that the continuity of our narrative may not be broken, portions of his correspondence with Mr. Turner will be given at the end of this Chapter, from which it will appear that at that critical period of his life when his father's mercantile failure left Burgon free to indulge what had always been the fondest wish of his heart, and to prepare himself for Holy Orders in the regular way by going through the curriculum of Oxford, and taking his degree, Mr. Turner, who was generous and munificent in proportion to his means, which at that time were ample, if not excessively large, offered the assistance of his purse towards the expenses of his academical career, which, after some delicate and honourable demur on the part of Burgon, was gratefully accepted. Mr. Turner probably thought (and who will not be found to agree with him?) that a little help given at the outset of his career to one who bade fair to become (as he did eventually become) a great Doctor of the Church, and a power in the religious life of the country, could not by possibility be so well bestowed elsewhere, or bring in a more really remunerative and satisfactory return.

Minor incidents of this or the ensuing year, which need only be cursorily adverted to, are his contributions to the '*New General Biographical Dictionary*,' which his brother-in-law (Rev. Henry John Rose⁶) was at that time editing, of the Articles on Bertrand Andrieu [1761-1822], the celebrated French engraver of medals;

⁶ Mr. Rose was married to his eldest sister, Sarah Caroline, on May 24, of this year (1838).

on Dr. Thomas Archer [1553–1630], a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was in his day Rector of Houghton Conquest, and a great benefactor to that Parish; and on Dr. William Aubrey [1529–1595], a civilian, who was appointed one of the delegates for the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, and whose efforts on the Queen's behalf in that capacity were afterwards gratefully remembered by James I.—This Dictionary, which still maintains its reputation as an excellent book of reference, was projected and partly arranged by the Reverend Hugh James Rose; and the earlier portion of it was edited by the Rev. Henry John Rose, his brother, who, however, finding the editorship too onerous for him, as living out of London, and as having upon his hands also the '*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*,' was obliged to resign it. Burgon described his delight at the relief experienced by his brother-in-law in a letter to Mr. Dawson Turner, dated April 2, 1840.

A.D. 1839.
Æt. 26.

The year 1839 was marked by a visit to Chequers in Buckinghamshire, where the Bishop of Rochester, who had confirmed him, was then residing [See for an account of this beautiful place '*The Life and Times of Gresham*,' vol. ii. p. 392, *et sequent.*], and where, after his usual whimsical fashion, "I put on Cromwell's clothes⁷,"—and also by the Highland tour in company

⁷ Chequers had once belonged to Richard Cromwell, who succeeded his father as Lord Protector. Its connexion with Gresham was that Lady Mary Grey, who was afterwards given in charge to him, had previously been in the custody of Mr. William Hawtrey the then proprietor of Chequers.—Sir Robert Frankland, the owner of the place in 1839, who afterwards took the

name of Russell, had married Bishop Murray's sister; and hence the Bishop was much at Chequers. He had probably heard that J. W. B., as engaged in writing about the times of Gresham, would be glad of an opportunity of inspecting the place of Lady Mary Grey's captivity, and goodnaturedly asked him to accompany him thither,—an invitation which was thankfully accepted.

with his friend Tytler, in the course of which he was apprised of the appearance of the work, on which he had bestowed so much time and pains,—‘*The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham.*’ On Saturday the 10th of August he leaves the Tower stairs with Tytler in “the Duke of Wellington steamer,” bound for Aberdeen,—“passed Yarmouth at about 2.30 A.M. on Sunday the 11th,” (which probably set his pulses fluttering), and encounters a ground swell.

“By a singular kind of sympathy” (Burgon was full of sympathy, and was always both detecting and exhibiting it; but was it so very “singular” under the circumstances?) “Tytler and I both lay in bed all day without ever thinking of moving. It was very unlike a Sunday—but what was to be done? It was impossible to stand upright, and on deck there was nothing to be seen, if one could have mustered up pluck to dress oneself. The wind was contrary, the sea rough, and all the way to Aberdeen both continued so—many conjectures as to when we were to get to our journey’s end—very disgusting to a man lying retching in his berth, unable to read and do any thing except doze, and wish his crib were two inches longer” (those who were familiar with his personal appearance will quite understand and appreciate the wish).

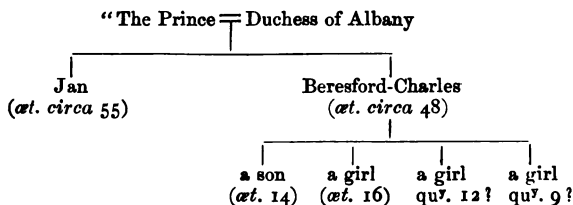
... “Tuesday, 13. I was awake at 3 in the morning by a cackling in the cabin. We were within sight of the Aberdeen light. I dressed immediately and got on deck—it was very refreshing ‘to scent the morning air’ after so much confinement and closeness. It was of course a greyish coldish morning—sea quiet, but wind as little contrary, and we went pitching forward slowly, as if we were *walking* to Aberdeen. The shore looked thus” (a slight pencil sketch)—“low, grey, cliffy shore about a mile or so off—when we came nearer the light, which was a double light, it looked thus” (another pencil sketch)—“ugly enough. . . . A few boats shot by, and others were sallying forth, and upon the hills a few,

houses were visible—the story was told completely—a Scotch fishing village on a barren coast . . . such speculations amused me till we rounded the corner, and saw (for it was now 5 o'clock nearly) the town of Aberdeen—looked pretty—and quiet—every thing was delightful in fact, and any thing would have seemed lovely after the steam-boat.”

So begins the Journal, with the aid of which was compiled the sprightly and beautiful account of his Highland tour, which he himself gives in his *‘Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler’* [pp. 269–289, 2nd ed. London: 1859], to which account the reader is here referred. The special Journal book of the tour is illustrated throughout by rapid but expressive pencil sketches of the objects he describes,—(Marischal College and the Cathedral of Aberdeen; Coxton Tower, “a mere *sentry-box* of a house,” yet the residence of knights “of the Innes family”; the “very extraordinary lime-tree” in the garden of Gordon Castle; the Castle itself; the bridge in Mr. Steuart’s grounds at Auchlunkart; the summit of Ben Muick Dhui; Ben Nevis as he first saw it; the glen of Rothiemurchus; Patrick Fraser Tytler’s portrait, and that of his brother; a dog on board the steamer off Skye; a barefooted girl in a shop at Keith, &c., &c.),—and it adds several particulars to those which have already been given to the world in the *Memoir of Tytler*. Thus the *Memoir* introduces us to the “two gentlemen named Stewart, residing in the romantic Isle of Aigais,” and styled “The Princes,” as being “supposed descendants of Prince Charles Edward.” In the Journal is an account of these gentlemen’s dining at Moniack (James Baillie Fraser’s place), a day or two after the Fraser family had taken Burgon to visit “the Princes.”

"P. F. T. came in and told me that the *Princes* were arrived. Went in to seal my letter and found them, one on either side of old Mrs. Fraser. Strange fellows—very courteous—but so odd.

"Dressed and so to dinner—sate between Sir John MacNeill and Mrs. Wedderburn. Next her was Jan (the unmarried 'Prince'), and opposite me Charles. Jan is like Charles I—extremely—wears a wig, and has much fallen off, they say, of late years—Charles is the handsomer man, but I *doot*, as the Scotch say, how either would look in a plain suit of black. Take their pedigree" (meaning, their alleged pedigree: Charles Edward, who in 1766 took the title of Count d'Albany, and laid aside that of Prince of Wales, had no children, and his title to the English Crown passed at his death in 1788 to his brother, Cardinal Henry Stuart, who died in 1807, the last heir male of the line of Stuart):



"After dinner I got them to talk of the second sight. Sir John McN. was amusing. He told us a curious story of a servant of his family having to swim across a loch near the estate, a very expert swimmer; but the current was strong, and he was drowned. The youth's death was announced *before it was known that he had perished (as it is firmly believed and stated)* by a girl he loved. But, be this as it may, nothing can be more certain than that she described the part of the lake where his body would be found, which was not attended to on account of its improbability;—viz. it was five miles from the point he must have started, and on *the same* side of the loch. The men who had searched for the body (for the Highlanders always consider it to be a matter of

great importance to recover a corpse under such circumstances) in despair *did* look at last in the place indicated, and there sure enough they found the object of their search. I never heard a more extraordinary and *authenticated* story of second sight. The party explained to me the nature of the faculty; it is not voluntary, but is forced upon a person, and he can no more resist the impression so conveyed than voluntarily receive it.

Fraser repeated his two admirable stories of the second sight, particularly the one which Corrie's father (in 1810) told him as having occurred to himself, *viz.*: Corrie praised to his steward (one Donald) a girl reaping. 'Ah! she may reap well now, but it is the last time she'll ever reap.' The old man was pressed. He said that he saw the winding-sheet up to her neck, and that she would not live a week. Corrie asked for a token. Donald told him who her four bearers would be. She died in less than a week. Corrie offered to be a coffin bearer. The honour was great, and the proposal of course acceded to. At the instant the procession should have started, C. saw a favourite terrier of his getting into a quarrel with a large strange dog: he stepped forward to part them, and the man, to whom the 4th corner of the coffin was foretold, actually filled Corrie's place."

But the brightest of seasons must come to an end, and the best of friends must part. Here is the account of his parting from Tytler at Moniack, characteristically effusive, and exhibiting the deep affectionateness of both men:—

"Breakfasted, and then the carriage was ordered for me. I packed in my room, and then had five minutes' parting chat with P. F. T. . . . We have been wonderfully drawn together all along by a strange and strong sympathy, which I cannot quite explain" (the grounds of this sympathy have been pointed out in an earlier part of the Chapter); "but I love him, and he loves me—that is the plain history of the case. We had a most affectionate

parting—thanks on my side, put away on his,—and acknowledgments of condescension which he would not allow. He told me that I was almost the only *friend* he had in London—reminded me that in the course of nature I must survive him, and bade me with tears befriend his children. Then *he kissed me* on both cheeks—once more shook me by the hand—we both agreed to be cheerful, and not recur to these painful themes, and so, half in tears, and half in smiles, we parted.”

Then comes a description of the parting from the rest of the Moniack family and their guests :—

“I like them all, and from the very first liked them—loving Mrs. W.—liking Lady M.—and admiring and feeling myself strongly drawn towards Sir John—but I was nervous—spoke ill—and I am not sure that one of them understood me.” (Who has not felt the same, when overwhelmed with kindness and hospitality by strangers, and having on a sudden to make some acknowledgment?) “Two or three days more might have turned the scale.”

He leaves Moniack for Inverness “in a pelting rain,” and having deposited his luggage at the Royal Hotel, immediately takes a chaise to Antfield (William Fraser Tytler’s cottage), where he had been hospitably entertained in the previous month. “Reached Antfield at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2—Dear little cottage! I know not how or why; but it seemed to me as if I had left my heart there, and was going to find it. All were glad to see me; but I think ——’s quiet eyes said most, and ——’s soft, beautiful ones.” (The fact is he had more or less lost his heart at Antfield, as he was always losing it everywhere, even to the end of his life; he could not resist the attraction of agreeable women.) “The drawings I brought,—I allude to my two copies of the portrait of their departed sister—threw a gloom over the day, which the weather

added to; and the holy hours it would have been improper to profane by reading," (it was Sunday; his meaning is that, had it been a week-day, he would have felt at liberty to interest and amuse himself with the silent companions contained in the library of Antfield Cottage; he was always very conscientious as to Sunday pursuits, and somewhat of a Sabbatarian). At 2 in the morning of Monday (Sept. 16) he leaves Inverness by the mail for Edinburgh, and recognises in his fellow travellers a lady and gentleman whom he had already fallen in with while he was staying at Moniack, and who tell him about the country they pass through. A "gleam of sunlight" breaks forth upon Craig Ellachie, as they come near it, which "I shall never forget." "Near the Aviemore Inn is Craig Ellachie. 'Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!' is the war-cry of the Grants. How spirit-stirring is the word, conjuring up that lovely scene, and inspiring high resolve not to budge before the foe, but to *stand as fast as that everlasting rock!!!* . . . Oh! thoughts like this rushed upon me at every step." They pass Birnam Wood, Blair Athol, and Killiecrankie (the two last "charmed me less than 50 things I had already seen"), and had "a peep at Lochleven Castle"—and reach Edinburgh after crossing the Firth in an open boat. In Edinburgh he is introduced to Thompson the Scotch artist, some of whose pictures were then fetching from £200 to £300.

"Thompson we found *full* of his craft. . . . I never saw a greater enthusiast. He painted before me at Mr. Wright's request, and gave me a brush. His system of sketching in the fields is extraordinary—splendid effect, but produced so strangely . . . he told me that he began by pouring a bottle of boiling water over his colour box to clean the colours! His brushes are of bristle."

During the days he spent at Edinburgh, he visited most of the places indicated to him in the "paper of instructions," which Tytler had given him, and dined with Mr. Hog at Newliston: "At dessert I was particularly delighted with the *crows* which came to the wood in *millions*, quite darkening the air—I never saw a more curious sight, or heard a more confused sound—detachment after detachment came wheeling in, till night put an end to the gathering, or rather made it invisible."

On Monday, Sept. 23, after an absence of just six weeks and two days, he returned to London, evidently much refreshed by the change of scene and all the genial hospitality he had met with amongst the Scottish gentry. The concluding paragraph of the Chapter in his Memoir of Tytler, in which he records this tour, may be given as exhibiting not only the poetry and sentiment which were in him, but his ecclesiastical tendencies when he was still a layman, and never expected to be anything else. He is visiting Abbotsford, and has with him "a truly intelligent fellow" who "had the border traditions at his fingers' ends," and who had acted as *cicerone* to him:—

"We both sat down at last on a hill-side,—I to draw; Oliver, with two deer-hounds at his feet, to read me a border-ballad. The name of the spot I have forgotten: but the scene is printed deep into my memory. The yellow moon, round as a shield, rose grandly above the Cheviots; and the glooming stole over the landscape slowly, silently, beautifully. One by one the peaks of grey and purple faded from my sight. I enquired the name of some silvery hills in the far distance; and learned that they were '*in Northumberland*.' There was magic in the word. I had been attending the kirk for six weeks, and devoutly thirsted to hear the '*Te Deum*'

again. 'Among those hills,' I secretly said to myself, 'it must be repeated every Sunday!' . . . John Oliver could no longer see to read, nor I to draw. It was growing quite late, when, with a swelling heart, I wrote in the corner of my sketch-book,—*Good-night to Scotland!*" [Memoir of P. F. Tytler, p. 289.]

Nothing more need be recorded of the year 1839, except that the Counting-House and its drudgery are evidently becoming increasingly distasteful to him. "Tuesday, Oct. 22. Passed a disgusting day, bothering with ——'s matters—brought up the ledger in the evening, and went to bed quite sick." "Oct. 23. Another disgusting day! How weary I am of this mode of life!" His longing for Oxford and the Ministry is gaining a greater hold upon him. "Nov. 1, 1839. Had a long talk with my father to-night relative to the Church." "Nov. 29. Before going to bed sent Tytler my Review of his book" (the History of Scotland) "for '*The Times*'—City all day—Talked to dear—and—" (two of his sisters) "about my Oxon. wishes."

A.D. 1840.
Æt. 27.

On the first page of the Journal for 1840 stands this Memorandum:—

"It is impossible to enter upon a new year without a pang of regret for the past, and a sentiment of uneasiness and anxiety" (caused probably by symptoms of his father's affairs being in an unsound state) "respecting the future. God grant that the year which we have this day commenced may be unmarked by calamity. Rather will I hope that ere 1841 appears, some bright star—for which I have long been watching—will rise above the gloom which hangs over the horizon of the future. J. W. B. Jan. 1, 1840."

The "calamity," however, was staved off, and the year 1840 appears from the corresponding memorandum on Jan. 1, 1841, to have been a comfortable one: "The past year has brought with it many blessings. May

the year on which we have this day entered leave at least as sweet a fragrance behind it! *Laus Deo!* Jan. 1, 1841."

The most noticeable incident of his private history in the year 1840 is what he calls his "summer ramble" in Yorkshire, taken in prosecution of his researches into the pedigree of his family, which he describes in the following lively letter to his friend Mr. Dawson Turner. He had been six years previously at York⁸ (in the September of 1834), as he tells Mr. Turner; and it would seem as if the chief cause which took him there on the earlier occasion was the same as that which moved him on

⁸ From a most amusing letter dated Sept. 18, 1834, written to one of his sisters from New Malton in Yorkshire, it would seem that the Minster, which he praises so highly to Mr. Turner, scarcely attracted his regard at all on the occasion of his first visit to York, all he says about it being, "On Sunday I went to the Minster as a matter of course." The chief feature of the letter is the account of his trip from York to Scarborough, where he gets into a difficulty by strolling too far along the shore, and is precluded by nightfall from crawling back again the way he had come, ("a slimy assortment of rocks," slippery with ooze and seaweed), and obliged to climb the cliff, which was "very high, very steep, very crumbly, and very full of crevices"; where also he "buys a bladder, and tries to swim, but no go—sunk"; and where finally he kills with a stone a wounded curlew, which "went squeaking along the shore" ("I put it out of its misery;

so don't begin the Lamentations of Jeremiah over the 'poor thing'"), and afterwards laid it out, and measured it, and *drew it*. The following about his physique is amusing: "You can't think how much disagreeable notice I attract from my immense altitude. At Lincoln I heard the people saying, 'There he comes,' as often as I clambered up or ambled down the interminable hill on which their Cathedral stands This very evening I heard a farmer's wife call her husband as I passed, and say the moment I was gone, 'Gad, he's a tall lad, an't un?' Is it not monstrous? These runty little thick-set Yorkshiremen seem to consider me as a wild beast escaped from some show, and I tremble lest some zealous being or other should take upon himself to

'put me in the parish

Stocks for a vagrant.'"

The letter concludes, "Your loving, cramped, stiff and sleepy Brother, JOHN W. BURGON."

the latter one; for we find him on his former visit spending one whole day, and two halves of days, "at the Prerogative Office." He was wonderfully persistent in all that he put his hand to. The letter, though interesting throughout, is of such dimensions that space forbids the presentation of it in its entirety to the reader. And here it may be observed that for the most part the letters of his early life are of unusual length, and folded in a form which has become since the introduction of the Penny Postage altogether obsolete. Almost always they are written on the old-fashioned letter paper, the form of which was quarto, and the first sheet is twice folded long ways, before the final folding of the paper into the letter form, and the writing of the address on the outside of the second sheet. Not unfrequently, in the case of correspondence with intimate friends, his letter occupies two whole sheets and a half of this paper, and the address is on the back of the half-sheet, which is made to act as an envelope, the writer taking care, before he begins the half-sheet, to mark off a little space for the seal or wafer, to be kept clear of writing. We shall never see such letters again as these of a former generation. We shall never see letters as long, nor, it may be added, letters as much worth reading. Rowland Hill's penny postage has knocked letters, considered as a piece of literature, on the head; although it is true, no doubt, that whenever there is a strong individuality in the letter writer, it is sure to come out, even if he writes only a dozen lines. The opening paragraph of the present letter, as also his reflexions about Silkstone, have been given at an earlier period of this Chapter, pp. 1, 2, 3. He was accompanied by his brother.

"Brunswick Square, December 2, 1840.

"My dear Sir,— . . . Without troubling you with the

reasons *why*, Lichfield was the first place we visited. I cannot say we travelled there, for we went by steam—there are no coaches thither—nor I believe anywhere else except to Yarmouth—so we may be said to have *rushed* from place to place, wherever we had occasion to go—except when we walked, and *then* we seemed to crawl. With Lichfield we were of course delighted. It is clean and quiet, and the little Ecclesiastical aristocracy which encircles the Cathedral afforded us much entertainment. Then there are the literary associations—Johnson, Miss Seward, Darwin, Day (who wrote Sandford and Merton) and many, many more of lesser celebrity. We had the good fortune, though we arrived there friendless, in an odd kind of way, which there is no accounting for, to experience a world of kindness from complete strangers; of which an example may suffice. We were walking after Church in the fields, wondering where Johnson's willow stood. A leisurely looking old buffer with drab unmentionables happening to come by, I asked him if he could show us the place. He seemed quite pleased at being asked such a question, marched us up to the spot immediately, informed us that he had lived 150—no, 50—years in Lichfield—and knew everything and everybody. Here we bowed, and, as Robinson Crusoe expresses it, 'made as though' we did not want to trouble him any further; but he did not seem at all inclined to go, and asked whether I admired Johnson. In consequence of my reply, nothing would satisfy him, but conducting us to Mrs. Porter's house, showing us the walk where Johnson ran the race with a little Scotch girl,—then taking us to the Bishop's Palace, telling us a world of curious matters about Lichfield;—in short lionizing us. The oddest thing he mentioned was that the house shown as Johnson's birth-place is decidedly *not* the house where he was born—and he narrated so many circumstances in corroboration of this statement, that I really almost believe him. . . . Another gentleman (Dr. Harwood, the author and antiquary) showed us all manner of Johnsonian relics—beginning with books and autograph letters in abundance, and

ending with tea cups, a tea board, punch bowl, and table linen.

"From Lichfield we rushed to Sheffield.—I have omitted to praise the exquisite beauty of the end of the chancel built by Bishop Langton; but that we admired the master-piece of Lichfield, you will of course understand,—not forgetting the exquisite sculpture of Chantrey.—Well, we went to Sheffield; thence to Ecclesfield; thence we walked to Bradfield—slept at the very least of little inns—and on the morrow, after drawing and examining registers, walked over the Moors through Bolsterstone to a place called Peniston. These places are almost out of the world, and the roads between them, being cross-roads (or rather no roads at all, for the moors are only recently enclosed), *are* out of the world. The scenery was picturesque enough at times, but the most expressive epithet I can think of is, *wild*. I never (except in the Highlands), walked over a wilder region—very hilly—very rocky—very barren—the villages of extreme rarity—the hamlets very small and poor and few—the language very uncouth. From Peniston we walked to Silkstone—and here it is time to mention that Ecclesfield, Peniston, and Silkstone are graced with most beautiful and remarkable Churches. Ebenezer Elliott, the blacksmith poet⁹, beautifully calls Ecclesfield Church, 'the minster of the Moors'; and it well deserves the name.

⁹ I. Ebenezer Elliott (b. 1781, d. 1849) the son of an iron-founder at Rotherham in Yorkshire,—a man of extraordinary mark and mental power. His best known piece, perhaps, is his '*Corn-Law Rhymes*,' which gave an impetus to the ultimately successful agitation against the Corn Laws. Though he wrote on political subjects defiantly and bitterly, as considering the people to be down-trodden and refused their rights, there was a vein of true pathos in his poetry. "These," said he to a friend, point-

ing to the flowers, and birds, and trees, "are my companions; from them I derive consolation and hope; for nature is all harmony and beauty, and man will one day be like her; and the war of castes and the war for bread will be no more." The word "ironmonger," perhaps, would more accurately than "blacksmith" denote the occupation by which he gained a moderate fortune. The above particulars are taken from the '*Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*,' s. v. ELLIOTT, EBENEZER.

"Although one needs not to travel beyond the precincts of one's hearth-rug to know and to feel the blessed privilege of our Church Establishment, never perhaps does one so practically and fully appreciate its value, as when one is taking a journey and finds oneself in the position described by a living poet—'The night is dark and I am far from home.' The kindness we experienced wherever we went, from the parochial clergy, was truly surprising,—almost touching.

"Do not fancy that I thrust myself upon any—but it became my *vocation*, going to consult a register, to call upon its *custode*. The preliminary conversation generally terminated in a request that we would consider ourselves the guests of the family for the rest of the day—and really, however grateful we felt, and however agreeable such an episode always must be, the kindness we experienced generally proved fatal to the accomplishment of the main object we had in paying the visit.

"We have good reason to remember the kindness of the clergyman of the last-named place—Silkstone; and I believe it was thinking more especially of *him*, which occasioned this digression. His name is Watkins. If I were to begin to describe, I should fill my paper; so pray walk on with us to Barnesley, the next town, and let us escape the fascination of all the bright eyes at Silkstone.

"We entered Barnesley very early on Sunday morning—having been compelled, owing to the lateness of the hour when we left the vicarage, to bivouac at Silkstone, in a horrid little inn (the best of half-a-dozen abominable ones), in a room which the night before had accommodated four-and-twenty ragamuffins, who called themselves *foresters*; and kept us awake all night with their drunken revelry in the apartment beneath. We had a most singular sermon at Barnesley from Wolff the missionary—and here having passed two days—one to please ourselves, and one to please the clergyman,—we made the best of our way across the country to Burgh Wallis and Kirk Bramwith—the latter, an unapproachable village in winter. It is indeed a singularly un-

favoured spot. The Humber occasionally floods the adjacent country, and has been known to stand four inches deep in the rectory parlour—and such a rectory! like an unhappy farm house! The church is also uninteresting—but ancient and highly picturesque. Our forefathers were influenced by a purer spirit than we.

“We had seen sufficiently rough practice during the last few days to rejoice to find ourselves at Doncaster—in *terra cognitâ*—with half a score of letters awaiting our arrival, and a relay of that nameless commodity, which is after all the very mainspring of travelling. Here we also found that a lady had had the kindness to prepare a kind reception for us, and we passed a pleasant evening in consequence with her brother, a Mr. Henry Bower. His library would please you, being choice, and containing some curious books. On the whole, getting into a drawing-room, or a library, when one is far from home, must be allowed to constitute a most charming episode. Your stage-coach and railway arrangements are marvellously brutalizing.

“Come along, sir! I cannot allow you to stand fiddle-faddling in Doncaster. Mr. Bower, as you see, is old and weak, and it is a shame to keep him struggling with the quartos, which he is scarcely strong enough to lift down from his shelves, or to replace there. Here we are at Rotheram—pray admire the beautiful Church,—and do not forget Conigsburgh Castle, which we passed on the way. A quarter-of-an-hour conducts you from Rotheram to Sheffield—at least it conducted *us*. Here we paused for half-a-day; and then went by the railway to York. If you have ever seen, or if you have never seen, the Minster, it matters not. In the one case I need not—in the other, it would be in vain for me to attempt to describe it. I had seen it before, but, strange to say, I had forgotten it—whether since 1834 I have learned to appreciate more fully what I see, or whether my eyes have improved I cannot tell—but this time, the Minster literally overcame me. I felt that I could have gazed upon it for ever. Its enormous size is not by any means its only charm, though I felt sensibly how

prolific a source of sublimity size is. Every thing conspires to make it one of the grandest of human creations. Its pale grey tint,—its infinite multiplicity of detail, its variety yet harmony of parts—and oh! above all, the magnificent prodigality of invention which it displays.—What an exquisite mind the man must have had which could harbour such a conception as York Minster!—how pure and graceful a fancy!—what inexhaustible copiousness of invention! . . . It literally takes away one's breath to examine such a structure. Why do we attempt nothing like it now-a-days? We can squander many millions sinfully;—Why do we never devote one million to raising a temple to Almighty God?

“We returned, as we came, and then proceeded to the Peak of Derbyshire—crossing some very Scotch-looking moors, till we cast anchor at Castleton. Three days soon slipped away, while we were exploring the mines and caverns of this interesting district—nor were the hours we passed with Dr. Orton, the vicar of a neighbouring village—Hope—the least agreeably or profitably spent. He was honest enough to declare he considered an intelligent being to converse with, as so great a prize, that if we wanted to give him pleasure, we must agree to pass our evenings with him and his family. The want of society in so remote a region must indeed be severely felt. Think of a parish 35 miles in extent—containing 12 or 13 hamlets, unprovided with churches, and think of the consequent mental stagnation! . . .

“Our visits to two of the Derbyshire mines gave us quite a new idea on the subject of the famous Peak cavern. The truth seems to be that the entire district is perforated by a thousand natural passages, and that where these accidentally encounter the surface, *there* a cavern becomes celebrated. Exploring some of these holes was pleasant enough, but far pleasanter was it, to emerge from their recesses into the holy daylight, and look down the Vale of Hope—one of the most peaceful—and when seen as we saw it, steeped in the golden light of autumn—one of the most beautiful in this Vale of Tears.

"Leaving Hope, we went to Bakewell, having taken Chatsworth and all its royal splendours in our way. Haddon Hall is far more to my taste. You have doubtless visited that glorious old baronial residence,—to walk through which, is to live in the reign of good Queen Bess, and to feel oneself brought into closer intimacy as it were with the great and gay of those days. Here we drew and raved our fill,—and then followed a rather amusing episode.

"Some thirty years ago, my father travelled in Greece with a son of the celebrated Dr. Darwin¹. When they parted, (which was at Smyrna)—Darwin was bound for Lichfield, and my father for London—so, after the long interval, when Tom and I announced our wish to go to Lichfield, *il Padrone* proposed introducing us to his friend, and gave us a letter accordingly to Dr. Francis Sacheverell Darwin. With some palpitation as to the reception we were likely to receive on reaching Lichfield, to the old house of the Darwins we repaired—a huge red-brick mansion house, such as one's grand-dad would have inhabited. We were laughed at for our pains. The Darwins had quitted Lichfield for twenty years. Dr. was *Sir Francis Darwin*—in short, we looked so like the descendants of Rip Van Winkle, that we looked quite foolish—so the letter of introduction was thrust back into the portmanteau, and all hopes of talking over *lang syne* with Darwinides abandoned.

"But when we were at Bakewell, to our surprise we discovered that we were within seven miles of the knight, who lived near Darley Dale, we were told, and in short, from the report we heard of him and his, we

¹ Dr. Erasmus Darwin [b. 1731, d. 1802], a physician at Lichfield, eminent as a physiologist and poet. He and Dr. Johnson were the centres of two circles at Lichfield, entirely distinct from one another in sympathies, politics, and creed. '*The Botanic Garden*,' some lines of which, in the old physician's handwriting, his son gave to

Burgon, appeared in 1781. It is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to the phenomena of vegetation, and the second to the '*Loves of the Plants*,' a poetical version of the sexual system of Linnæus. See '*Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*,' s. v. DARWIN, ERASMUS.

determined to march to Sydnopé (for so his house is called), and take his worship by the beard. It was a pleasant walk, but a queer country to go speering after a stranger in, and we were led a weary dance over the hills before we discovered his homestead. At last we reached a solitary place—far off and alone—on the shoulder of a hill, and commanding a wide and wild view—and there we found the object of our search. He was not a little surprised, but I believe more pleased than surprised, to see us. I was older than my father was, when he parted from Darwin, and the sight of us set our host a-dreaming of old times, and seemed to make him feel that he was an oldish man. He introduced us to his wife and daughters (grown up women by the way), and we passed a very happy evening.

“Next day he showed me some of his father’s books, gave me four lines of ‘*The Botanic Garden*’ in his father’s autograph and lionized us over his singular dwelling; after which we reluctantly bade him farewell; and his son conducted us a round-about way across the hills to Matlock. . . . On the whole Sir F. D. is a very remarkable creature. I think there is something morbid in his temperament; for he seemed to shrink from the idea of London, and wandering from his own fireside. He said he hoped to live quietly and to die there—and never to stir till he went down to be buried with his fathers in the family resting-place, which is not far off. . . . Sydnopé is all of his own contrivance; and he glories in having created an oasis in that wilderness. When he came, there was no house—no water—no trees—*no nothing!* ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I have built a village—here is abundance of wood and water, yonder are three trout ponds’—in short, he seemed to think it a *disgrace* to live in a house made comfortable to your hand, and has let a fine old paternal mansion to strangers, accordingly. He procured a wild boar from the Pyrenees, and a sow from Canton, and peopled his woods with wild boars to the terror of all the country round; but the breed is deteriorating now—in other words the neighbours are no longer kept *in terrorem*. But enough of

Sydnope and its kind owner. Six or seven hours on the railway brought us from Matlock to Brunswick Square."

A.D. 1841.
Æt. 28.

In the year 1841 the storm, which had been long impending, was to burst upon the head of his family. To himself it proved the means of bringing about what he had so long and earnestly desired, and thus broke with blessings on his head. In the latter end of March and at the beginning of August we find such entries as these in his journal; "Miserable day at the counting-house"; "Passion week, and to me a day of suffering—mental,"—"a day like some of the preceding, quite the shadow of death,"—"a day of rare excitement and anguish," &c., &c. But in the middle of it all he is still, with wonderful mental energy, pursuing more congenial occupations, getting "fragments of Roman pottery from the foundations of St. Bartholomew's Church,"—"drawing the Roman tessellated pavement in Threadneedle Street,"—"visiting his friend Renouard at Swancombe, and his brother-in-law Mr. Rose at Houghton,"—"reading No. 90 of the Oxford Tracts," and "Newman's letter" thereon,—going "to a *conversazione* at Crosby Hall,"—"proceeding with my Harmony," "finishing roughing out my Harmony,"—(the Harmony of the Gospels, a work which he had much at heart, which he began long before he went to Oxford, carried on at intervals during his whole life, but has left alas! in an unfinished state, with an instruction that it is not sufficiently advanced for publication). On the Ascension Day (Thursday, May 20), "They all went to Dodsworth's, and took the Sacrament;—I *could not*."

When we come to the month of August, we are confronted by this ominous memorandum at the top of the page, "☞ Perhaps the most memorable page in this book."
"Aug. 2. A day of cruel anxiety, occasioned by a letter

found at the City." "Aug. 5. *The plot begins to thicken*—bitter state of anxiety,"—and so on, until we come to "Thurs. Aug. 19. Saddish day—Final winding up by T. B." (his father) "at the City—his last day there.—Thank GOD, every thing went very well." The bolt had fallen; his father's house of business had suspended payment, and his family had touched the lowest deep; but the "cruel anxiety" was over, for the worst was known, and it now remained for John William Burgon to show the indomitable energy and sanguineness which were in him, by rising above misfortunes and lifting himself, and those who were in great measure dependent upon him, out of the wreck. The family removed to Houghton Conquest Rectory in Bedfordshire, the Rev. Henry John Rose's living, who had married his elder sister in 1838. Burgon himself was left in London for a few weeks, to pack furniture and books, to make up the accounts of the house for presentation in Bankruptcy, to make up also the household accounts, assort the tradesmen's bills, and clear out the counting-house. But the sable cloud had its silver lining which it turned forth on the night. He managed to escape for a day or two to Houghton Conquest, where he had "a joyous meeting" with the other members of his family; and on "Sun. August 29. Professor Corrie and I stood Godfathers for Rose's little boy" (Hugh James Rose—so named after his illustrious uncle,—who had been born in the previous December, so that in all probability the Sacrament of Baptism had been privately administered to him, and this was only his Admission to the Church).—On his return to London, the Harmony of the Gospels was carried on vigorously in September, and he speaks of himself as "in the evening busy with my Greek." The Greek would be wanted at Oxford, and the consent of

his father to his going to Oxford was given on the 9th of October. On the 16th he rejoined the family at Houghton preparatory to his going up, under the auspices of his brother-in-law, for matriculation, an account of which will be given in the next Chapter. It needs not to be said that with a family so generally esteemed, and so much beloved by those who had the privilege of intimacy with them, the sympathy was universal. "The creditors all behaved most kindly," he writes in his journal. "Tytler wept, when I told him." And on the 20th of August, in the letter in which he announces the catastrophe to Mr. Dawson Turner, he says, "Your friendly spirit, I am sure I am not mistaken in supposing, will partake the gratification I feel in mentioning the universal sympathy, which hitherto my dear father has met with. I may truly say that it is quite touching and affecting." From a second letter to him, dated three days later (Aug. 23), it appears that Mr. Turner, when the announcement reached him, by no means contented himself with expressions of sympathy and kind feeling, but with his usual considerate munificence offered his purse to his young friend, probably (out of delicacy) in the shape of a loan which Burgon might repay, when he had reached that position of independence to which Mr. Turner felt that his abilities and industry would soon raise him. In answer to this generous offer he writes (Aug. 23, 1841):—

"Sincerely thanking you for your prompt and business-like way of meeting the exigency of the case, I have the pleasure to say that *for the present* at all events, I do not see the least occasion for troubling you. Do not think that I am shilly-shallying *now*: when I tell you that your letter found me with my Greek Grammar in my hand, you will guess which way my thoughts are tending,—whither, believe me, they have been tending

long since, though never till now with any good chance of my body following them. The future, as far as I am concerned, seems to stand thus. For three months (about) I am indispensable *here*" [in London]. "At the end of that time, I intend (D.V.) to go to Houghton, where a quiet room, the run of a good classical library (better than I need, a furious deal)—and dear Rose's help—these three blessings have *long since* been promised me. My backwardness (in Greek especially) is what you would not believe; and indeed my ignorance generally is frightful. I can only hope by a few months' serious application to get into a condition to be fit to go to Oxford.

"*Then* my necessities will begin. What they will be, I know not. If it depended on *me*, I should say little enough. . . . I shall keep no society; get into a garret, if I can, (for *two* reasons),—my habits are quite the reverse of expensive,—and I have books. On the other hand, a good *Tutor* I will have, *coûte que coûte*. I cannot suppose that I shall want much more than £100 a year,—at least I fix that sum in my mind as a kind of point to reason from.

"Now my inclination would assuredly be *not* to trespass upon any resources my father might have, *at all*: but the propriety" [possibility?] "of gratifying this inclination, I have yet to learn. Meantime I go to work with the soothing certainty that, in case of need, there are certain friends (I believe, if the truth were known, *you* occupy the van) on whom I may RELY for aid in the promotion of my scheme.—I hope I am not premature in mentioning an item in my intentions, in such case, on which I dwell with singular complacency. It is this. Since Death is the only barrier I can conceive to my ultimately disencumbering myself of the painful part of a pecuniary obligation (for of the obligation, I neither could nor would wish to rid myself),—I should deposit a small life policy in your own—or any other person's—hands. Thus dying, I should close my eyes in peace, and living, I should have the satisfaction of having made a *small* provision (a beginning towards something con-

siderable) for those who are far dearer to me than life itself."

And then, after some further particulars of his plans and prospects for his family and himself, follows a paragraph which exhibits the wonderful elasticity of his mind under trouble, and the sanguineness of the energy, which could address itself to new literary exploits in so grave a crisis of his fortunes :—

"I thank you for your advice respecting any publication on so difficult a matter as Early Christianity ; but I will tell you what I contemplated.

"I perceive that men are mightily disposed to dislike the authority of *the Fathers* : so that when Mr. Newman writes on 'the Church of the Fathers,' it is replied, 'Oh, who cares for them?' At least out of ten devout persons three or four or five would say so. Well ;—it struck me that the right thing would be to write a little book (or a big one, if the matter allowed), and to call it *the Church of the Apostles*, since no one objects to *them*. The design is simply this. To exhibit, from whatever source,—but of course mainly from Holy Writ, what was the constitution and actual state of the Church in the Apostles' days. Any one who has not thought much on the subject would never believe or dream of the astounding quantity of available matter there is in the Epistles of St. Paul, and indeed throughout the New Testament. It is perfectly astonishing how much may be elicited and inferred. A little aid may be drawn from ancient monuments ; and it was in reply to a hasty hint dropped on this part of the subject, that dear Rose, who is ever ready to help me in everything of the kind, took fire.—*You shall hear more of this scheme, D. V. some of these days* . . . Remember *your promise* to read Bp. Beveridge."

This contemplated work appears to have dropped through from the multiplicity of other calls upon his time, unless indeed we may say that much the same design was afterwards carried into effect by him in

another form,—that of a Series of Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, a work which he has left complete, and which only needs for its production careful editing, and such a number of subscribers as would guarantee his representatives against pecuniary loss, if they were to publish it. How deeply interesting these Lectures were found by those who were privileged to hear them, and how greatly these persons long for their publication, not only as recalling to themselves personally the happy and sacred hours spent in listening to them, but as a valuable contribution to the exegesis and spiritual teaching of that most important portion of the New Testament, it would be difficult to say. Let it be lawful to hope that some practical steps may ere long be taken in this direction.

The last incident which has to be recorded of the year 1841 is the commencement of the exquisite drawings of his father's valuable collection of Greek Antiquities, which it was arranged should be offered for sale to the British Museum. It wrung John William Burgon's heart (both as a connoisseur, and as having known every article in the collection for the greater part of his life, and having gloried in his family's possession of so great a treasure) to part with these antiquities. And he determined that the collection should not leave his father's roof without his making a faithful drawing of all the principal articles in it, however much labour such an enterprise might entail upon himself. Here is the memorandum, which he makes in his Journal on a subject which must have touched him to the quick.

“I began to draw the collection of Greek antiquities 7 December, 1841, and drew almost without intermission till 24 January, 1842. From that day to 2 March drew for about seven hours a day, when I completed the task.

—It was providentially decided that the Collection was to pass to the British Museum for £600 on Wednesday, 23 March.

“Conveyed to the Museum on Ascension Day, Thursday, 5 May, 1842. *Sic transit*”

It was thought desirable that these drawings, now in the possession of the family, should be taken to the Museum, and there left awhile for the careful identification of each Article. The portfolio containing them has been returned with the following memorandum from Mr. Arthur H. Smith, of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities:—

“Mr. Burgon’s drawings are all taken from objects in the Burgon collection, now in the British Museum.


“Apart from the delicacy of the drawings, they are chiefly remarkable for the skill with which they reproduce the various styles and characters of the objects. This power of reproducing a variety of styles with accuracy is seldom acquired except by draughtsmen specially trained to the work.

“The principal objects in the collection have for the most part been satisfactorily published elsewhere.

“If it is desired to publish specimens, I would suggest the urn numbered 282, 282A. This urn has not been engraved, and its colouring has much deteriorated since Mr. Burgon’s sketch was made.

“The manuscript notes attached add, in some instances, information of value, not hitherto in the possession of the Museum, as to the origin of the objects. Compare a note sent by me to the ‘*Classical Review*’ of November, 1889, respecting the bronze hare, numbered 334.—A. H. SMITH.”

It is much to be regretted that a copy of the drawing of the urn numbered 282, 282A cannot be presented to the reader, but the tinting of these sketches constitutes perhaps their greatest beauty, and could not be satisfactorily reproduced.



Before concluding this Chapter, as it is proposed to do, by presenting to the reader a few further extracts from his letters of this early period to Mr. Fellows, to Mr. Dawson Turner, and to Mr. Renouard, all of them extremely characteristic of the writer (of his deep interest in those old archives, which are the sources of history, and in antiquities generally, in discoveries and explorations; of his love of fun; of his love of and connoisseurship in Art; of his conjectures in etymology), it seems desirable to say something of the divines and clergy, under whose influence he was brought during the thirteen years which elapsed between his leaving school in 1829 and his going to Oxford in 1842, and whose teaching must have helped to form his religious character. The family had sittings at St. Pancras under the incumbency of Dr. Moore, and usually attended that Church; but John William had conceived an ardent admiration for the preaching of Mr. Dale, then Vicar of St. Bride's, and, as he never cared to attend Church alone (the exuberant sympathy in his nature made this distasteful to him), used frequently to persuade his mother, whom he loved to have by his side at Church, and other members of his family, to accompany him to St. Bride's. Against the Sundays in his Journals (the *S.* denoting which is always written in red ink, to mark it to the eye) we find such entries as these: "Heard dear old Dale at St. Bride's preach a beautiful sermon"; "M. C. and I went to hear Dale preach at St. Giles's — capital — divine sermon — was delighted to hear his old voice again"; "Mother's birthday. Gave her Dale's sermons—pd. 10s. 6d." Sometimes, for a spiritual treat, he takes them to hear Melvill, at that time the most eminent pulpit orator in the communion of the English Church; "Went with M. and Lingham to hear Melvill—Glorious!" "Heard Melvill

preach in Fenchurch Street before the Lord Mayor—he is a sensible Irving” (of Irving he could form some judgment, as he writes in his Journal that one Sunday he heard him “preaching *sub dio*”); “Heard Mr. Melvill preach a fine sermon, full of force and beauty, at Bedford Chapel.” Sometimes, but very rarely, he wanders out of the Anglican fold for his spiritual pasture on Sunday;—“Heard Dr. Chalmers at the Scotch Church—magnificent—but I never was in such a crowd before.”—And the following entry will be read with interest, in reference to his own future sermons, which were so original and instructive; “Dec. 6, 1835” [*Ætat.* 22]. “Heard Dale—‘Come to me ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest’—the text I have always thought I would make my first sermon on, if I were in the Church—he made a powerful sermon, but did not handle the text as I think of handling it . . .” Later in point of time, and consequent chiefly on the family’s moving from Brunswick Square to Osnaburgh Street, they had sittings in Christ Church, Albany Street, which then became their district Church; but previously to the removal, John William had often been attracted to Mr. Dodsworth’s ministry; and then we have such entries as these: “P. T. and I to Dodsworth’s (*Laus Deo!*)—magnificent sermon.” The following memoranda will have interest for those who remember the raging of a controversy, excited by a charge of Bishop Blomfield, once fierce enough, but now almost exploded like the crater of an extinct volcano; for the surplice has all but driven the gown out of the field: “Jan. 24, 1841. Dodsworth, with M. and E.—He preached first time in his surplice.” “Jan. 31, 1841. Heard Mr. Manning at Dodsworth’s.” “Feb. 7, 1841. To Dodsworth, who preached in his gown!!” There can be little doubt that the influence brought to

bear upon him by the preaching of Mr. Dodsworth, and other clergymen of the same theological school, would tend to incline him towards the Tractarian movement then in progress at Oxford, and would predispose him to receive favourably in its earlier stages the teaching of Mr. Newman, for whom he conceived the deepest reverence,—a sentiment which never forsook him, even when Mr. Newman seceded from the English Church. How little he sympathized with the extravagances and (as he regarded them) corruptions which developed themselves at a later stage of the movement, and were characterized chiefly by sensational services and an efflorescence of Ritualism, every one knows, who remembers the course taken by him in the controversies of later days, and which it will be the province of a subsequent Chapter to record.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO MR. FELLOWS, TO MR. DAWSON TURNER, OF GREAT YARMOUTH, AND TO THE REVEREND GEORGE CECIL RENOUARD, B.D., RECTOR OF SWANSCOMBE IN KENT, IN THE YEARS 1833, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841.

I. TO MR. CHARLES FELLOWS.

“June 21. *Shortest* Night, 1833. To-day is the longest day . . . I am always unhappy on this day ; and at a moment like the present, when all is silent save the wind, which is low and gusty, and Time, whose quick footsteps I fancy I discern in the ticking of my watch, a feeling of sadness comes over me, which is as groundless as it is without remedy . . . After all, if it were not for the nights, what a stupid thing life would be . . . When should we poor *Merchant-men* breathe, eh ? Eh, you freeman, you bachelor, you rogue ? . . . I fancy,—nay, I’m sure, that nights were invented (among other good reasons) for the convenience and consolation of dis-

contented Merchant-men. Oh! F., what will become of me, if I don't grow wiser as I grow older? am I destined to be a new edition, with illustrations, of the old story—a garret and a half-penny loaf? I hope not, with all my soul . . . I am not *quite* jockey enough to ride Pegasus without saddle or bridle; but intend either to have a stall for the beast, or, if I can't afford it, to have him *cut up for the hounds* . . . Both resources are attended however with inconvenience; and I have made up my mind that the happiest man after all is the matter-of-fact, cold devil, who knows how to mind his purse, and keep his temper, who has got no vulture passions to quiet, and who cannot discern joy and sorrow at a league's distance . . . For my own part, I feel I am irrevocably a poet, and therefore the opposite to the being I have sketched. Yet, strange to say, I envy not that man his *sangfroid* or his purse; I think his happiness is bought at too dear a price.

“Here I go, you see, on the old tack; but I can't help it. If I were to tell you all (I *could* not tell you all,—I only mean, *if* I could), you would stare,—I mean, all the odd ways of thinking I have lately acquired . . . Do you know I feel as if I were two persons, or, rather, as if I had two brains? the one sees things as they are, or as they appear to be, and that is my matter-of-fact brain; the other sees things as, I suppose I must say, they *are not*, that is to say, fancifully—and that is my imaginative brain. I religionise and philosophize with both these brains; one presents me with a straightforward, tangible view of the subject, and the other with a strange, sceptical idea of it: and the sceptical, shadowy idea confuses the clear and substantial one; and the clear and substantial one mars the elegance of the sceptical and shadowy . . . When I was younger, I had more *reason* than *imagination*; as I grow older I find the latter acquires strength and impairs the former. So much the better for my *poetry*, but so much the worse for my *religion*. I have come to the resolution therefore of thinking on *religious* matters only with my matter-of-fact brain, and keeping my sceptical one for profane matters.

... I am fully persuaded that *Faith* is nine-tenths of our duty; and to see its full importance, consider it not so much as an end, as, as a means. To give you an idea of my two brains' mode of action, and to take a simple instance. I am alone, we will suppose, and I pluck a flower; in a moment my fanciful brain invests it with feeling, and the flower reproaches me for plucking it; but my sensible brain then thinks it high time to step in, and sneer at my credulity and my folly. Do you understand me? I hardly understand myself, but have given you a bad example of what I mean. Farewell however for the present. I have made you my father confessor, you see. Good-night, dear F. If you have leisure and inclination, scribble a line to

“Your ever affectionate friend,

“JOHN W. BURGON.

“ $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2.”

II. TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

“Brunswick Square, April 2, 1840.

“My dear Sir,— I remember being very much affected by a sermon I once read of Mr. Newman's. It was on *the use of Impulses*, and, as well as I can recollect, the writer urged the importance of acting, in spiritual matters, on the holy impulse of the moment, and suggested that the very transient nature of the motive constituted in fact the strongest reason why it should be instantly availed of. This beautiful precept, which is identical, in a measure, with your own invaluable rule, ‘to do everything the instant you think of it,’—I have constantly endeavoured to apply to the daily practice of life; and, to come to the subject before us, without further circumlocution, I have repeatedly had occasion to perceive how, in the case of letter-writing, every thing depends (if you would write a pleasant letter) on sitting down when the humour comes upon you,—and the *instant* it comes upon you²,—and quietly, but perseveringly,

² In precisely the same vein, and the Rev. G. C. Renouard in a with some *badinage*, he addresses letter dated “Brunswick Square,

writing on till you come to the end of your letter. So have I *not* done on the present occasion. This letter is destined therefore to be a dull one—the next, I faithfully promise, shall be as happily written as if it had proceeded from a native of Arabia Felix.

Let me see. Perhaps I had better begin by telling you what I know about the late scandalous proceedings with regard to the Exchequer Documents. The newspaper and '*Gentleman's Magazine*' accounts of the aforesaid iniquities you doubtless read,—and so I need not repeat that part of the story; but you may be interested (I cannot say 'pleased') to hear the accounts of the *importance* of the documents in question fully corroborated. On Thursday, in consequence of a catalogue I received from Sotheby, I went to see a small portion of the paper documents which one of the persons, into whose hands these treasures have fallen, had entrusted him with the sale of. Very curious indeed they were! and I am glad to be able to add that half-a-dozen of the most interesting lots are lying before me at the present moment, including Secretary Davison's account of expenses, connected with his mission to the Low Countries in 1577.

"These autographs belonged, as I discovered, to a binder named Mackenzie, living in Westminster, who had bought them as *waste paper*. You will not be surprised to hear that in the evening I ran as far as that worthy's house, and asked him a few questions. The whole of his paper documents he said were at Sotheby's; but his house was full of parchments, which he had bought at the rate of 9*d.* per lb., and which he would sell

29 Dec., 1839. Consider, my dear Sir, how profitable to wanderers in strange lands might not the *extempore* practice here recommended prove! The hunter mounted on his elephant would avail himself of the tusk of the animal, and write a letter to his absent friend, as unsophisticated as the ivory tablets

on which it was traced. The peasant, mounted on his ass, would bethink himself that he had asses' skin at hand; and the barks of trees, if not for *albums*, would make capital *nigrums* for the world at large. To descend from this folly, and end the sentence rationally," &c., &c.

me for 1s. 6d. I offered him 20 or 30 or 40 times that sum, if he would allow me to pick out a few pounds, but no multiple of 1s. 6d. would induce him to accede to the proposition. It was very tempting,—there were the bags—half-a-dozen of them—two or three untouched,—worth from 6d. to 1s. to the makers of *papier mâché*,—and what might they not contain? The following considerations made me resolve to refuse the entire collection. It would have cost £120; I examined one untouched bag to the depth of a foot or two, and it contained, LITERALLY, rubbish: dusty, dirty fragments, about an inch or two square; and lastly, however agreeable it may be to possess a few choice specimens of parchment documents, it is not pleasant to turn *parchment dealer*. *Per contra*, I must inform you that the proprietor of these documents had selected, out of a single bag, as he said, a dozen or two of documents which he showed me, and *they were* curious—very. One was a list of Queen Elizabeth's gentleman-pensioners, with their salaries, and so on. I wonder what you would have done, if you had been there! . . . I mean still to watch over the documents in question.—But how disgraceful is the entire proceeding! Bulls of Popes, books of royal payments and receipts (including some *extraordinary* entries), expenses of our army and navy—every thing in short appertaining to finance from the time of Henry VIII down to the middle of the eighteenth century! The entire collection produced £70! and £400 was disbursed in order to ensure the mutilation of the documents, which the nation is now anxious to recover at a vast expense, and to repair!!!—Rodd says he would cheerfully have given £6000 or 7000 for what the fishmonger bought for £70. Thinking about these things interferes with my sleep, and makes me quite unhappy. . . .

“My dear Sir—oh, by the by! I was going to tell you that I have lately had a delightful letter from Lepsius, and I must not conclude till I have told you something more about it. Do you remember that Herodotus mentions a figure of Sesostris cut on the live rock on the road between Sardis and Smyrna, with an inscription in

hieroglyphics, &c. ? Well, Renouard told my father at Smyrna that he had seen such a figure, and my father told Renouard that Herodotus had described it—but there the matter ended. One day at table the matter was talked over (last year) in Lepsius's presence. What does Master Leppy do but get Baron Humboldt to write to the ambassador at Smyrna, to obtain, if possible, for love or money, a copy of the figure ? The inquiry, hopeless as it seemed, proved successful ! and the intelligent creature has written a learned paper on the subject, proving that Herodotus was perfectly accurate in his description, and points out sundry important inferences derivable from the examination of the monument ! He starts soon for Egypt, and will (if he lives) do wonders. He says that he found great scepticism on the subject of hieroglyphic literature among the *literati* of Germany, but that he had an opportunity of lecturing before the Academy of Berlin *in pleno*, and adds triumphantly, 'J'espère d'avoir déchiré le grand voile d'incrédulité mystique, ou de scepticisme ignorant, de manière que le trou ne saurait plus être raccommodé par ces Messieurs !' . . . Leemans also writes me a long and agreeable letter. He is going to be married in June, and of course is half distracted in consequence."

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Brunswick Square, June 29, 1840.

"My dear Sir,—

"Charles Fellows is on his way home from Asia Minor, and in about a month more may be expected in London. He has completely failed in his endeavours to bring away marbles, &c., from Lycia, but that was the fault of this blundering, bungling Government of ours. Some new towns, however, he has discovered, and his portfolio is full of sketches, copies of inscriptions, and antiquarian novelties. Another 'Journal' will be upon the stocks in the course of the Autumn. John Murray already pricks up his ears quite vertically in anticipation.

"Talking of such matters, I will repeat to you a Royal *bon mot*. A gentleman on whom I called the other day told me that, in the course of an interview he had had with the Duke of Sussex, Allen the quaker waited upon his Royal Highness, in order to remind him of his promise to present a petition against capital punishment. The Duke did not seem quite to like the job, and observed that Scripture has declared, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' 'Please your Royal Highness,' replied the quaker, 'when Cain killed Abel, he was not hung for it.' 'That's true,' rejoined the Duke, 'but remember, Allen, there were not twelve men in the world then, to make a jury.' 'This was not bad for a Royal Duke,' said my friend; but I think it good to come from anybody.

"To-day I saw such a charming Hogarth! Painted on a bit of deal. It was a pannel in a house, which a person I was calling upon, lately bought of a *nephew* (I think) of the painter. When you are next in town, I must show it you. It belongs to a neighbour of ours. How delightful such *rencontres* are in the dull journey of life! I have been thinking all day of that picture, and all day has the remembrance of it filled me with pleasure. It is a scene from Hudibras, and is done with black and yellow paint alone.

"Your obliged and affectionate,

"JOHN W. BURTON."

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Brunswick Square, 10 Aug., 1840.

"My dear Sir,—.

"Talking of pictures,—I passed two or three hours at Hampton Court last Saturday very delightfully. With the gallery you are doubtless well acquainted, if it is possible ever to become well acquainted with so multitudinous a collection. The trash is immense;—but a

man must be a perfect brute, who could carry away with him such a *predominant* impression. Surely there never was a gallery better calculated to charm a student,—whether History, Biography, or Manners be his favourite pursuit. The portraits of our ambassadors and other worthies in Elizabeth's reign, and for the previous and succeeding half-centuries, are well worth a pilgrimage to Hampton. Holbein is altogether charming, and so is Kneller—or Lely, I forget which. I will dismiss this subject by telling you a charming little circumstance. Do you remember Sir Henry Wotton's will? If you do not, pray reach down Walton's Lives and read it. He leaves to his beloved master (Charles I) four portraits of Doges of Venice who were Doges in his time,—their names being inscribed behind each:—also a Table (as he calls it) of the Senate House of Venice, in which he is represented having an audience with Carlo Donato, the Doge. All these pictures, he says, are by *Pialetto*, and he begs the king to accommodate them in some corner of one of his houses. Well, sure enough, there these pictures all are! . . . *You can't think* how delighted I was to see them, and to think of dear old Wotton's eyes having so often reposed on these identical portraits. Now don't you think this a charming circumstance? It is the pleasantest event I have known for some weeks.

“This evening, while I was at dinner, I recognised a voice in the Hall, and sure enough it was he—Charles Fellows! He had been only three hours in London. So the very dust of Asia Minor was yet hanging about him.—He has discovered ten ancient cities in Lycia!!! An artist who accompanied him has made heaps of drawings, while he busied himself with copying Inscriptions; so we are in a fair way of another big book. Murray has already blown a flourish of trumpets in the ‘*Athenæum*.’ Fellows is looking sunburnt and lean, but he is extremely hearty; nor has he had half-an-hour's illness from the day he left England. He has been absent ten months.”

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Br. Square, 12 Aug., 1840.

"My dear Sir,—.

"That Mrs. ——" [a member of Mr. Turner's family] "has been in trouble, I am very sorry. . . . She is one of the best and sweetest persons I ever saw. . . . What excellent creatures women are! and from the hour we come into the world, until the end of the chapter, how much trouble we give them!"

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Brunswick Square, Jan. 19, 1841.

"My dear Sir,—.

"As regards 'the Granger Society'³, I altogether disapprove of its design. We don't *want* prints of the Earl of Strafford, Oliver Cromwell, Charles I, &c., &c. I could fill a page on this subject;—but the upshot of it all would be my humble opinion, that the only *desideratum* is as follows,—namely,—spirited outlines of all the *unknown* curious family portraits which are stowed away in the galleries—yea the *attics*—of our noble- and gentlemen. Four of these or more, issued every month, would at last constitute *indeed* a curious work. E.g. the father and mother of Sir T. More at Weston Hall in Suffolk—unknown portraits, both of them; the Lucy family at Charlecote; in short the *innumerable* portraits of the *great great* and the *little great*—men of former days,—with which England teems."

³ So called (probably) from the Rev. James Granger, Vicar of Shiplake in Oxfordshire, [b. 1716, d. 1776], an eminent biographical writer and portrait collector. His

'*Biographical History of England from Egbert the Great to the Revolution*' is illustrated by engraved portraits of the persons whose lives he narrates.

III. TO THE REV. G. C. RENOARD.

"11, Brunswick Square, 12 March, 1838.

"My dear Reverend Friend,—

"My time is so exceedingly engrossed that I must write but a short letter; and the object of it is, to enquire whether you can tell me, or can put me in the way of being told, when *oranges* were first introduced into England,—the *longum* and the *brevum* (*sic* in the sermon of a dissenter, *teste H. J. Rose*),—the *longum* and the *brevum* of the matter is, I am having a splendid portrait of Gresham by Sir Antonio More⁴, engraved for a frontispiece, and I want to know *why* he is represented (like one of the Miss Flamboroughs) with an orange in his hand.—Here are a few facts,—but I need not say they must not influence you.

"I think the picture may have been painted about the year 1556—that is to say, the middle of Mary's reign. In the middle of Mary's reign Gresham went into Spain; in the State Paper Office I find one of his letters dated from Seville.

"Sir A. More was a friend of Gresham's,—painted him three times,—and lived at Antwerp, where Gresham's commercial celebrity was rife."

Before the publication of his work, Burgon had probed to the depth the question, on which he here seeks light from Mr. Renouard. Sir Francis Palgrave (whom probably Mr. Dawson Turner had succeeded in interesting in the subject) had informed him that the supposed orange in Gresham's hand was really a *pomander*, that is, only an orange externally, the skin of an orange "stuffed

⁴ Sir Antonio More (Moro) was born at Utrecht in 1525 and died at Antwerp in 1581. When in England he was appointed by Queen

Mary her painter, and after her death in 1558, passed into the service of her husband Philip II of Spain, who took him to Madrid.

with cloves and other spices," and carried about like a vinaigrette "as a fashionable preservative against infection." In Note xix of the Appendix to Gresham's Life, Wolsey is described (from a passage in Cavendish's Life of him) as carrying one of these pomanders,—“a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar, and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors.” The passage of ‘*The Vicar of Wakefield*,’ at which Burgon glances in the above letter to Mr. Renouard, is worth quoting from the delicacy of its satire: “My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough’s, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner; who travelled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head . . . there were seven of them, and *they were drawn with seven oranges, &c., &c.*” Farmer Flamborough’s daughters affected gentility and refinement; and although the pomander had gone out of use in the Vicar of Wakefield’s time, and, when met with in portraits, it was mistaken for an orange, its associations with persons of the higher class clung to it still; Mrs. Flamborough meant it to indicate that her daughters were ladies, and moved in good society.—The pomander, or perfume ball, was one of the articles composing the stock in trade of a huckster, or travelling salesman, in Shakspeare’s time. “I have sold all my trumpery,” says the rogue Autolycus in ‘*Winter’s Tale* ;’ “not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, *pomander*, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting” [Act IV. Scene iii.]. Burgon’s note referred to above is

thoroughly exhaustive of the subject, and is one of many incidental indications of the thoroughness with which he executed Gresham's Biography (as indeed everything else which he set his hands to), and the deep research which he brought to bear even on the minutest points.

TO THE REV. G. C. RENOUD.

"11 Brunswick Square, July 7, 1839.

"My dear Friend,—

"Truly rejoiced am I to say that the penultimate sheet of *either* of my volumes [*The Life and Times of Gresham*] is now in my hands, . . . and when I tell you that the first figure upon each is a 5, you will not be surprised to hear me add that I begin to be heartily tired of the responsibilities of great and small *pica*; and would not on any consideration that mine hero should have lived ten years longer. . . . No—he is dead, his funeral oration has been recited; and I have parted with him for ever. . . . Two volumes of 500 pages each—with copper plates, woodcuts, and other illustrations—to say nothing of appendix, table of contents, and index—is, take it altogether, a kind of thing which I shall not be easily induced to undertake *de novo* for any knight, baronet, lord, viscount, earl, marquis, or duke, in the peerage. . . . Gresham may think himself lucky to have been the subject of a *young* author's *opus magnum*. . . . I take it that an *older cock* would have known better, than to do such lusty battle on such slight provocation.—Let me see—I should hope by the middle of the month to have done all that *I* can do towards shoving the old knight off the stocks;—say a week or ten days binding, &c., and getting in order for the discerning public—and so perhaps by the first week in August, some evening, when you shall be at tea here (or, better still, at dinner), I shall have the pleasure of presenting *you* with the first copy I give away. Do you remember your kindness to me 'lang syne' in this matter? *I* shall never forget it, and mean to perpetuate the memory of the same in my preface."

TO THE REV. G. C. RENOARD.

"Brunswick Square, April 20, 1840.

"My dear Mr. Renouard,—

"Here followeth the etymology of riff-raff,
ereev-rav

the Hebrew for 'a mixed multitude,' the word used in the Exodus, *teste* Dr. McCaul⁵."

TO THE REV. G. C. RENOARD.

"City, 10 June, 1840.

"My dear Mr. Renouard,—If a man were to come and ask me what was written round the Emperor of China's breakfast room, I should immediately address myself to you in order to obtain the information. I am sure you would be able to tell me, if you chose. There is nothing in the whole range of philology, from the unknown tongue downwards, which is not as familiarly known to you as your own vernacular. Mr. Thorpe has just this instant put a question *at my father*, which we must refer to you, ere we can answer. Pray tell us in what book an engraving and account is to be found of the inscriptions on the obelisk at Constantinople. Have they ever been engraved, or otherwise published, and how, and when, and where—and by whom?

"I should think it necessary to apologize to any one but yourself, dear Mr. Renouard, for coming with such a categorical category of questions; but I know you will dismiss the inquiry with the same readiness as I should dismiss a troublesome fly who should settle on my nose on a hot summer's day.

"Ever, my dear friend,

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN W. BURGON."

⁵ This derivation of *riff-raff* from the Hebrew רֵב רָב ('ay-rev rav) is highly ingenious, and if Dr. McCaul were, as very probably he was, skilled in etymology, is worthy of consideration. Skeat, however, in his '*Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*' [s. v.], cites the

Old French words '*rif et raf*,' meaning "every bit,"—"Il ne lui lairra *rif ny raf*;" "He will not leave him a single morsel, however trifling,"—to use Abram's phrase (Gen. xiv. 23), "from a thread to a shoe-latchet." And he pronounces both *rif* and *raf* to be of Teutonic origin.

TO THE REV. G. C. RENOUARD.

“Brunswick Square, 14 August, 1841.

“My kind Mr. Renouard,—Yesterday evening, while I was at dinner, a parcel was put into my hands inscribed ‘J. W. B., Esq., from Rev. G. C. Renouard.’ My first impulse was to exclaim, ‘This is a mistake,’ but when I had turned the pages over, and came at last to a *Harmonia brevis*, my ‘prophetic soul’ made me sensible that it was no mistake at all, but just one proof more of that watchful, friendly care, which from the earliest time I can remember, you have unceasingly displayed towards me.

“You will not require to be assured, my dear Mr. Renouard, that I feel much touched by this mark of your friendship, not only *as* a mark of friendship, but indeed as a most salutary help, which has appeared precisely at the time when it was needed most. *Till* I have completed my own task, I do not propose to consult the oracle; but the moment I have brought my own crude imaginings to the *sticking* place (i. e. before I begin to use the paste pot⁶) I shall diligently examine the Harmony with which you have supplied me, and so obtain a solution of all my difficulties. I feel as if it were *you* who helped me. Although so distant, it seems as if you had *made a long arm*, as the phrase is—or rather as if you were at your pupil’s side.—Once more accept my best thanks. The *excellent* binding, and the extreme merit of the copy, does not escape me. I am *very* grateful for everything.

“Your obliged and affectionate,

“and most faithful servant,

“JOHN W. BURGON.

⁶ His Harmony was made by cutting to pieces a printed copy of the Authorised Version of the Gospels, and pasting in to a large manuscript book of scribbling paper the various excerpts from the different

Gospels in the order in which he thought they ought to stand. Abundant room is left for annotations in the margin of the paper, or on the leaf opposite to the Harmony, which is generally left blank.

"I suppose you know that *mass* is no corruption of *missa est*, but a good Teutonic word, represented in our language by 'Mess'⁷; also that I. H. S. does not mean *Jesus hominum Salvator*, nor ever did mean, but that it is the monogram of 'Ἰησοῦς, and nothing else.

"Pardon this little P.S. If I am ever troublesome with my etymological *ana*, remember, dear Mr. Renouard, that it is all your fault for giving me such a taste that way, or at all events, for fostering it."

⁷ This etymology also is very doubtful; and it would be safer to adopt the usual one, that the word "Mass" is derived from the words "Ite *missa est*" said by the Priest in dismissing the Catechumens or Non-Communicants, when the Mass (or Communion Service proper) was about to commence. At all events, even if J. W. B.'s connexion of mass with "mess" be accepted, "mess" is not a Teutonic but a Latin Word, coming from the verb *mitto*, which has among its meanings "to place

upon the table," "serve up." Hence a "mess" means a dish, something served up in a dish. The Italian word "messo" means "a course at table."

Mr. Renouard was strong in philology and etymology; and Burgon amused himself with throwing out etymologies for him to rise at, like a fish at a fly. One would be interested to know what he said to these etymologies suggested by his young friend; but the letters containing his observations on them have not been preserved.

CHAPTER II.

THE OXFORD LIFE: FIRST PERIOD.

*From his Matriculation [Oct. 21, 1841] to his Admission
into the Order of Deacons [Dec. 24, 1848].*

A.D. 1841.
[Æt. 28.]

THE middle of October, 1841, found John William Burgon at the place where he was destined to spend so large a portion of his time, and where his brother-in-law, the Rev. Henry John Rose, always acted towards him so brotherly a part—the “moated parsonage” house of Houghton Conquest in Bedfordshire,—the charms of which and of the surrounding country he has himself described so picturesquely in his ‘*Lives of Twelve Good Men.*’ “The scenery round about his” [Mr. Rose’s] “secluded Rectory was of that sweet domestic character which, without ever aspiring to the praise of being actually beautiful, yet in effect always pleases,—never tires⁸.”—He went there Oct. 16, 1841, and on Tuesday, Oct. 19, we find this entry in his Journal: “Having asked a blessing on our errand, Rose and I started *per* Fletcher’s coach for Oxford. Reached there in the evening.” What followed shall be given in the language of four very interesting letters written to his sisters⁹ (then

⁸ ‘*Lives of Twelve Good Men*;’
HENRY JOHN ROSE. Vol. i. p.
288.

⁹ (1) To MISS BURGON. Rev. H.
J. Rose, Houghton Conquest, Oct.
27, 1841.

(2) To MISS H. E. BURGON . . .
Oct. 28, 1841.

(3) To MISS BURGON . . . Oct.
29, 1841.

(4) To MISS H. E. BURGON . . .
Oct. 30, 1841.

staying at Houghton) after his return to London on Friday, Oct. 22.

"We passed Hartwell, and through Aylesbury, and Thame (whence the Thames takes its name,—a curious town full of ancient-looking houses) and so on to Oxford—over Forest Hill, where the first Mrs. Milton lived: and here Fletcher the coachman treated us to a charming *Malaprop*; for he declared that there was a tree still existing under which Milton wrote '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' What struck him most, however, was the difficulty Milton must have found in travelling from Cambridge to Oxford before the Oxford and Cambridge coach was started."

They put up at "the Angel," where they are located in two bed-rooms, called respectively "Jubilee" and "Hertford"; and there in the evening, "Dear Rose wrote a letter to Dr. Pusey, announcing the arrival of the bear and his keeper" (the jocose names, which the family had given to himself and Mr. Rose), "and we then went to bed." The next day they attend service at St. Peter's Church (then under the incumbency of the Rev. Walter Kerr Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), the architectural beauties of which, its parvis, its preaching-book (ruled with orderly columns for all sorts of statistics), and its crypt, "in consequence of the recent rains about one foot under water," are described in his usual lively manner. Then he goes into ecstasies to his sisters about the Bodleian Library:—

"Such extraordinary pictures!" [in the Bodleian Gallery] "a dozen or two of the old founders—with their wives—coats of arms—and inscriptions in gilt letters—such *old loves*! There is Lord Burghley on his little *muile*¹, Columbus—all the *old Bishops*

¹ In the portrait in question, on the white mule, on which he Lord Burleigh is represented sitting used to ride down to Westminster.

—in short such a collection as one would not know where to match out of Oxford; nor are works of art altogether wanting. There is a most speaking likeness of Garrick, some fine Gainsboroughs, a superlative Sir Joshua. In short there is much to study and admire, as well as to smile at and feel interested in."

After a visit to Parker's shop, "a kind of lounge for the young men who love books," and "the stores of which make one's very heart flutter," they returned to their Hotel, to await the great man, under whose auspices John William Burgon was to matriculate at Oxford as a Commoner of Worcester College.

"Dr. Pusey had announced himself for one o'clock; and soon after one the waiter came into the room where we were sitting, looking like a dog with his tail between his legs, and announced Dr. Pusey.

"I believe you have seen him: however he is much improved in appearance, since we saw him last at Dods-worth's. He has grown plumper (*rather*), and looks a little more cheerful. He immediately entered on the subject of our visit with Rose, and very kindly proposed to conduct him (and me) to Worcester College, where he said he would introduce us to the Provost of the College, having first distinctly declared it to be his opinion that Worcester College was the best I could go to.

"We went towards the place with him, and he talked to us as we went along,—or rather he talked to Rose. I cannot pretend to write all he said, first because it was very slight, next because I heard him imperfectly, and lastly because what he did say, and I heard, requires the modifying influence of tongue, eye, and face to give it its due meaning, *and no more*. The general upshot of what he said was that it was distressing to be so misunderstood and misrepresented.

J. W. B. spells the word "muile," and marks it under, probably to indicate some mode of pronouncing

it with which his sister would be familiar.

"On arriving at Worcester College, I remained in the Quadrangle, while my two conductors knocked at the Provost's door. I was *extremely* anxious to see Worcester College, as you may easily suppose, a place that is to become my *Home*! and I was not disappointed. It is a newish-looking College, but pretty; and within the quadrangle are some *very* ancient buildings. It is in fact the most recent collegiate foundation in Oxford, having been endowed by a Sir something Cook, in the year 1700, or thereabouts;—but it is to me a delightful circumstance that it occupies the site of the most ancient establishment for religious instruction in Oxford, St. Frideswide's Abbey (founded A.D. 700) always excepted, of which hereafter. What follows is a slight sketch of the front of the College, *from memory*" [here follows a very rapidly executed pencil sketch]. "This is the front. When you have got through the door, you see somewhat thus" [another hasty sketch]. "I had scarcely lost sight of Mr. Rose and Dr. Pusey, when they re-appeared, and they told me that the Provost had gone out for a ride. It was accordingly settled that the visit must be deferred till to-morrow. Dr. Pusey walked homewards, and we insensibly followed in the direction of Christ Church (of which he is a Canon); and in about a quarter of an hour we stood at his door,—the right hand corner of a magnificent quadrangle, the largest in Oxford, built by Cardinal Wolsey with truly royal magnificence. He desired us to walk in, which we gladly did; and he led the way into a cheerful library, in sad but *sacred* confusion. The legs of the wooden chair on which he was sitting were altogether blocked up by the works of Irenæus and St. Basil. Over his mantel-piece were three German prints. thus;" [rough pencil sketches of two of them] "St. John the Baptist; our Saviour's Passion; and the third was an interesting representation of St. John's preaching, I suppose. Before him were the portraits of his two poor sickly children, and I think elsewhere in his room (or else it was at Mr. Newman's), Vandyke's treble portrait of Charles I. His books were mostly on Divinity,—all *learned*. He said with a smile

that his Fathers were in the next room, mostly. Rose talked to him about Neander², of whom Dr. P. gave us a *very* interesting account; but I leave dear Rose to tell you what he said about Bickersteth, &c., &c., &c. We took leave of Dr. Pusey in the course of about half an hour. In the meantime he had kindly repeated his offer of supplying me with half a sitting-room in his house till accommodation can be provided for me in College (which is extremely kind and condescending, though I fear it will not suit); and he said he would write to Dr. Cotton, his brother-in-law, to make an appointment for us for the morrow. And so we took our leave of him."

After their dinner at the Hotel that evening ("tough beefsteaks, and potatoes like bullets, whereof the horrible memory haunts me yet"),—

"there came a note from the Provost of Worcester College, bidding us call upon him at nine next morning. Next morning accordingly we got up like good boys, brake our fast betimes, and then got under way for Worcester College. Dr. Cotton in his note had recommended that I should be examined at once, and Dr. Pusey seconded the motion, much to my alarm and disgust. However, we resolved, if Dr. Cotton should repeat the invitation to be examined, that I should immediately do the needful; and accordingly, I had scarcely lost sight of Mr. Rose (who went into the

² Mr. Rose, who was an accomplished German scholar, had translated '*Neander's History of the Christian Religion and Church during the first three centuries.*' The second volume of this translation had just appeared, the first having made its appearance in 1831, ten years earlier. The second volume was lying upon Parker's counter, when Burgon and Mr. Rose were in the shop. Mr. New-

man came in and purchased the new volume, just as the brothers-in-law were leaving the shop; whereupon Mr. Newman indicated a desire to know Mr. Rose, which led to the visit to his rooms described in the sequel.—Neander, a Jew by birth, but a Christian by deep conviction and by Baptism, was born at Göttingen, Jan. 17, 1789, and died of the cholera, July 14, 1850.

Doctor's, while I waited in the Quadrangle) before he reappeared, and introduced me to Dr. Cotton. He is a small man, looking like an *old little boy*—very kind and gentle³; and he assured me it was a very small matter; told me that the Tutor who should examine me, knew that I must be handled gently, and in short said enough to make me instantly run off in quest of what I had five minutes before been so nervous about.—I found the Tutor (a Mr. Muckleston⁴, I think) in his studious little room, and told him what I had come for. He seemed a little astonished to hear that I had read no Greek for ten years, and that I knew so little of Latin. However, he bade me name the books I would be examined in. Tibby" (the supposed name of "the Bear," as he called himself,) "happened the night before to have had a little talk with his keeper over a proof-sheet of Herodotus, in which some books had come wrapped up from Parker's. So, being at a loss to know what to say, he now said he should like to be examined in Herodotus and Cicero, which was rather saucy; but you know Tibby is a saucy fellow.

"Well, my executioner was very kind about it; chose half-a-dozen easy lines of each, and told me to turn a little of '*the Spectator*' into Latin. So he gave me a pen and ink and paper, and said I must make haste, for in

³ "Our Provost, might I paint
him, was a man
Of wondrous grave aspect: of
stature small,
Yet full of Christian dignity; so
full
Of human kindness, that a child
could pick
The lock upon his heart. 'Twas
sport to watch,
When chased by beggars near the
College wall,
(Some mother of a fabulous brood
of bairns,)
How soon he'd strike his colours to
the foe.

Ever the first in Chapel: at his
prayers

A homily to inattentive hearts:
The college loved, revered him, to
a man."

—"Worcester College" [Poems by
John William Burgon, B.D., Dean
of Chichester].

⁴ "Then, would you know our
Tutors, each was great,
But in his several way. What
excellent gifts

Were Muckleston's!—(*my Tutor*
he; well skilled
In dialectic; grand in all the moods
From '*Barbara*' on).—*Ibid.*

half-an-hour we should be wanted in the Convocation Room (where the young men are matriculated). Of course I made *sad hash* of it; but he said it would do very well, and took me into another room, where my name was taken down; and I was told I must immediately provide myself with a cap and gown and a white tie.

"A little juicy tailor was in attendance with plenty of caps and gowns; and he lent me one which, though it did not fit, did very well for the purpose. The white tie was a sad home thrust; but my friend who had been examining me undertook to supply *that*, which he kindly did immediately, and out I walked,—looking, or at least *feeling*, wonderfully awkward and foolish. I scarcely knew whether I stood on my head or my heels when I entered the Convocation Room, and found myself in a little mob of persons with caps and gowns,—maces, and red inner garments.

"Here, however, to my surprise and pleasure, I met some friends. Brancker was the first to find me out, and very surprised he was to see me, as you may suppose. He welcomed me very cordially, and had scarcely done so, when Mr. Jacobson espied me. He was extremely friendly. Next, who should I see but Mr. Hensley! He had just come to enter his brother, also at Worcester College; so he introduced me to him. . . .

"Well; there was a great deal of delay, while some twenty young B.A.'s were being metamorphosed into M.A.'s, after which 'we youth' were called up, one by one, and in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor were requested to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles; that is to say, we signed our names in a great book. My own interesting autograph ran as follows (I leave Mr. Rose to explain).

"'John W. Burgon, Gen. Fil. Coll. Vigorn.' I *think* that was all; but I felt nervous and scarcely knew *what* I wrote.

"Well; we were then presented each with a copy of the Statutes (I should rather say, extracts from the Statutes) of the University, and desired to stand round

in a circle: when the first young man, in behalf of us all, read aloud an oath which we took, and in ratification of which we all kissed the Bible. This oath is such a *love of an Oath*, that I cannot resist the inclination I feel to set it down for you, though I rather begrudge the trouble:

“I, J. W. B., do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure as impious and heretical, that damnable position and doctrine “*That Princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever.*”

“And I do declare, that no foreign Prince, Person, Prelate, State, or Potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical, or spiritual, within this realm.

“So help me God, &c.”

The Mr. Hensley⁵, whom he mentions above, became during their undergraduate career, and remained ever afterwards, despite material differences in their theological views, Burgon's fastest and fondest friend. He has given most valuable assistance to the writer in drawing up the narrative of the early Oxford days of his old friend; and excerpts from Burgon's letters to him will be presented to the reader in the sequel. He it is to whom Burgon paid, ten years afterwards, the visit which he describes so beautifully in the touching little poem, “Worcester College” [*Poems*, p. 86], in the course of which the two old College friends “count o'er the names” of their academical contemporaries,—many of them departed,

—“many more

Grown husbands, fathers, widowers; while of some
We had no news, and wondered how they fared.”

⁵ Now the Reverend Alfred Hensley, Rector of Cotgrave, near Nottingham.

In the last extract from his letters to his sisters, he has been describing the ceremony of his admission to the University in a spirit of *badinage*, and in a tone of mock solemnity; but he is aware that, underlying the *badinage*, there is a proud consciousness in his mind of having attained at length to membership of a world-famous corporation. After he has restored his Academicals to the "juicy little tailor," and his white tie to the tutor who had lent it, and was, in point of costume, himself again,—

"I then went in search of the porter of the College. I already felt six inches taller since breakfast. I felt as if a part of the burthen of Oxford had fallen on my shoulders. I was part and parcel of the grass plot and the College. The College was *my* college; the quadrangle, *my* quadrangle; the porter, *my* porter; the porter's son, *my* porter's son. I accordingly sent him in quest of his dad: for I wanted to examine *my* Library, *my* Hall, and *my* Chapel.

"The Library is spacious, and well-furnished,—altogether a very superior one. The Hall is clean and neat and cheerful; but not at all (or very little) Collegiate,—I mean, it is Greek, *not* Gothic. Ditto of the Chapel. However, all three pleased me much. The Prayers are read in Latin every morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 in winter, and seven in summer; so Tibby must turn out a little earlier than he has been accustomed."

Mr. Newman having given Mr. Rose some encouragement to think that he would be glad to receive a visit from him and his *protégé*, they determine to pay their respects in that quarter,—find the great man "at dinner in the Common Room," but were told that they might perhaps see him later, "for that he usually sate up and wrote rather late." After spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson, and chatting till nearly ten o'clock, they again repair to Oriel College.

"We found Mr. Newman sitting by his fireside in a comfortable library-looking sitting-room. He had been writing; and, as I should think, something which he felt anxious about; for at every few words there occurred an erasure. He apologized for the confusion in which we found him; but it was quite superfluous, for everything was in very tolerable order. I did not remark in his furniture anything remarkable. He had a print or two; by the by it was *he* who had the portrait of Charles I; I noticed nothing else particularly.

. "Mr. Newman was kind enough to say he should hope to see me when I go up to Oxford. I hope he *will*. I am sure I shall covet *his* friendship; but it is equally certain that I will not pester him, or run after him, or after any one else. Ask Rose to tell you the story of the New Zealander's breakfast, if he has not told it to you *already*, which I would lay a small wager he has done. You can't think how well Mr. Newman told that story! He talked to us about several matters,—railroads, monumental inscriptions, New Zealand, Dr. Pusey, &c., &c. In his voice, he is more like — than any one else we know;—both in voice and manner, but very *unlike* him in *face*. On such occasions, however, paying a first visit, at an uncouth hour, without any particular object, the conversation, as you know, is always rather *tiré par les cheveux*. We did not *quite* hide our faces behind one another and say, 'No, Sir'—'Don't, Tom'" [here a rough grotesque sketch of the attitude indicated]; "but something very like it."

Next morning, he sees Mr. Rose off to Houghton Conquest, and is late for the commencement of the Daily Service at St. Mary's, but in time for the Lessons, "which Mr. Newman read beautifully;" after which,

"I had still an hour or two to pass in Oxford; so I went to see Brancker. He received me with much kindness. He is Divinity Lecturer at his College (Wadham), and gave me much useful *practical* advice. He assured me that, if I could number Dr. Pusey, Mr. New-

man, and Mr. Jacobson, among my friends, I should come up to Oxford under the best auspices. He begged me to write to him, if I wanted any further information, &c., &c. So we parted; and I took a stroll round the garden of Wadham College, one of my favourite haunts.

"After a farewell visit to Parker's, I glanced once more at all the beloved buildings, and said in my heart to the towers, spires, and walls around me, 'Good-bye for the present, my dears.' I then went to the inn, wrote a hasty line to Dawson Turner, and came home" [to Brunswick Square] "by the Great Western Railway, as fast as steam would carry me. . . . My best love to all around you, and many kisses to the beardless of the beloved circle."

In what remains of this Period we shall leave John William Burgon, through the medium of his letters, to speak for himself. Certain facts, however, need to be stated, by way of explaining those letters. On March
A. D. 1842. 10, A. D. 1842, his work being now at an end in London,
 [Æt. 29.] he bade adieu to Brunswick Square, after drawing the rooms in which he and his family had lived so long and happily.

"At 12½ left home!!!!," says the Journal; "Rose and I reached Houghton at 7. I this day entered on a new life. May God bless it! It was a sad parting."

(His mother and sisters did not leave the old home till June 2,—more than two and a half months afterwards.) Thenceforth his time was divided between Oxford during the terms, and Houghton Conquest during the vacations, where he devoted himself unintermittingly under Mr. Rose's guidance to his classical studies. Rarely did he allow himself a week or ten days at home under the roof of his parents, who still continued to reside in London after quitting Brunswick Square. Those who

remember the consuming passion for poetry, which he had exhibited in his early life, will not be surprised to find that, on going to Oxford, the first object of his ambition, perhaps it should be said of his strenuous determination, was to win Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for the best composition in English Verse. For this prize he competed in 1842, his first year of residence at Oxford (the subject being Charles XII), in 1843 (the subject being Cromwell), and again in 1844 (the subject being the Battle of the Nile),—all three times unsuccessfully. But his energy and elasticity of mind were proof against all discouragement; and in 1845 came a brilliant success,—all the more gratifying because so long delayed,—‘*Petra*.’

“May 23, 1845. At 2½ o'clock, Greswell announced to me that I had won the Newdigate!! *Laus Deo*.” A.D. 1845.
[Æt. 32.]

And on a separate page at the end of the Diary:—

“June 5, 1845. Yesterday I recited ‘*Petra*’ in the Theatre. I have great reason to feel most thankful for the joyful manner in which all went off. How good to us our Heavenly Friend is! I felt all manner of comforts, and have since been only able to call to mind more. May I live to consecrate my prose and verse to His honour and praise! J. W. B.”

Later in that year he took his degree of B.A., Nov. 20⁶, after being under examination in the Schools from Nov. 12 to Nov. 19 (both inclusive).

⁶ In a letter to Mr. Hensley (who, as we have seen, had been matriculated on the same day), dated April 28, 1848, he looks forward to taking his M.A. degree with his old friend:—“We must put on our M.A. gowns (D.V.) the same day next term, and strut all round Oxford in them, running over the Proctor, if possible, for

pure villainy.” It is rather touching to read in his Journal of the next month (May 25, 1848); “Hensley took his degree. I could not (not money enough).” In the following month, however, the money seems to have been found. “Wed. June 14, 1848, put on my M.A. gown. *Laus Deo*.”

On a separate page at the end of the Diary occurs this note, written at the close of his Examination, and before it was known what Class he had gained :—

“ 57 St. John’s Street, 19th Nov., 1845. Wednesday Evening. With inexpressible gratitude to the Giver of all good, do I here set down the record that my troubles ended this day. My anxious reading, my many thoughtful, wistful hours, have all tended to *this* point ; and it is past ! God be thanked and praised ! Let me now look forward to something higher, nobler, more abiding ! J. W. B.”

On Nov. 26, “The Class List came out at 3. Thank God, I am no lower.” This is the only notice taken by him in his Journal of what must have been a sore disappointment to him,—his failure to take a First Class. One of the reasons of this failure probably was that, while enjoying and appreciating the Classics in a way which they who obtain the highest honours very rarely are found to do, he was, from want of early grounding, deficient in the technicalities of Grammar, and the nicer refinements of Scholarship. But let us listen in this matter to his contemporary and intimate College friend, Rev. Alfred Hensley, who thus writes to the author as to Burgon’s attendance at Lectures, and his eagerness to avail himself of all the opportunities held out to him.

“ Never did a more devoted, humble, loyal, dutiful *alumnus* pass the threshold of *Alma Mater* ; never did any student strive more vigorously to avail himself of all advantages within his reach. Day and night were well alike to him ; and I have ever marvelled how his constitution bore the excessive strain, continuous as it was, and how in the intervals of meals, and slight restricted recreation, he invariably maintained a buoyant, exuberant cheerfulness and fun, which made happy all who had the good fortune to be associated with him.

“Burgon took no more than a Second Class. How was

this? You are doubtless aware of his disadvantageous start. I do not attribute his failure (shall I so call it?) to this; but as in a march,—a *forced* march—through a territory, the man who now and again steps aside in botanical or geological research, is retarded in his progress, so Burgon was never satisfied without a nice exact ferretting out of every difficulty, sometimes amusingly apparent in the Lecture Room, where the tutor always indulged and appreciated his integrity and zeal. He never rested until he had acquired all that could be known respecting the matter before him. His interruptions of the Lecture were to be *seen* as well as heard; and his humble, plaintive manner of enquiry was a striking contrast to the dry, solemn mode of the tutor's reply, who nevertheless, I believe, always appreciated Burgon's earnest thirst for information. I believe his notes on the Classics would wonderfully testify to the fact of his probing every question to the depth, and would thus tell of hours *lost*,—I mean by lost, that a much more superficial acquaintance would have answered his purpose in the Schools. . . . Nothing, I feel sure, would have induced Burgon to undergo the process of *cramming*; he would have regarded it as a moral degradation."

His own view of the reasons of his failure to obtain a First Class will be seen in the Letter of Nov. 22, 1845, to Mr. Dawson Turner.

The names of the Masters of the Schools who conducted the Examination in Michaelmas Term, 1845, were Henry George Liddell (now Dean of Christ Church), Charles Daman, John Matthias Wilson, and Arthur West Haddan.

Early in the year succeeding that in which he took his degree there appeared his "Remarks on Art with reference to the Studies of the University. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Richard Greswell, B.D., Tutor (late Fellow) of Worcester College." His soul must

A.D. 1846.
[Æt. 33.]

have been in its pleasant places, while writing that pamphlet; for it would take him back to the old familiar pursuits and associations of his early life, which had been broken off for three full years by the stern necessity of classical studies. It is pleasant to see, while reading it, how much at home he is in his old element, and how discursive he accordingly becomes, expatiating freely on either side of him, as tempting themes seduce him from the straight path of his argument. The ostensible purpose of the Letter is to urge upon Mr. Greswell, his most kind friend, and recently his College Tutor, and through him upon the authorities of the University generally, the providing of some means, more than Oxford then afforded, of studying Ancient and Modern Art. Ancient Literature, he argues, to the study of which the University directs her *alumni*, as the principal instrument of Education, is more or less closely connected with Ancient Art, so that "to understand *either* one must study *both*," and "that to understand the one *thoroughly*, without studying the other *at all*, is utterly impossible" [p. 46]. He suggests therefore that a series of casts be provided from the Æginetan marbles, from the Parthenon marbles, and from the celebrated sculptures of the epoch after Alexander the Great (the Laocoon, Farnese Hercules, &c.) and placed in the Taylor Gallery in a position accessible to students. But he also takes occasion to enlarge on ancient Coins, as illustrative of ancient history, and furnishing many portraits of the great personages of antiquity. And although he holds painting, as distinct from colouring, to be an Art of Christian growth, he would fain "see the walls of some building in Oxford adorned with faithful *copies* of the grandest pictures in the world"; for "no one can study the works of Raphael without improvement: no

one can understand them without study" [pp. 68, 69]. "Two of the affections of bodies," he says [p. 13].—"Number and Quantity—are deemed sufficiently important to constitute the *principal feature* in the education of the sister University: a high place too they enjoy in our own system. Is it not somewhat extraordinary that two other, equally inseparable, affections of bodies,—Form and Colour—should constitute, in neither place, *any part of education at all?*" It must be admitted that in this Pamphlet he calls attention, in a manner at once useful and interesting, to a weak point in the then system of education at the University,—that point being the very jejune provision made for the cultivation of artistic tastes in her students. He maintains that those students are not without the rudiment of such tastes, as is shown by the pictures with which they adorn the walls of their rooms. "We have but to look around us to be convinced that there exists in this place a strong *yearning for Art*: which only wants *direction*, in order that it may be made available for a high purpose." It may be added that several of the suggestions made in this pamphlet in regard to the Taylor Gallery, have so commended themselves as reasonable to the authorities of the University, that they have been carried into effect.

It may be mentioned in this connexion as another instance which goes to shew that artistic occupations had not lost for Burgon the attractiveness, which from his earliest years they had, that the Frontispiece of Mr. Linwood's '*Anthologia Oxoniensis*,' in which are represented the coins of some of those cities of Asia Minor, which contended for the honour of having been the birthplace of Homer⁷, was executed by him. He was one of the

⁷ This Anthology contains many pieces of Latin and Greek Verses. exquisite translations, and original Perhaps the gem of the Collection is

earliest members of the Oxford "Art Society," of which Dr. Wellesley and Mr. Greswell, Burgon's old College Tutor and most kind friend, were the leaders and heads; and the work of designing the Frontispiece for Mr. Linwood's book would be in every way a congenial one, not only because Art was one of his *fortes*, but as summoning back to him the associations of his past. The publication is dated 1846, the year in which he put forth his '*Remarks on Art.*'

On the 13th of April, 1846, began the Examination for the Oriel Fellowship. From the brief notes in his Diary he seems to have regarded his success as hopeless. "Monday, Ap. 13. English Essay and Latin writing Felt sure it was hopeless trying further." "Tues. Ap. 14. Latin Essay. Physical Paper. It is quite hopeless." On a separate page at the end of the Diary is this longer note.

"April 14, 1846, Tuesday night (2 o'clock). Yes-

Mr. Osborne Gordon's Greek Elegiacs on Chantrey's monument to the Two Children in Lichfield Cathedral. Pars Secunda. xx. Here is a description of Burgon's Frontispiece, with which Mr. Arthur Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, has kindly furnished the author:—"The Medallions, as you rightly suppose, represent coins referring to some of the cities that contended for Homer's birthplace. No. 1, with Legend of OMHPOΣ , answers to the head of Homer on coins of Ios;—this is on the left of the title-page. No. 2, (on the right) with Homer seated, is from a coin of Smyrna. No. 3, left, Colophon. No. 4, to right, Mytilene. No. 5, left, Teos. No. 6,

to right, Chios. No. 7 and 8, the obverse and reverse of the coin below, both of Mytilene. The seated figure (at head of title-page) recalls a class of Greek sepulchral reliefs, in which departed ladies for instance are represented with articles of the toilet, such as the unguent-vase and mirror, suspended above the person here represented. Burgon, who was no doubt familiarised with this kind of reliefs at Smyrna, has here apparently adapted one to the character of a Muse (the pensive attitude suggesting perhaps Polyhymnia) and added the lyre. Eros as a racer is introduced below, perhaps to indicate the lighter subjects of the volume."

terday and to-day I have been at Oriel, trying for one of the three vacant Fellowships. I had bright hopes *till* I went in, and then *all* left me! It is indeed hopeless. I will add a word on Friday, when *all* is over.

"It is my comfort to think that all such things are in higher keeping. GOD be praised for my disappointments, as well as for my gratifications! Amen, Amen!"

But on Friday, the 17th, an agreeable surprise was in store for him.

"Ap. 17. Friday Night. I was this day elected a Fellow of Oriel College. Hensley and Acres outstripped the Provost's servant by half a minute in bringing me the news. How full of blessings has my life been till now! This, the last, *not* least! How wondrous it seems that *I* should be *vice* Newman! . . . May GOD give me grace and help to live as if I loved HIM, and was sensible of HIS exceeding favour and mercy!"

His degree taken, and his Fellowship secured, his next principal object was to prepare himself for Holy Orders. With this view, he attended, while residing in Oxford, the Lectures of Professors Hussey and Jacobson. And when at Houghton Conquest, he devoted himself to unremitting Theological study: and we meet with such notices in his Diary as the following, written across the register of several days; "I was all this time fagging at Pearson and some of the Fathers—often for twelve hours a day."

Under the date June 4, 1847, we come across this notice in the Diary: "Gained the *Ellerton* (Laus Deo!)." A.D. 1847.
[Æt. 34.]
The subject of the Ellerton Theological Essay Prize in that year was, "The importance of Translation of the Holy Scriptures⁸." In the year 1846 he had competed

⁸ On the title-page of his MS. in Passion Week, 1847—Written on copy of this Essay, he has written; the Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday—transcribed on

unsuccessfully for the same prize, the subject then being, "That a Divine Revelation contains mysteries is no valid argument against its truth."

It should be mentioned, if only by way of shewing the immense amount of work of various descriptions undertaken by him, that after his degree he took private pupils, not however apparently to read for Honours (which he seems to have considered that his Second Class hardly justified him in doing) but simply to prepare them for taking an ordinary degree. Thus writes one of them to the author under date March 29, 1890:—

Easter Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday, when it was given in." He had no high esteem for his production; for on one of the fly-leaves is written in pencil; "I never glance over this very jejune Essay, or think of it, without shame. The rapidity with which it was written is its sole apology. The success which attended it, its sole merit. J. W. B." Nevertheless, his Essay shews a perfect mastery of the main points in which the Authorised Version needs amendment, and sums up very effectively all the learning on the subject of the Septuagint. It is interesting to observe that, while he indicates passages of the New Testament, in which the Translation might be improved, *he does not advocate Revision*. "It is the part of a shallow wisdom that would seek to tamper on slight grounds with such a monument of collective learning and sound judgment [as the Authorised Version]. And when it is discovered (as every one will discover who makes the experiment)

that an approximation to excellence is after all the utmost that is attainable; that inconsistencies will be discoverable after the greatest pains have been bestowed, and that scarcely a word can be disturbed in the existing text without affecting the harmony of remote and apparently unconnected passages; that an attempt to remedy a mistranslation in one place will probably introduce an inconsistency in another; and that almost every thing, as it stands, seems to have an assignable reason;—when these considerations have been duly entertained, it may well be expected that the boldest and most sanguine will be deterred from the attempt to re-model." This expectation was disappointed, as we know. Remodelling, of the most thorough and drastic character, both as regards the text and the translation, was attempted some years afterwards, and called down severe castigation on its perpetrators from the pen of the Denyer Prize Essayist of 1847.

"I read Greek Plays with Mr. Burgon at Oriel. There was a tradition then that his elegant and felicitous translations got him his Fellowship at Oriel. Anyhow, it was very charming to read with him. He was, as you know, among his many other accomplishments, a poet. I, too, loved poetry; so we were quite *en rapport*. When we finished the Plays, he said, 'Now, B * * * *, if you intend to go in for Honours, and read Ethics, you had better go to a First Class man.' So I went to — —, then an enthusiast and a scholar. But I returned, after taking my degree (a Pass, from broken health), to read Theology with Mr. Burgon, following him over to Houghton Conquest, where lived dear Mrs. Rose his sister, and where I became very intimate with all the family. Of his Theology I need say nothing: he was a Master in it. He certainly, to my mind, interested his pupils in their work. . . . When we finished our Plays, and I was about to return to my College in the evening, he would kiss me on the cheek,—amusing, if it had not been so sweet and loving. . . . Dear Dean Burgon! although of late years we corresponded only at Christmas, I owe to him very much. . . . His last kind act was to give me an introduction to Bishop John Wordsworth, our Diocesan."

And thus another (under date March 12, 1890), who was a private pupil of J. W. B.'s some eight or nine years after the time of which we are now speaking (1847):—

"Burgon was very kind to me when I was at Oxford; and I often went to his rooms. . . . I only went in for a Pass, and I got it; so I am bound to say that he was so far a success. I was very fond of him; and he was most quaint. To see him, as he talked of Mediæval Art, pose as a Saint in an old stained glass window was a sight to be remembered. . . . But no stories of him that I know of seem much good *when written down*. It was the man and the manner that made them. . . . When one thinks of him, it is as the true, fearless, loving friend, with a

heart that was not ashamed to shew its tears or its love."

Finally, it will be desirable to say something in reference to Burgon's connexion with the Oxford Movement, and to the influence which, as one or more of the annexed letters shew, Mr. (afterwards Cardinal) Newman at first exercised over him. The Movement was at its close when he matriculated at Oxford in the October of 1841. Early in that year the celebrated Tract XC had made its appearance. This famous paper resembled, in the sensation which it created in the Church, one of those closing displays in pyrotechnics, the detonations of which are repeated again and again, even when we think every explosion to be the last. Bishop after Bishop charged against the Tract. Four Tutors of important Colleges "remonstrated," in the name of religion and morality, against a method of interpretation, by which the Thirty-Nine Articles might be made to mean anything or nothing⁹. The Hebdomadal Board pronounced its mode of interpreting the Articles to be "inconsistent with the Statutes of the University." Shoals of Pamphlets and Sermons threatened to overwhelm and extinguish the offending paper, as an avalanche buries underneath it an Alpine village; bound up with all the censures it elicited, Tract XC became the centre of a literature of its own. Last, but not least, it exploded the series of '*Tracts for the Times*,' which were thenceforth discontinued by Mr. Newman in deference to the unfavourable judgment which his own Bishop, in common with every other Bishop on the bench, pronounced upon this ill-starred publication.

⁹ The "Remonstrance" was addressed to the Hebdomadal Board, or Body of Heads of Houses, and was signed by Mr. Churton, Tutor

of Brasenose, Mr. Wilson of St. John's, Mr. Griffiths of Wadham, and Mr. Tait of Balliol.

John William Burgon, though at that time only a theologian and controversialist in *posse*, had lived in the midst of the ferment which the publication had created, and must have been perfectly well aware of the many grave censures which had been launched against it by men of all schools in the Established Church. We can only suppose that, being more or less prepossessed in favour of the Oxford Movement by his attendance upon Mr. Dodsworth's ministry in London, he had elected to take sides with Mr. Newman, and to support him, as long as he found it practicable to do so, with all the chivalrous generosity of his ardent and enthusiastic nature. Alas! that this generous confidence of his was destined to receive a rude shock, amounting to a death-blow, when in October, 1845, Mr. Newman "asked of Father Dominic, the Passionist, then his guest at Littlemore, admission into the one Fold of Christ¹."

In that secession "there were great searchings of heart," which revealed, in other cases besides that of John William Burgon, who were, and who were not, true at the core of their moral being to the principles of the English Reformation. Yet his deep personal veneration for Mr. Newman subsisted still. In his letter to Mr. Lawson of June 17, 1845 (a portion of which will be submitted to the reader presently), he gives a glimpse of his feelings of vexation and dismay, should Newman's secession, which was then only apprehended as possible, occur. What his emotions were, when it did occur, and having been sceptical at first as to the truth of the rumour, he received confirmation of it from Dr. Pusey, we learn from the interesting Address delivered by

¹ The words in which Mr. Newman himself expresses his Re-Baptism, in his '*Apologia*' [London, 1864], p. 367.

Prebendary Powles at the dedication of the Dean Burgon Memorial Window in the Lady Chapel of Chichester Cathedral (April 12, 1890)². When Dr. Pusey told him it was but too true, "he was completely overcome, and burst into a passion of weeping so violent and so long as to greatly perplex his companion. Speaking of it to me many years afterwards, Burgon said, 'I shed so many tears then that I have had none to shed since.'"

A.D. 1848. It appears from his letters to Mrs. Hugh James Rose, [*Æt.* 35.] and other friends, that early in the autumn of 1848 he had had thoughts of postponing his Ordination for six months, and accompanying a pupil to Egypt and Syria. But the scheme was frustrated. "I was within an ace of starting for Egypt and Syria in a week or two," he writes Sept. 14, 1848, in his usual punning vein, to the Rev. R. Lawson (an intimate College friend, who had now taken Holy Orders), "but cholera and war have knocked the scheme on the head; so it will be *Sam Oxon* instead of *John Crocodile* after all."

His views and feelings in prospect of his Ordination, as well as the account of this solemn crisis in his life, so pregnant with happy consequences to himself and others, will be best given in the words of the two letters to Mrs. Hugh James Rose, with which this Section closes.

What has been said will, it is hoped, serve to explain the following excerpts from his Letters, where they may need explanation. The Letters are given in the order of their dates.

² Printed for Private Circulation by Wilmshurst, Chichester.

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Worcester Coll., 16 Feb., 1843.

"My dear Friend,—

"The Christmas Vacation has intervened since I addressed you last. I passed it altogether at Houghton,—*εὐτυχῶς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὁμως τὰ τῶν τεκόντων ὄμμαθ' ἤδιστον βλέπειν*³! So said Sophocles, and so felt I. To be invited home, and at Christmas too,—Christmas, which, in the words of the old song, 'comes but once a year,'—to be invited by one's Mother, and to have to decline! I never did such a thing in my life. But I felt clearly that the alternative lay between pleasure and duty. Had I gone home, I should have done *nothing*; by staying at Houghton I mastered the Agamemnon. I think it is by far the most difficult Greek I ever encountered,—harder by far than the speeches in Thucydides (through which I am ploughing very cheerfully). These last are hard,—*excessively*, I admit;—so hard that I frequently screw up my lamp about midnight, in order to throw light on the subject, and rub my eyes (in vain) in order to see through the *condensed* mass: but Æschylus offers difficulties of quite another kind. A grammarian might see through the one; but it requires a poet to see through the other.

"He reminds me very much of Shakspeare. They were kindred spirits. I could almost point out passages where one feels sure that if Shakspeare had written Greek, he would have hit on the same turns of expression, the same bold imagery and strong language. This is the kind of speculation which particularly endears my studies to me. I am told that it will avail me nothing in the Schools,—that it will not *pay*. But I care not:

³ "Tho' it turned out for good, most sweet it is, Nathless, to see one's parents face to face"

[Edipus, speaking of his long exile from Corinth]. CEd. Tyr. 998. 9. —The only liberty taken with J. W.

B.'s letters has been to accentuate his Greek quotations. Usually these are unaccentuated. From want of practice probably, he did not feel confident enough to accentuate any but the more ordinary words.

it will make me happy; and we shall see, three or four years hence, whether something new is not to be said in illustration of the old Tragedians. I studied the Agamemnon with the aid of Peile's Edition, which you perhaps have seen. After I had finished my task, I flattered myself that I understood the play pretty well, and took the liberty of writing Mr. Peile a long letter of three pages on the subject, chiefly critical. He has sent me a very kind reply.

"I never passed eight weeks more uneventfully than those of Christmas. I studied all day; and the gloomy season protected me from many invitations, and intrusions of visitors. The contrast the country presented to the bonny garb of green in which I had left it, was very painful. The comfort was to consider that when I visit Houghton again, all the beauty will be restored. Oh! how glorious it will be. I long to grapple with Aristophanes, and renew my acquaintance with Æschylus,—things impossible here, where *quantity* is so insisted on, and, I fear, as a necessary consequence, *quality* overlooked. But I am not going to find fault with mine University, where I am as happy as the days are long,—I mean as the days are *short*.

"I wish very much you could have heard a very remarkable sermon Mr. Newman preached before the University on the Feast of the Purification,—the most remarkable production *of its class* I ever heard⁴. So ex-

⁴ Here is another description of this famous sermon by another auditor,—equally appreciative with Burgon,—and equally endowed with the poetical gift,—the late Principal Shairp.

"There was one occasion of a different kind, when he spoke from St. Mary's pulpit for the last time, not as parish minister, but as University preacher. It was the crisis of the movement. On the 2nd of February, 1843, the Feast of the Purification, all Oxford assembled

to hear what Newman had to say, and St. Mary's was crowded to the door. The subject he spoke of was 'The Theory of Development in Christian Doctrine,' a subject which since then has become common property, but which at that time was new even to the ablest men in Oxford. For an hour and a half he drew out the argument, and perhaps the acutest there did not quite follow the entire line of thought, or felt wearied by the length of it, lightened though it was by some

tremely universal in its scope, that it was impossible, from hearing it once, to grasp its meaning as a whole, and so exceedingly subtle and often metaphysical, that it was no less difficult to understand its several parts. Still the general *impression* was clear enough, and such as I shall not easily forget. Often when I am at my Greek, a passage or a sentiment comes swelling across me, and I cannot but stop to admire, even in memory, the unaffected eloquence of the preacher. I thought him singularly *effective*,—yet could not but feel how completely his very weakness (so to speak) was his strength. His silence was eloquent, and his pauses worth a torrent of rhetoric. He spoke of the connexion between Faith and Reason, and enlarged on the memorable peculiarity of the pages of Inspiration that, containing as they do the principle of life within them, they are capable of infinite existence, and are eternally spreading and developing

startling illustrations. Such was the famous 'Protestantism has at various times developed into Polygamy,' or the still more famous 'Scripture says the sun moves round the earth, Science that the earth moves, and the sun is comparatively at rest. How can we determine which of these opposite statements is true, till we know what motion is?' Few probably who heard it have forgot the tone of voice with which he uttered the beautiful passage about music as the audible embodiment of some unknown reality behind, itself sweeping like a strain of splendid music out of the heart of a subtle argument:—

'Take another instance of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instru-

mental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little! Out of what poor elements does some great master create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so there is also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking,' &c., &c." [Principal Shairp's '*Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*,' pp. 249-51. Edinburgh: 1886.]

themselves in fresh forms of being⁵. I cannot however hope to give you an *idea* even of Newman's sermon. I only alluded to the subject, because I gather from your recent letters that you feel interested concerning him. One of his friends who called on me yesterday, told me that the sermon (with twelve others, all preached before the University) will be published on Saturday. And now, my good friend, I wish you farewell. I fear I write a sad, dull letter, but if you will fancy to yourself a poor monk, the lonely tenant of a lonely cell in the lonely corner of a lonely quadrangle in a lonely college, will you wonder at his having no Paradise of Dainty Devices? In truth, I have nothing but my affectionate good wishes to send to you all, and I beg you will accept them.

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"JOHN W. BURGON."

⁵ J. W. B. has in his mind such passages of the great Sermon as these: "Such sentences as 'The Word was God,' or 'the Only-begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father,' or 'the Word was made flesh,' or 'the Holy Ghost which proceedeth from the Father,' are not a mere letter which we may handle by the rules of art at our own will, but august tokens of most simple, ineffable, adorable facts, embraced, enshrined according to its measure in the believing mind. For though the development of an idea is a deduction of proposition from proposition, these propositions are ever formed in and round the idea itself (so to speak), and are in fact one and all only aspects of it," p. 334. "Revelation itself has provided in Scripture the main outlines and also large

details of the dogmatic system. Inspiration has superseded the exercise of human Reason in great measure, and left it but the comparatively easy task of finishing the sacred work. The question, indeed, at first sight occurs, why such inspired statements are not enough without further developments; but in truth, when Reason has once been put on the investigation, it cannot stop till it has finished it; one dogma creates another, by the same right by which it was itself created; the Scripture statements are sanctions as well as informants in the inquiry; they begin and they do not exhaust," p. 335. [Fifteen Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, between A.D. 1826 and 1843, by John Henry Newman, sometime Fellow of Oriel College. New Edition. London, MDCCCLXXXVII.]

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

“Houghton Conquest, July 17, 1843.

“My dear Friend,— I called on Mr. Rogers, who certainly shows marks of his age,—I mean mentally. Though he had been at home a few days before, and expressed a particular wish to see me when I came from Oxford, he seemed to have a very vague idea of the categories of *πόθεν* and *πού*” (whence and where), “as far as I was concerned. He was extremely kind however, wanted me to breakfast with him, and gave me a Lecture in the art of writing Poetry, &c., quite in the old style,—declaring that he had never in his life written more than a couplet *per diem*; that the young men wrote all too fast, and so far repeated himself as to ask me whether I should like to see the same thought expressed by Wordsworth, Milnes, Southey and himself. Of course I was *game* for everything he pleased, and *ha’d* and *capitalled*, as if it had been new to me. It was very droll to hear him, in the same chair of the same room, among the same pictures, and in the same voice, making the very same remarks I have heard him make, at least *twice* before, at intervals of a year or two.

“I write these few lines from a little room which looks down on an avenue of limes, which limes being in full blossom, attract swarms of bees (whose hives are in the garden beneath) and a perpetual low hum is the result from morning till night. I love bees—they always seem so industrious—and one always thinks (at least I do) of the delicate fare they are providing for me. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, when I opened my window this morning, they were all hard at work, humming away in their brown aprons, like a set of little Manchester mechanics.

“My daily work has been hitherto twenty chapters of Herodotus, and as many as I can master of Livy. I wish to get it up to ten a day. I read besides with care two chapters in the Old Testament, learn a piece of Latin by heart, do a Latin exercise, and read a chapter of Greek history. If I can go on as well as I have begun, or

rather *better*, I shall satisfy *myself*, who, though I know I am working as hard as ever I can, never feel satisfied, scarcely. The thought of what I have to do has prevented me from knowing what it is to have my mind at rest, ever since I went up to Oxford.—I am quite in love with my books, and enjoy my occupations amazingly.”

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

“Houghton Conquest, St. Thomas’ Day, 1843.

“My dear Friend,—

“You will see by the date of this letter where I am. I prolonged my stay rather late in Oxford, because I was but ill prepared for the little examination at the end of the Term, and a few days all to one’s self are *such* a luxury after the incessant occupation of eight weeks,—occupation which, however salutary I know and feel it to be, is a great trial to one of my roving propensities, who hate wearing *blinkers*; but when I come across some curious subject, love to follow up the hint (which commonly leads me a most will-o’-the-wisp dance ‘over brook, over briar’), luxuriating, as I go, in all the odd pieces of information I pick up on my way. To return, however,—the result of the few days I staid up was very satisfactory; and I had the pleasure of seeing ‘exemplary’ written against my name in the Provost’s *black book*. If he does not give me a book when I go back, I shall call him a very ungentlemanly person.

“I think the pleasantest party I was at during the Term was at Mr. Newman’s, who kindly invited me to dinner at Oriel. It was very agreeable, you may be sure, to be so near so good and so great a man for so many hours. He joined in all the light talk which floated round the table, and seemed to encourage it (I say *light*, only as the reverse of *serious* or *solemn*); but at moments he sank his head, as if deep in thought, and there came over his very remarkable features such a painful expression of severe abstraction that it was almost startling to witness.—He is a wonderful man in every point of view :

and the only one I ever discoursed with, whom, entirely loving, I felt I could not at all *approach*; I scarcely know how to explain myself; but if you knew him you would nod assent, and require no explanation. He certainly cannot but feel that the habitual abiding place of his thoughts is where no common mind could follow. Wishing to know his mind well, would be like wishing to keep company with an eagle, whose joy is to soar up the sunbeam, and whose dwelling place is the pathless rock. . . . He was so kind, at my request, as to write some words for me at the end of a beautiful Greek Testament I use. Perhaps you will like to know the words he chose; they are from Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

"Your kind partiality encourages me to hope you will not think me playing the egotist too much, if I give you an account of the studies of last Term.

"Old Aristotle I like better as I understand him more; but he requires a very peculiar and careful study. I mean to give him both in due time; at present I wish to go *over* my work, and I have still Plato and Juvenal, and Virgil, and Tacitus—unbroken ground! . . . But the studies I give my *heart* to, are those which directly or indirectly bear on the sacred profession;—nor do I *really* value any thing else, except so far forth as it bears on *this*, and what classic reading does not in some degree bear upon it?"

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Houghton Conquest, Dec. 21, 1844.

"You will be glad to hear that I have been appointed to the office of sub-Librarian of our College Library. It is always held by an undergraduate for the actual Librarian, who is a non-resident Fellow. I mean to begin my Mayoralty by having cases made for three or four of our crack books. One is Inigo Jones's copy of Palladio, the margin of which he has *filled* with his MS. notes. Another is a curious volume bound with pearls; and another is a MS. Life of the Black Prince in Norman-French, written by his Esquire. I hope some day I may

have the pleasure of showing you such of our Books as you may care to see. It is one of the best Libraries in Oxford."

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Worc. Coll., April, 1845.

"Then we called on Mr. Rogers, who is just as usual in appearance. . . . He saluted us with a speech you will recognise as characteristic. 'Thank you for coming to see me. I *knew* you were coming; so I had some crocuses laid down for you! Come and look at them. There they are,—four and sixpenny worth,—three pence a piece! But the misfortune is, the sparrows come and eat them. as fast as the gardener lays them down.' It often strikes me as such an odd thing that rich men talk so much about money,—persons of very high rank especially. I always think it bad taste; and, however convenient a commodity, and important to be talked very gravely about at certain times and in certain places, it is, generally speaking, a very uninteresting and disagreeable topic. I hope I am not wrong."

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Worcester College, May 23, 1845.

"My dear Friend,—I am sure you will sympathize with my joy in having gained the Newdigate. Mr. Greswell brought me the joyful intelligence this afternoon (as I was hard at work on that most unpoetical of subjects—Logic), and Garbett confirmed the story immediately after. Since which I have had a levy of friends in my room;—but I steal a few moments to waft the news in a quarter whence I have received so much kindness—whither so many affectionate thoughts so often tend—where I am sure the news will impart some portion of the pleasure it has imparted to myself.

"I feel very grateful for this blessing, and that on every account. It is my last chance—it is a sacred subject—it is the first poem the college has gained, and I know how much pleasure my dearest ones will feel at my success.

I shall also now see the foundation of a little library laid—Bull and Bingham and Hooker, and a few more, all in smart jackets, flaming some with the University, some with the College arms. . . . See how I look forward! But the truth is, I am just emptying my heart to you. However, we have come to the bottom of it, and the end of my story, and the few minutes of leisure which remain, I will dedicate to some less egotistical theme.”

TO ROBERT LAWSON, ESQ. (an intimate College friend).

“Houghton Conquest, June 17, 1845.

“My dearest Robert,—You are so kind as to allude to ‘*Petra*,’ and to tell me of a few things which the hurry of the last moment rendered it quite impossible for me to consult you about, but which I wished much to ask you. I should not be such an ass as to allude to such a trifle as those verses still, except that I know (or am willing to believe) that your partiality for the writer will reconcile you to the egotism; or to recur to the text as it stands, except that I have strong reasons for believing that the poem will pass through a second edition—in which case, one must, of course, desire to remedy as many blemishes as possible. In truth, I had the satisfaction of learning that nearly all the 500 which were first struck off, were sold in one afternoon, so that next morning 500 more were printed, and then the type was kept no longer standing; so that Macpherson told me he should look for reprinting the thing.

“Now I must recur to the passages you mention. What sounded like ‘public’ (you rascal for alluding to Trafalgar Square!) I *meant* for ‘bubbling,’—and am glad to find your taste accords with mine. If the line ever is reprinted, it shall be ‘bubbling⁶,’—which I altered to ‘babbling’ at Shairp’s suggestion. So of ‘sail’d’ for

⁶ “Who many a time art well
content to stray
Where garden-alleys quench
the blaze of day,

And small birds sing, and
bubbling fountains play.”
‘*Petra*,’ lines 7, 8, 9.

'swam⁷,' and 'Saints' for 'Angels⁸'—all of which I shall put back as they were originally. There is more euphony in 'Saints impatient' than 'Angels eager,'—especially as in the next line 'gates' is meant to *balance* 'Saints'—still, for the sacred text's sake, and because we both rather prefer it, I alter that also.

"And now, I bid goodbye to a subject I am growing heartily sick of. I have received such an immense number of letters, and many such silly ones, all about that one short silly poem, that it will be quite pleasant to hear of something new. To say nothing of a letter I got from a *mad* lady, *one* informed me that Oxford ought to be proud of me!!!—a class of remark which is really enough to bring tears of laughter into the eyes of a dead cat. . . . And yet, on the other hand, the kindness and chastened assurances of kind remembrance which my success has brought me from many cherished quarters was worth writing a hundred '*Petras*' for; and I am willing to hope that it is having the effect of watering and keeping green my name in other places besides, where I should be very sorry for it ever to be forgotten.

I hope in three weeks to finish Herodotus, and then to give Thucydides a month. Then Livy, and after him I suppose I must race over my plays: but (to speak gravely) I hardly feel quite strong—and great as I know the responsibility, and keen as I feel the incentive to be, I tire sadly over my work, and am shocked to perceive how much more graces of style, pathetic pieces of narrative, and touches of nature strike me, than the names of people and places, and such things as get men first and second classes in the schools.

"Since we have nothing better to write about, and I am determined to write you a good long letter, I will beg you to notice, as an example of the nature and pathos of

⁷ "For ships of Petra swam on
every tide."

'*Petra*,' line 226.

⁸ "The twelve bright Angels,

eager to unfurl
The twelve broad gates,—and
ev'ry gate a pearl."

'*Petra*,' lines 357, 358.

Herodotus, one or two trifles. I suppose the Book in your hands—I. 112: observe how the mother keeps back the alternative of exposing even the *dead* child, till she finds her husband inexorable, and then solacing herself with the thought of the βασιλητῇ ταφή!⁹ [royal burial⁹] “. . . I. 119: observe the touching incident, καὶ ἀναλαβὼν τὰ λοιπὰ τῶν κρεῶν, ‘gathering up the relics of what had been his child¹!’ and the words which follow. . . . I. 122: the natural love of the child for his mother, or rather, her who had supplied a mother’s place to him—‘He was always going on about her, and could talk of nothing but Cyno²’, . . . and to give only one example more, I. 136; after which 137 begins, ‘Now I *like* this custom³!’ . . . But enough of my Books, which now occupy all my thoughts.

“About Mr. Newman I have indeed felt most deeply. I believe the story you have heard is not quite the true one; but of course no one can pretend to know anything with

⁹ Cyrus, when an infant, was ordered by Astyages his grandfather, who had been made apprehensive by a dream that Cyrus would one day reign in his stead, to be exposed upon a mountain infested by wild beasts, and a herdsman was commanded to execute the royal orders. He would have done so, had it not been for the entreaties of his wife, who had just been delivered of a still-born child, and suggested, that the still-born child might be exposed, and the little Cyrus brought up by her husband and herself, as if he had been their own. “In this way,” she said, “we shall not be taking bad counsel for ourselves; for the dead child will receive a *royal burial*, and the living one will not lose his life.”

¹ Astyages, infuriated with Harpagus, one of his courtiers, for not having made sure that the infant Cyrus was put to death, punished

him by serving up to him at a Royal Banquet the flesh of his own son, and after he had eaten it, shewing him the child’s head, hands, and feet. Harpagus did not at the moment remonstrate, but contented himself with gathering up what remained of his son’s body for honourable burial.

² This is said of Cyrus, when he first joined his own parents, Cambyzes and Mandane, but still could not forget the affection shewn him by his foster-mother ‘Cyno,’ the herdsman’s wife.

³ The Persian custom, which Herodotus says he likes, is, that “before a child is five years old, he never comes in sight of his father; but passes his time with the women; which is done for this purpose, that should he die while yet an infant, he may not cause any grief to his father.”

great certainty about his intentions. It is my belief that he will entirely quit us. My belief is equally strong that Pusey will not. A keen blow indeed either would be (I say, 'would be,' for why should one not hope against hope?). Still, if one may use profane words concerning holy things, one may surely say of our holy branch of the Church Catholic, as the spirit of Pytho said of his treasure of old time, ἄρτος ἱκανὸς εἶναι τῶν ἐωυτοῦ προκαταρῆσθαι" [he himself was sufficient to guard his own property⁴]: "nor need we be too unhappy at anything that may befall it from without. What I grieve for is, to think how such a defection would *undo* all, or much, of the good (not *all* of course) which has been done. Who, for example, could appeal to Jeremy Taylor's writings, or Laud's, or Hooker's, if they had died in the Romish Communion? On the other hand, it must be admitted that N. has met with cruel treatment—enough to demoralize a saint, if that were possible. Persecuted, hunted down, silenced, and abused in his silence; misrepresented when he has spoken, and reviled when he has refused to speak. In short, one can *wonder* at nothing. Still, it would have been a more glorious thing to have subsided into the quiet curate, or remained the rector, who would read, but never preach, or even to have remained silent at Littlemore, except by the occasional production of some work of vast learning, research, and labour, instead of turning in disgust from his Mother! One is, however, perhaps chalking out a course οὐ κατ' ἀνθρώπων. . . . Anyhow, *our* course is clear. Through good and ill report to stick to our colours, praying for

⁴ This has reference to the answer given by the Oracle at Delphi, when Xerxes sent a division of his army to sack the temple, and bring to him all the accumulated treasures found there. In answer to the Delphians, who consulted the Oracle, as to whether they should bury the treasures or transport them elsewhere, the Deity forbade them to be moved, saying that *he himself*

was sufficient to guard his own property. The answer would be given by the Pythoness or Priestess of the Temple. Burgon represents her as speaking under the influence of the same "spirit of divination" (*literally*, spirit of Python) which possessed the damsel in the Acts of the Apostles. See Acts xvi. 16 (and *marg.*). The story is told by Herodotus, Urania, Lib. viii. Cap. 36.

sweet tempers and strong hearts (if need be): advancing nothing one does not feel sure of; and when once advanced, dying rather than recalling. I am inclined to think with you, that a fiery trial is at hand. When it comes, I am inclined to believe *our laxity*, our monstrous, culpable laxity, will prove almost our ruin. Why will our clergy, aye, or our laity either, dine out on Fridays? Why do we keep no Lent? Why do we neglect, so recklessly, many of the rubrics in the Communion Service? Why do the clergy ape the laity, instead of showing themselves, what they really *are*, *above* them? Why is there not daily Service in every considerable town in the land, more frequent Communions, larger alms given, and the Church made the almoner? Till we all—every one of us, you and I—strain every nerve to change the existing state of things, we cannot call ourselves *safe*. I will add one final question. How can the clergy go up to their beds, or allow their temples to rest (I forget the exact words), while a large section of every village in the kingdom lies *practically* excommunicate? My very heart boils within me when I think of the supineness of our people; and with all this to have the coolness to regard ourselves as perfect and immaculate. Perfect!

“Many thanks for telling me about dear Temple⁵, who is very dear to me. I quite understand your allusions to his character, and believe more and more every day that we know (I mean that *men* know) very little of one another. It is curious to think this. That men should be living side by side, and speaking freely, and able to speak all they choose, and yet that there should be a wall built up between them (so to speak), so that they never really get at one another! He is a very delightful character. It has long been at my heart, and many a time given me a strange pang to remember, on leaving him, that something I have said may give him annoyance or

⁵ The present Bishop of London. The writer thinks it well to print one out of the numerous testimonies borne by Burgon's letters to his warm personal affection for the

Bishop, if it were only for the purpose of shewing the compatibility of such personal affection with controversial antagonism to some of the views entertained by the object of it.

pain. I can only say I would never breathe a word to hurt him, or any one I love.

"Your affectionate Friend,

"JOHN W. BURGON."

TO ROBERT LAWSON, ESQ.

(Mr. Lawson had consulted him, it appears, on the best method of instructing a backward pupil in Divinity.)

"Houghton Conquest, Sept. 18, 1845.

"1 o'clock in the morning.

"You will need no assurance, I trust, my dearest Robert, that I read and *reread* your affectionate and interesting long letter with much satisfaction. I am the more sorry to perceive, on recurring to it now, that I have omitted by my long silence responding to the wish you expressed for a few hints as to drilling Divinity into a heterodox bear! I never yet kept a menagerie of my own;—and should therefore look for hints to you—still, since you ask it, and there are three or four weeks more of the Vacation, I will devote half a page, late in the day as it is, to so precious a theme. My plan, then, would be, I suppose, much such as you must have followed yourself. Genesis must be read with *particular* care, and can easily be remembered as a *story*. The ten generations from Adam to Noah, and ten again from Shem to Abraham, are obvious land marks. With the last named, the History more decidedly begins, and the pedigree from Terah to the twelve Patriarchs must absolutely be *got by heart*. Then let the places of Moses and Aaron be ascertained in the pedigree; and condense the four ensuing books into a view of the several offences of the people,—and their consequent punishments; for instance:

1. Murmuring at Taberah, punished by fire.
 2. " Kibroth Hattaavah " plague.
 3. " Hazeroth " leprosy.
- and so on. You will be helped to this by Psalms lxxviii. and cvi., and see 1 Cor. x.

You must also, of course, lay stress on the delivery of the

Law, and the institution of the Levitical priesthood, and pick out such *parts* of the

Moral law	Deut. iv. to xi.	} as may impress your pupil with its
Ceremonial	„ xii. to xvi.	
Civil	„ xvii. to xxvi.	

character—so singularly tempered with mercy, that the very nest of young birds is made an object of the Divine solicitude [Deut. xxii. 6, 7]. Then determine in your own mind the principal typical persons and typical things: e.g. Adam, Abel, Enoch, Noah, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, &c., the Ark, the Deluge, the Jewish feasts, the Exode, &c. Next, the great prophecies (which should be learnt by heart),—I mean that to Adam, to Noah, to Abraham, Balaam's, and the like.

“The places occupied by the twelve tribes on settling under Joshua, their six servitudes and thirteen Judges (especially those six that delivered them from the six servitudes respectively),—this brings you to the time of Samuel,—whose personal history is easily taught. Indeed, with him *prophecy* and *royalty* begin, and a new epoch, as it were, opens. Saul's character may be nicely gathered from Newman's Sermon,—David's whole history should form the subject of a brief analysis by your pupil,—making him pick out the pedigree from St. Luke⁶, or the B. of Chronicles (for the sake of Rahab and Ruth, &c.). Solomon's *sin*, and the rending of the kingdom, with the date of Israel's and Judah's captivity, are the *skeleton* of all that remains. For Jeroboam's character make him read Newman's Sermon: and let him off with the histories of the most memorable of the kings, only—as Ahab, Hezekiah, and the like.—But why all this *πρὸς εἰδóρας*” [to persons who know it] “? . . . I should perhaps rather say at once—pick out *in strings*, the main dates,—the main types,—the main prophecies,—the chief persons—however briefly:—insist on his remembering the great divisions of the subject,—and coax him to in-

⁶ Though Burgon has written “St. Luke,” one is disposed to think he must have meant St. Matthew, in whose genealogy, and not in St. Luke's, Rahab and Ruth are mentioned, *ch. i. v. 5*.

sert into each the most salient events and picturesque passages.—Alas, this is impossible, I know, with a block-head;—but what more delightful when there is the best *desire* on the learner's part? . . . With *such* a pupil I should insist on his recollecting for me off-hand the *first mention* of angels, money, monuments, writing, altars, &c., &c.; the history of every place (*ab ovo*), as Bethel, Shechem, Jericho: the great men of *each tribe* (for who recollects off-hand that with regard to Benjamin, for instance, Gen. xlix. 27 was probably fulfilled in the persons of Saul and St. Paul? Who recollects that the prophet Samuel was descended from Korah? or that Samuel's grandson wrote so many of the Psalms—e. g. Ps. lxxxviii? ⁷).

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

“Oxford, Nov. 22, 1845.

“My dear Friend,—

“I cannot tell you with what glee I saw the days of *limbo* in the Schools glide away, and the list of subjects for examination growing ‘fine by degrees and beautifully less’; till nothing remained but the day of *vivâ voce*. Yet, how capricious the heart is! . . . I seem to care no more about it, now I *am* through, than if I were still an undergraduate. This is partly owing to the feelings which naturally arise on such an occasion. I only gave in eleven books for examination,—because I felt I *knew* them. I had read enough Plato for a book, and was urged to take up Virgil at a venture;—but the consciousness that I had not read the latter since I was at school, and that I had not a sufficient accuracy of acquaintance with the former to stand an examination in it, made me reject both from my list. Accordingly, feeling that I had,

⁷ This Psalm is attributed in the title to “Heman the Ezrahite.” In 1 Chron. vi. 33 we read “Of the sons of the Kohathites: Heman a singer, the son of Joel, the son of Shemuel.” *Shemuel* is merely the Hebrew form of the name Samuel; and Samuel's eldest son went by

two names, Joel and Vashni. See 1 Chron. vi. 28, with 1 Sam. viii. 2. That Samuel was a Korahite, or descended from the Korah branch of the Levitical family, is shown by comparing 1 Chron. vi. 33 with v. 37 of the same Chapter.

as it were, earned my degree, I seem to have only got my due—and scarcely that;—for Herodotus was scarce of any service to me—and two of the books I had mastered most completely, Aristophanes and Æschylus, I was merely tried in, to the extent of some ten or twenty lines; so that, instead of rejoicing, I *now* rather wish I might go in again. The whole examination went against me. I had got up a great deal of *formal* Logic and Science;—and the questions set were almost *all* such as a man might answer who had read the Ethics in a translation, and drunk deeply of modern Metaphysics. Then, *per contra*, there were some capital things for translation; and I was required on the public day to translate on paper the first Chorus in the *Œdipus Coloneus*, which was of course *the* thing I should have chosen. The Essay too was on a capital subject,—the history of Greek Poetry. . . . In short there was nothing that I regret but the unfairness of the induction that is sure to be made concerning me. . . . If they estimate me by what I did best, I know where they would put me; if they look at the shadows,—the worst things done,—I also know where I ought to be, and as I think of one or the other, I feel unhappy, or at ease;—so that, as I began by saying, my Bachelor's gown is by no means a panacea for all the past.

“I cannot, however, fully realise the notion that the heavy labour I was going through till Ash Wednesday is all ended. It seems impossible that I may go to bed at twelve, if I like; that I may breakfast without Butler's sermons before, or take tea without reading so many hundred lines of a Greek play; nay, that I may breakfast or dine when I please. Even Magazines and Reviews are open to me now, which they have not been for the last three years. . . . How my health has stood it, I cannot understand. I did not let any one know how I was going on;—but fear I was, at last, acting as it would have been impossible for me to have gone *on* acting. For many weeks past I have not had five hours sleep—and in order to read without molestation, abridged myself in food and exercise to the minimum point (consistent

with comfort). The very eve of going in for *viva voce*, I read for nineteen hours without stirring except to chapel: and yet, though I only slept from four till seven, I was as fresh, and as full of spirits, as if some strange joy animated" (awaited?) "me, instead of a serious trial. In truth I have been in a most unnatural state for a long time, and suppose I must not be surprised if I feel the effects of it by-and-by.

"My public examination will, I fear, tell heavily against me. As long as Mr. Liddell tried me in Divinity and Science, all went well. When he resigned me to the tender mercies of his colleague, Mr. Daman, the spell was broken. The evening was drawing in; I felt giddy and tired; and with scarce enough light to read by, I was requested to start with the last three lines of a chapter in the third Book of the *Annals of Tacitus*⁸. I could scarce see the sentence (as he was civil enough to perceive), and he bade me close the book. 'Who was Silanus?' I could not remember. 'Well, never mind. Who was' somebody else? I could have almost jumped over the table with vexation. He made a stand at the history of the *gens Emilia*, and the history of Tegea during the Peloponnesian War. I must have appeared to him a complete idiot Against this I set (in my mind) my paper work. What kind of average THEY mean to strike, I cannot divine.—If it is disgraceful, you will not hear it from me."

TO MR. DAWSON TURNER.

"Oxford, 26 Nov., 1845.

"My dear Friend,—I am very sorry I have not better news to send you. If the Examiners had been *in* me, they would have given me a First Class. To judge *from my papers*, I had perhaps no right to hope for more than a

⁸ Probably the Chapter was xxiv, in the last sentence of which Decius Silanus is mentioned, who, at the intercession of his brother Marcus,

was allowed by Tiberius to return from exile, and to live in Rome as a private citizen.

second. But the report had got abroad that I was to have been at the top of the tree; and I am conscious that the *power* is not lacking,—and so I cannot but feel a little crest-fallen.

“When you consider, however, that it is exactly the fifteenth Term since I opened my books, that during the interval, I have devoted three months to writing for as many prize poems, and that everything in the Schools has gone against me, it will not appear strange.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“Oriel, Dec. 18, 1848.

“My dear Mrs. Rose,—

“I have been reading attentively for Examination, as you will scarcely require to be told: and am now at the very close of my reading, which is still far, very far from what I had intended. How unfortunate it is that one should be compelled to pass the season immediately previous to Ordination in what *feels* so secular a process—the cramming in, namely, of facts; and taking hasty surveys of pleasant fields of inquiry, which might well occupy one for weeks or months! those surveys too not being, unfortunately, devotional or even practical, but simply speculative, and with a constant view to *display*. I heartily wish the Examination over. Without *fearing* it exactly, I can” (cannot?) “but feel painfully conscious of my weak points, and look forward with anything but satisfaction to those days to be passed athletically,—grappling with questions which have shaken Christendom, and of which I know but one aspect, or writing sermons addressed to nobody, and therefore all about nothing It will be soon over, however, and a period of peace will succeed.

“You will, I am very sure, remember me as I would wish to be remembered at this solemn season! How solemn it is to me, I need hardly tell you. When I think that much of my prosperity in Holy Orders may perhaps depend on the spirit, and temper in which I present myself to receive the Gift, I quite sink into myself. Then the review of my past life, though not terrible to

me (thanks to God's mercy, which has always kept me back), is yet so full of painful recollections ;—I am conscious to myself of so many wrongnesses thought, or done, so many duties left undone, that I could half persuade myself that it is not for me to counsel others : that I had better first *be* what I wish to *make* the flock of Christ ; and so shrink away from the thing I have all my life so longed for ; and which, even while I am so conscious of my own unworthiness, I do, nevertheless, so earnestly desire to obtain . . . You will, I am sure, bear with my egotism, and kindly understand what I would say, and what I cannot but feel. The many years I have waited,—the unexpected delays,—and now at last the certainty that the whole thing is drawing—has drawn—into sight,—is all but here, and in another week will be numbered with the things which are past ;—thinking of all this fills me with conflicting thoughts. Hope and fear, joy and regret—a bright anticipation overwhelmed with a hundred misgivings,—such (as well as my weary hand and aching head can between them paint it)—such is a true picture of what I have been experiencing for the last few weeks ; and which neither Heresies nor Councils, Creeds nor Articles, Patriarchates nor Antipædo-baptism, avail to banish from my thoughts for many minutes together.

Smile, if you will ;—but I must tell you of another scheme which, after floating in and out of my head for years, at last takes shape ;—and I propose to carry it out immediately after Christmas :—a series of cheap religious prints for the poor. I mean to start it in Rose's and my joint names (Oxford and Cambridge),—to get guinea subscribers (clergy mostly, of course),—and promise so many shilling numbers . . . *Tell me whether you approve of this.* It will be thoroughly Anglican, without being absurdly Protestant—e.g. I shall have the Blessed Virgin and Child more than once : on the other hand, I shall ignore all Saints save the Twelve Apostles . . . The point wherein I trust for success is the *cheapness* and *smallness* of the pictures. I associate dear Rose with myself as a

joint guarantee to the public, as a compliment to him, dear fellow, and as a good adviser. But as I have not hinted the thing to him yet, nor have I talked of it to any save Parker (and one or two private friends), you will, of course, keep the little scheme at present to your own good self. . . . I prefer *talking* to Rose about this,—instead of writing,—since I shall be with him so soon.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“34, Osnaburgh Street, 5 Jan., 1849.

“My dear Bishop⁹,—I take to myself no small blame for having kept you so long in the dark as to my movements. You knew that I was going to be ordained on Xmas Eve from myself, and should not have been indebted to the public prints for the information that I duly received the Gift which I had so long wished for.

“But you will, I know, have made excuses for me. You will easily guess that I must have fallen into the midst of a busy cheerful circle, and that there was no time for letter writing. You may even have shrewdly divined that I was asked immediately to preach a sermon, and accordingly had to *write* one. *Two* sermons, if you please—for my second bantling is lying before me. This in truth has been the history of my silence.

“But now I must tell you a little about Cuddesdon and my Ordination—the most memorable event in my very uneventful life. I take it for granted that I tell my selfish tale to the same indulgent ear which has so often encouraged me to be garrulous in my own behalf.

“We went to Cuddesdon then, on Thursday—and attended Divine Service in the Parish Church which adjoins the Bishop's garden. Trench preached (S. Thomas' Day). . . . We then returned to examination, which commenced with some translation from Hooker into the most judicious Latin we could muster. Next

⁹ He calls Mrs. Hugh James Rose “Bishop,” and sometimes “your Lordship,” after his wont, jocosely.

came a paper of New Testament questions. Then some luncheon or a walk—according to our notions of Ember week. Then a paper of Old Testament questions—and lastly a Sermon. We were very tired when we went to dress at six. It was a great relief to attend the peaceful and soothing service in the palace Chapel—where we thenceforward met, morning and evening, till our departure. It is a very exquisite little edifice, adjoining the palace, in most perfect taste. The windows are the gift of the Queen, Prince Albert, and other great folks. . . . At the Bishop's side was his pastoral staff. I assure you nothing could have been more Episcopal—or if I may use the word, more *Apostolic*, than his bearing—and the same impress was recognisable in every arrangement, down to the minutest appointments of the household.

“Next day, Friday, we had (as on Thursday night) an extempore Charge, and resumed our examination. We had papers on Doctrine, Liturgical and Historical matters, and next day a paper of very well chosen parochial questions.

“It was impossible not to admire the Bishop's tact. On Thursday after dinner (which followed Chapel immediately)—and on Friday after the less substantial repast—at which we all (about fifty in number) were assembled, as soon as the servants had withdrawn, the Bishop raised his voice and his head, and in the cleverest manner possible made the conversation general. He addressed a remark to one of his chaplains, and speedily, in reply to the question of some one present, made some remarks on ruri-decanal associations, education of the poor, prayers for the lower orders, and all those topics which were sure to be most interesting to those present. This was excellently well done, for all were entertained, all *edified*, and it was optional to any one present to ask whatever questions he chose.

“I must also tell you that about forty had beds provided for them in the palace, his plan being to have all the candidates for his guests. . . . He also contrived

to see every one twice — some even three times — and not only remarked on the papers (which it was clear he had *read*), but discoursed leisurely and kindly on one's prospects, hopes, wishes, &c., &c. It really was most admirable. . . . On the Saturday morning we all partook of the Eucharist; and in the evening he gave a very powerful and eloquent charge, one of a series, which when collected will form a Commentary on the Ordination Service.

"But how did you fare? asks my Bishop. Why, my dear Lord, to say the truth, your Lordship's brother found some fault with my doctrine. I believe I have imbibed Bp. Bull's theory of Justification and Sanctification¹, and I am assured it is not the Anglican

¹ It may be convenient to the reader to have this theory exhibited in Bishop Bull's own words:—

"St. Paul rejects from justification the following descriptions of works:— 1st. Ritual works prescribed by the ceremonial law. 2nd. Moral works performed by the natural powers of man, in a state either of the law, or mere nature, before and without the grace of the Gospel. 3rd. Jewish works, or that trifling righteousness inculcated by the Jewish masters. 4th and lastly. All works separate from Christ the Mediator, which would obtain eternal salvation by their own power, or without reference to the covenant of grace established by the blood of Christ. . . . On the other hand, that moral works arising from the grace of the Gospel do, by the power of the Gospel covenant, efficaciously conduce to the justification of man and his eternal salvation, and so are absolutely necessary, St. Paul not only does not deny, but is employed almost entirely in establishing." [*Harmonia Apostolica*,

Dissertation II, Chap. xviii. § 2.]

"I constantly affirm that justification by Divine appointment presupposes sanctification, at least the primary and less perfect sanctification. For God, though He justify the ungodly through Christ (Rom. 4. 5), i. e. him, who having been such, yet through faith and true repentance has ceased to be such, nevertheless will not justify the ungodly, Exod. 34. 7, i. e. him who still remains in his wickedness. Briefly: it is inconsistent with the righteousness of God (as we have said elsewhere) to forgive any man his sins, and withal to give him a right to a heavenly life, who is not cleansed from his sins, nay, who is not also in a manner made partaker of 'the Divine nature.'" [*Examen Censuræ*.] Answer to Stricture xx. § 3.]

Bishop Wilberforce was always very clear and strong in maintaining the priority of Justification to Sanctification, and that the latter process could not commence until the sinner had been justified freely through faith in Christ.

Theory. I asked what I had better read. The Bishop recommended me three books—the third being Luther's Commentary on the Galatians!² . . . However, I feel a

² He is writing to Mrs. Hugh James Rose in his usual gay, light-hearted style. It must not be supposed that Bishop Wilberforce recommended to him no other Book than '*Luther's Commentary on the Galatians*,' or that he recommended even this without qualifications. For this is Burgon's notice in his private Diary of his interview with the Bishop.

"The Bishop had had a short interview with me on Friday, approving of my papers, and asking me general questions of a personal and private kind. To-day he sent for me, and very distinctly, but kindly, showed me the incorrectness of my views on Justification, Sanctification, and Absolution. I regarded Sanctification to precede Justification. The contrary, he says, is true. I supposed (and still believe) that Grace is given in Baptism. He says, 'No, but the dead bud is grafted into the living stock,—man's fallen nature into the Body of Christ.' All Absolution is moreover simply declaratory. 'Thy sins are forgiven thee'—spoken by Christ Himself—revealed a fact, not made it. (Here I think there is a fallacy.) I am to read Jackson—Hooker's Sermon—Luther on Galatians (*exceptis excipiendis*). He bade me also read his Charge of 1845."

The work of Dean Jackson's prescribed by the Bishop for Burgon

to read was no doubt "his most excellent Exposition of the Creed," (so called by Izaak Walton in his '*Life of Mr. Richard Hooker*'). The full title of this work is "*The Eternal Truth of Scriptures, and Christian Belief thereon wholly depending, manifested by its own light. Delivered in two Books of Commentaries upon the Apostles' Creed. The former containing the positive grounds of Christian Religion in general, cleared from all exceptions of Atheists or Infidels. The later, Manifesting the grounds of Reformed Religion to be so firm and sure, that the Romanists cannot oppugne them, but with the utter overthrow of the Romish Church, Religion and Faith.*" By Thomas Jackson, D.D., London, 1653." There was added afterwards '*The Third Book of Comments upon the Creed*,' which deals with "the blasphemous positions of Jesuites, and other later Romanists, concerning the authority of their Church." Jackson was Master of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Dean of Peterborough, and a Chaplain of King Charles I. The Sermon of Hooker's prescribed by the Bishop was the celebrated "*Learned Discourse of Justification, Works, and how the Foundation of Faith is overthrowen*" [Serm. II. Vol. iii. p. 601 *et sequent.* Ed. Keble] one of the standard works of Anglican Theology on the subject of Justification.

very dutiful deacon, and mean to read very faithfully what my Bishop has prescribed.

"All this distressed me, you may be sure. I felt quite crest-fallen. In the midst of my chagrin, I was happy to discover that the Bishop had given me the post of honour among the deacons—appointing me to read the Gospel in the Cathedral. This was really a consolation, and quite restored my equanimity.

"The History of Sunday you can fancy very well. All was most solemn and reverently managed. Not like the Archbp. of York who, I am shocked to hear, walks round the Communion rails putting a single hand on the heads of the kneeling Candidates for Orders—*our* Bishop sits in the best throne the Dean of Ch. Ch. will provide, and conveys the Gift clasping each head in his hands. Nothing *could* be better done. . . . I really must say the Bp. of Oxford's entire deportment is truly Apostolical, and I shall henceforth be his defender, as in duty bound.

"And now I have finished my story and will be brief in concluding: for I have caught a severe cold, and am weary and indisposed. But I *must* tell you that I have thought very much of you, dear Mrs. Rose, all through this sad season—sad to you, though joyous to many. . . . I long very much to hear something of you. I do earnestly hope that this last trial is not heavier than you can find strength to bear. . . . Pray remember that that dear child³ is certainly with *him*: and who shall say that she may not be a great *comfort* to him too? . . . Then take heart. It is but for a few short years. God grant that we may all meet there at last.

"All here join me in love to you. I always ask your blessing, and beg to be remembered as your obliged and affectionate Friend,

"J. W. B."

³ He alludes to Josephine Mair, she had adopted, and whose death the orphan daughter of a brother of (on Sept. 17, 1848) was a great Mrs. Hugh James Rose's, whom grief to her.

CHAPTER II.

THE OXFORD LIFE: SECOND PERIOD.

WEST ILSLEY, WORTON, AND FINMERE.

[Dec. 24, 1848—June 6, 1853.]

JOHN WILLIAM BURGON was admitted, as we have seen, into the Sacred Order of Deacons on the 24th of December, 1848. The day following was Christmas Day; and his loving heart, so susceptible at all times to the domestic affections, urged him to spend it, as usual with him, in the family circle, with father, mother, brother, and sisters. He would present himself to them moreover in his new character as a minister of CHRIST;—a circumstance which would give the re-union the deepest interest, both to them and to himself. Although, as he tells Mr. Renouard in a letter dated December 27, 1848, he was “not free from the Ordination”—that is, the Service lasted—“till half-past three in the afternoon,” and the excitement of the occasion must have added greatly to the fatigue, he left Oxford by the mail train at 2 A.M. the next morning, and, having “slept near the Station,” reached Osnaburgh Street, the then residence of his parents, at 9 A.M. At 11 he went with them to the Church they then attended, Christ Church, Albany Street, and “assisted Dodsworth in distributing the Sacrament” (the first act this of his ministry), and “read the lessons.” On the following Sunday (Dec. 31) he preached his first Sermon at the same Church in the evening; not on the Great

A.D. 1848.
[*Act.* 35.]

Invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," &c.—the text, upon which he says in one of his early journals that he had always thought he would make his first Sermon [*See above*, Chap. I, p. 98], but on an equally great word of the *glorified* Saviour, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," &c. Rev. iii. 20. On the inside of the cover of the manuscript is this characteristic memorandum, showing that he was conscious of having fallen into the snare, which besets all young preachers, of pouring out all their stores at once; "The chief fault of this sermon is that it is too *full*, as Dodsworth very justly remarked. I perceive I have lugged in all the following topics," &c., &c. He returned to Oxford on January 27, after spending a fortnight at Houghton, where also he preached on both the Sundays of his stay there; and then, as soon as possible, he plunged into that direct Pastoral work, to which he had already felt so powerfully drawn, in which he spent, not his money only, but his strength, his time, his loving endeavours, in a word *himself*, for the people committed to his charge, and which seems to have always yielded to him a higher satisfaction and a purer enjoyment, even than that which he derived from study. His first Curacy was West Ilsley, "a parish on the Berkshire downs," which he held for rather more than a year, beginning on the 25th of February, 1849, and retiring finally⁴ on the 20th of March in the following year. During his tenure of this Curacy he was admitted to the Priesthood, December 23, 1849; and of this his

A.D. 1849.
[Æt. 36.]

⁴ His ministry at West Ilsley, as will be seen by the letters, was not continuous. His first engagement lasted only for the six weeks of Lent, beginning with Sun. 25 Feb. 1848, and ending with Palm Sunday, April 1, 1849. On Sun. June 17 he seems to have revisited Ilsley (merely for the day), and preached two Sermons. On Sun. Oct. 21

second Ordination his mother, to his great comfort and satisfaction, was a witness. The people of West Ilsley seem to have wound themselves specially around his heart, as indeed did all the people of whom at any time he took the Pastoral Charge; attachment to his flock was always one of his characteristics; but probably in the case of West Ilsley the feeling may have been intensified by the freshness and novelty of the interest which this new relationship excited in his mind. His journals and letters, excerpts from which last will be given, according to our plan, at the end of this Chapter, sufficiently evince his interest in his flock, and the lively pleasure which he took in ministering to them. But an anecdote, with which his friend Bishop Hobhouse has favoured the author, will put his sentiments before the reader in a more vivid way than any amount of description. In a letter to the author, dated July 4, 1889, in the course of which the Bishop shows the most correct appreciation of the secret of Burgon's character, he writes thus:—

“I will here record a proof of his clinging affection for places and persons, the more remarkable, because this affection was drawn out by objects which to most people would have offered no attraction. Soon after his

commenced his second engagement at Ilsley, which lasted till Dec. 16, 1849, the Sunday before he was ordained Priest. On Sunday, Jan. 20, 1850, commenced a third engagement at Ilsley (he notes that “I administered my first Sacrament in Church,” he not having been previously qualified to celebrate the Holy Communion—on Sunday, Feb. 10, 1850) which terminated on Wednesday, March 20. But, as will

also appear from the letters, hearing (in the course of his engagement at Worton) of a Confirmation which was announced for West Ilsley, he made an arrangement with the Rector to prepare the Candidates, which he did at various visits during the latter part of March, and the earlier part of April, 1851, and afterwards on Easter Day (April 20, 1851) administered to the confirmed their first Communion.

Ordination he took an engagement to minister in a small village Church on the Berkshire downs, which he could reach on Saturdays after his week's work was done in Oxford. He used to talk of this place with delight. Some years after I took the duties there. Amongst those I had to visit there was one aged and lone woman, whose disposition, naturally sour, resisted the usual persuasions to contentment. She remembered Mr. Burgon's visits, but not his advice, which I begged her to recall. The one thing she could recount was his extraordinary love for the West Ilsley people. She told her story in this droll way:—"One day I looked up at yonder hill, and I saw Mr. B. at the top on't with his hands over his head, a-waving his hat. He then spread out arms, as if he were clasping *summut* to his breast. He ran down the hill, and began visiting from door to door. When he came to my house, I asked him—For whatever did you do that (imitating his gestures) on the hill?—Oh! because I love the Ilsley people, and I was embracing you all, glad to find myself among you.—Love the Ilsley people? says I;—Why, if you had lived among them so many years as I have, you'd know that Ilsley folk are no better than other folk. I'd clap my hands, if I could get *away* from them."

"The poor old dame did in fact bring out my dear friend's loving spirit in the strongest contrast to her own soured one. There was the fact so unintelligible to her that, because he had ministered for a few weeks to Christ's flock in that village, that flock, even in the person of one of its least attractive members, had become very dear to him; the place was clothed with an affectionate interest, drawing him at the cost of valued time to demonstrate his love in his own peculiar manner.

"It was the same at Finmere; it was the same wherever he ministered, or was kindly treated; the heart was kindled with an irrepressible and durable affection. The spot and its interests became sacred to him, once and for ever."

Nor was this interest in his people merely sentimental. There was no amount of time and trouble which he grudged, no toil which he would not take for them. Here is an anecdote sent to the author by one who had a full knowledge of all the circumstances.

“On one occasion, when going to Ilsley in those days, *seven* miles from the nearest railway station (Steventon), he took back with him a little lad, who had for some weeks been in the Oxford Infirmary. The day was a bright one (in the Autumn), and the white roads of that district reflected the sunshine, and with their chalky dust made walking along them a great toil. Mr. Burgon usually walked rapidly; and, although no doubt he moderated his pace as much as possible to accommodate his fellow-traveller, still the hills and dusty road, combined with his long strides, in the course of a mile or two so exhausted the youngster, who no doubt was weakly through his recent illness, that at Rowstock he fairly gave in, and sat down by the road-side and cried. Mr. Burgon sat down too, and consoled the lad with sugar-plums from his pocket; and after a little while again essayed to finish the remaining five miles of the journey. But the little fellow was too exhausted to proceed; and so his kind companion lifted him up, and carried him pick-a-back along the dusty road and over the steep downs, till he reached his home, where he set him down in his mother's arms.”

Before we pass away from Ilsley, we may notice that in his Journal of Sunday October 28, 1849 (before he was ordained Priest therefore) is found this Memorandum. “As before. So happy! first *extempore* Sermon.” He was not an extempore preacher, and probably before an educated congregation very rarely indeed omitted to take a manuscript into the pulpit. However, the late Warden of All Souls, Dr. Leighton, assured the author that on Sunday afternoon he had once heard Burgon

preach *extempore* at St. Mary the Virgin's Church "in a most instructive and edifying manner" (perhaps this may have been in connexion with the afternoon Catechizing of the Choristers). On the author's mentioning this to Burgon, he said he might have done it once, but it was never his rule. "Considering that Heads of Houses, Tutors of Colleges, and men of the highest Academical distinction were often members of my Congregation at St. Mary's, I should have thought myself exceedingly presumptuous, had I ventured to address to them my crude thoughts on the spur of the moment." But among the rustics of Ilsley and Finmere, on the other hand, one cannot fancy his *never* unburdening his mind (as the Scotch Ministers say) "without the paper." The above Memorandum is a proof that he did so, at least occasionally.

When his engagement at West Ilsley came to an end, ^{A.D. 1850.} as it did on March 20, 1850, he sought and found ^[Æt. 37.] another temporary engagement at Worton in Oxfordshire, where there were two Churches to serve (that of Nether Worton and that of Over Worton), and where he speaks of himself as receiving great kindness from the family of Mr. Wilson the Rector, notwithstanding some discrepancy between them in regard of theological views. But the population of Worton was very small; and he seems to have been engaged on the understanding that the Sunday duty was to be his province, and so he did not make that personal acquaintance with the members of the flock so essential, according to his own view, to the realisation of the Pastoral relationship. The reader will be amused to read in his letter to Mrs. Hugh James Rose of April 30, 1851, how happy it made him to be released from Worton one Sunday sooner than had been origi-

nally arranged, because it set him free to revisit the flock to which he was so much attached at Ilsley, an opening for which just then presented itself, and after preparing the Candidates for an impending Confirmation, to give them their first Communion on Easter Day,—which was his final and happy farewell to his first Curacy.

Later in the same year he undertook a third Curacy, that of Finmere in Oxfordshire, then united with Mixbury under the Pastoral care of a clergyman every way remarkable, and for whom he conceived, it will be seen, the greatest veneration,—The Reverend William Jocelyn Palmer. Mr. Palmer himself resided at Mixbury, and hence Finmere, which was two miles off, became more or less Burgon's sole charge. He received, however, every possible assistance from the Rector's sister, a maiden lady who occupied the parsonage of Finmere, and did the work of a clergyman's wife in that parish. And here the writer has the good fortune to be able to present the reader with an account of Burgon's ministry at Finmere from the most trustworthy of sources, the pen of the Venerable Edwin Palmer, Archdeacon of Oxford, one of Mr. Palmer's sons, who was often present at Finmere during the Sundays which Burgon spent there. Thus the Archdeacon writes:—

“Mr. Burgon was never licensed to the Curacy; indeed, he was actually residing at Oriel during the three years into which his Finmere engagement fell. All that he undertook was to come to Finmere every Saturday, and stay there till Monday—and not even this in the Long Vacation. That Vacation it was his habit to spend with his brother-in-law, the Rev. Henry John (afterwards Archdeacon) Rose, at Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire. He used to say that he needed the Long

Vacation 'for the education of his biggest pupil'—meaning himself. He very rarely stayed at Finmere for more than two nights at a time, except at Christmas and at Easter. That he should have grown deeply attached to the Finmere people, and should have attached them deeply to himself, in so short a period and with such intermittent ministrations, may seem wonderful; but the unique character of his ministrations serves to explain it. He came to Finmere regularly on the Saturday afternoon. That same evening he went round, as a rule, to every house in the village, and sometimes visited outlying cottages or farms also. On the Sunday, besides his work in the church and the school, he made a practice of visiting all the sick in the parish. In one case of great urgency he is remembered to have gone five times in one Sunday to a single house. He was liberal with his money to a fault. During the first few weeks of his connexion with Finmere he would bring with him joints of meat from Oxford, and carry them himself to cottages, the inmates of which had struck him as specially needy. Against this particular method of charity the Rector thought it necessary to protest. Mr. Burgon abandoned it, somewhat unwillingly, in deference to his Rector's long experience. But his bounty found for itself other channels; it was irrepressible. On the Monday morning he not unfrequently entertained at breakfast in his lodging ten or a dozen of the school-children. The provision was as abundant as at an Oxford tutor's breakfast party; the host at least equally acceptable to his guests. Indeed, his kindness to the school-children was unbounded; for the little ones he showed great fondness. He played with them, and encouraged them to hang about him, as men who love children will caress the young children of a friend. They returned his affection heartily. It was common to see them crowding round him in the village street, or running along by his side. The old Rector applied to him the words of Goldsmith—'They plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.' But if his kindness to the children was overflowing, their elders had a full

share of it also. Two illustrations may suffice. A poor woman who was very ill, and was thought to be near death, expressed one Sunday a strong wish to see again her son, who had been sent to the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford for an affection of the eyes. 'You shall see him!' said Mr. Burgon. After Evensong, which was at three o'clock, he walked over to Bicester (eight miles), went into Oxford, got the lad out of the Infirmary, brought him over to Finmere that night, and showed him to his mother, and took him back to the Infirmary on the Monday morning. The mother recovered. On another occasion, in winter, a boy belonging to a large and very poor family was out of work. He had asked all the farmers for employment in vain. Mr. Burgon took up his case. Before his own breakfast on the Monday morning, he went round himself to every farmhouse in the parish. It was not until he had completed the round that he met with success. The last farmer whom he visited gave way. When incidents like these are related, it seems right to add that his care for the souls of the people was as active as his care for their bodies.

"His remarkable diligence in visiting the sick and the whole has been already mentioned. It may be worth while to say a word about his dealings with those who were confirmed during his employment at Finmere. On the 21st of March, 1852, Bishop Wilberforce held a Confirmation at Mixbury for the two parishes of Mixbury and Finmere. At that Confirmation Mr. Burgon presented thirty-nine candidates from the parish of Finmere—fifteen men and twenty-four women—of whom the eldest was forty-seven, the youngest fifteen. He had prepared them with the greatest care. Five of them were not actually living in the parish at the time; but two of these five, and all the thirty-four who were living in the parish, received the Holy Communion from him on Easter Day. To fix these memories more deeply, he wrote, printed, and distributed, five stanzas of eight lines each with this heading: 'Finmere Verses: to remind us of our Confirmation, at Mixbury, on the 21st of


March: and of our First Communion, at Finmere, on Easter Day, A.D. 1852.' Nor did he stop here. At Christmas in that same year he wrote, printed, and distributed, 'A Letter to the Parishioners of Finmere,' not unlike, in its general choice of topics, the Pastoral Letters which parish clergymen sometimes introduce into parish magazines, but characteristic of the writer in its tenderness and particularity. In this letter he recited the names of all those who had been confirmed that year, mentioned the number (not of course the names) of those who had communicated at Easter, and asked 'But what of those other three' who did not communicate? 'And out of the thirty-six who came to the Lord's Table at Finmere on Easter Day, how many have presented themselves for the second time?' Other words were added of affectionate warning and entreaty. A letter to him, dated twenty-one years later, from one of those whom he prepared for that Confirmation, was found after his death, which showed that his fatherly care and kindness was not easily forgotten.

"It may be added that he distributed at Finmere a simple Manual of Private Prayer, prepared by himself, and submitted to the judgment of the Rector, which he is believed to have printed expressly for that parish. It was printed inside a sheet of letter paper. He certainly dedicated to the parishioners of Finmere a funeral sermon, which he preached at Mixbury on the death of the Rector, in the autumn of 1853, after his own connexion with Finmere was terminated.

"Mr. Burgon's first Sunday at Finmere was the twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, 1851; his last was Trinity Sunday, 1853. The whole time between those dates is only eighteen months; but he bore the people of that parish always in his heart. He came back to preach to them on the 15th of November, 1858, when their church had been restored by the exertions of a new Rector, and he seems to have composed two hymns for that occasion. He maintained a correspondence with many of them for many years, and continued to help those who needed it, as he found occasion. Every person from Finmere who

came to the Oxford Infirmary, while he remained at Oriel, was regarded by him as his special charge. Others who visited Oxford for other reasons, he encouraged to come and see him in his college rooms: those who came he showed about and entertained as if they had been friends of equal rank with himself. He kept always near him, both at Oxford and at Chichester, a little book of Finmere memoranda. The news of his death caused no less sorrow in that village than it caused in Oxford itself."

While he was thus immersed in pastoral occupations during the Saturdays, Sundays, and often also during the Mondays, of the Oxford Term time, he was carrying on many other pursuits and studies at his College on the other days of the week, and throwing himself with the keenest possible interest into the academical movements of the day, and into the political and theological questions, which the course of events, or the progress of thought, threw up to the surface. In the first place, his private pupils, the engagement with whom was necessitated by his desire, not only to make himself entirely independent of his father, but also to lay by something as a provision for the members of his family, occupied a great deal of his time, and not of his time only, but of his care and thought; for his character was such that he could do nothing without throwing his whole mind into it, and warming with the interest of his work. Then he had during this period (as almost always) literary, or quasi-literary work in hand. His pen and his pencil were never idle. We shall see that the Notes and Dissertations of his '*Harmony*,' which then "promised to be his *opus magnum*," grew during this period to a considerable bulk; and it is some consolation to those who cannot but regret that this work (which more or less occupied him all his life) was never finished, to observe



a statement in one of his letters to Mrs. H. J. Rose, that his '*Commentary of the Gospels*' had grown out of the '*Harmony*.' The Scripture Cottage Prints—a scheme which had been conceived at the time of his first Ordination, and about which he had then consulted Mrs. Hugh James Rose—appeared in 1851; and on the eve of his thirty-eighth birthday (Aug. 20 of that year) he writes one of his sprightly little notes ⁵ to Mr. Renouard, to ask the favour of being allowed to dedicate to him the completed work, of which the twelfth and last Part, "now on the stocks, is to be accompanied with a peck of letter-press." That a work of this sort is most desirable, as providing artistically good prints, in substitution for the miserable daubs too often found on cottage walls; that the dissemination of such prints amongst our peasantry might contribute to their mental, and (under God's blessing) to their spiritual elevation; and that Burgon was eminently qualified to conduct such an enterprise, from his inborn genius for art, and from the culture which in early days he had bestowed upon that genius, will be universally allowed.

The fifty smaller Cottage Prints (the series which was dedicated to Mr. Renouard) were not coloured. They are well-executed tinted engravings from the Sacred Pictures of the great Masters, which are more or less familiar to every one. But late in 1852, and early in 1853, "Large Coloured Sacred Prints for the School and the Cottage" of a much less artistic character, were put forth in three Parts by the same Editors.

"'The School' has been first named," they say in

⁵ It is dated "Eve of 'Ιαυικίδιον's Birthday. Anno Æræ Dionysiacæ, 1851." 'Ιαυικίδιον is the modern Greek for "Little Johnnie"; and

it was doubtless by this name that Mr. Renouard, who baptized him, was in the habit of calling him in his childhood and youth.

A.D. 1851.
[Æt. 38.]

A.D. 1852.
[Æt. 39.]

their Prefatory Address, "as the primary object of Parochial solicitude—the source and centre of Ministerial hope. But the adornment of *the Cottage* was the object of the present undertaking, as well as of the smaller Series of 'Cottage Prints,' which we published last year. . . . Concerning the merit of the present Series of Prints, as works of Art, we dare not speak very confidently. . . . We heartily wish that these Engravings were of a higher order; but at the same time we feel that they have sufficient merit—*more* than sufficient we shall perhaps be told—to please the class for which they are chiefly intended. The Texts in the ornamental border do not of course conduce to the pictorial effect of the engraving. . . . But they make the picture a vast deal more instructive, and help to produce that kind of gaudy magnificence, which uneducated eyes delight to contemplate."

The Reverend F. E. Paget addressed some remarks to the Publishers of these Sacred Prints as to the service done to Cottagers by the publication, and as to the indispensability of some such pictures to their instruction and edification.

"No one who does not live among Cottagers," he wrote, "can have the faintest conception how indispensable pictures are for the purpose of conveying instruction (and, I may add, comfort) to their minds; nor how intense is their ignorance with respect to matters with which it is assumed that they are familiar, but which have not been brought before them through the medium of pictures. I can, of my own knowledge, confirm a statement which I have lately seen in print, that there are grown persons, who had no idea of the manner of our Blessed LORD's death until a print of the Crucifixion was, of late years, brought before them."

It should be noticed, in speaking of the studies carried on during this period contemporaneously with his pastoral work in rural districts, that his first Sermon before the University, which naturally demanded much

and careful preparation, was preached on April 26, 1851. Its subject was The Interpretation of Holy Scripture, and it developed itself into and was followed by, a series of six Lectures on the same subject delivered in Oriel College Chapel; and both may be regarded as the nucleus of his Volume on "Inspiration and Interpretation," in which he answers *seriatim* the Seven Essays of the notorious Essays and Reviews.

It remains to say a word of the Academical, Political, and Ecclesiastical movements to which references are made in the Letters subjoined to this and the following Period. The New Statute, which established a fourth School of Law and Modern History, and for which he expresses to Mr. Renouard so strong an antipathy, was passed by Convocation April 23, 1850. But this, besides being the spontaneous act of Oxford herself, was a very meagre instalment of those fundamental and revolutionary changes in the constitution and administration of the University, into the acceptance of which Oxford was to be coerced by the action of a (so-called) Liberal Government, which had but little sympathy either with the Academy or the Church. Probably some of those, who most strongly urged the establishment of the Law and History School, may have regarded that measure as a sort of lightning conductor, which might either avert altogether the Academical revolution threatened in high quarters, and evidently impending, or, if it was to come, might at least mitigate its severity. If so, they strangely miscalculated its effect. In the very next month, Lord John Russell gave notice of the intention of the Government to issue a Royal Commission "to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford," and in August the Commission was actually issued. In vain did the Duke of Wellington,

as Chancellor of the University, offer vigorous opposition to the measure. In vain did even the Liberal Lord Brougham deprecate "a rash and inconsiderate interference with the Universities." In vain did the Hebdomadal Board, the then ruling body of the University, remonstrate. In vain (on May 21, 1851) was a petition to Her Majesty in Council against the Commission of Inquiry carried in a full house of Convocation (the legislative body of the University) by a majority of 144. Asked in the House of Commons whether the proceedings of the Commission were to be suspended, until the petition had been presented and decided upon, Lord John Russell emphatically answered, "Certainly not." The Commission sat to brew its revolutionary measure during 1851; and in the May of 1852 appeared the bulky Blue Book of 800 pages containing its Report, with an Appendix of "forty-seven Recommendations, some of them affecting the University, and others particular Colleges⁶." It was not, however, till 1854 that the Oxford University Bill, which was founded on this Report was introduced and carried in Parliament. Burgon's estimate of the serious evils likely to accrue from it will be submitted to the reader in the next Chapter.

Two Parliamentary Elections for the University took place during this period (December 24, 1848 to June 6, 1853). That which took place in July 1852 was necessitated by the Dissolution which the late Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, had advised. On this occasion a vain attempt was made to oust Mr. Glad-

⁶ The above particulars respecting the Royal Commission, and the resistance which it encountered in the University, are all taken from

Mr. G. V. Cox's '*Recollections of Oxford*' [London: 1870]. Mr. Cox's own phraseology has been in some cases retained.

stone from the seat which (with Sir Robert Inglis as his colleague) he had held since July 1847, Dr. Marsham, the Warden of Merton, who was put up against him, obtaining only 758 votes to Mr. Gladstone's 1108. And shortly afterwards another Election for Oxford University became inevitable. Lord Derby's Government, having been defeated in December upon the financial projects of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Disraeli), at once resigned, and Lords Aberdeen and Lansdowne undertook to form a Government on the basis of an union between the Whigs and the followers of Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Gladstone, consenting to become Chancellor of the Exchequer under this Administration, had to be re-elected by the University at the opening of the year 1853. He had given great offence by his joining in the vote which led to the resignation of the Government of Lord Derby, and accordingly it was resolved that his election should be opposed. He was again victorious over his opponent (Mr. Perceval), but by a majority greatly reduced from that by which he had beaten Dr. Marsham (124 votes as against 350). The fact that between the two elections Lord Derby had succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University (the Duke having died September 14, 1852) contributed to embitter the feeling of the constituency against Mr. Gladstone, as one who had put himself in opposition to its head. It will be seen that Burgon, like so many other members of the constituency, while offended by many parts of Mr. Gladstone's political conduct, and grievously disappointed in the expectations he had formed of him as a champion of the Church, nevertheless supported him to the end by his vote, more on the ground of the inadequate mental calibre of his opponents than of any sympathy with the

(so-called) liberal views, which he had then begun to develop⁷.

In the years 1849, 1850 two questions, which still continue to divide members of the Church, were in consequence of current events warmly agitated. These were the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and the power of a lay Tribunal to adjudicate in matters of doctrine. In 1849 Bishop Philpotts of Exeter had refused to institute Mr. Gorham to Brampford Speke, on the ground of his denying the teaching of the Catechism, that Regeneration accompanies Infant Baptism necessarily and universally. Mr. Gorham, having been condemned by the Ecclesiastical Court, appealed in 1850 to the Queen in Council, who reversed the sentence, eliciting thereby from Archdeacon Denison a protest against the right of the Queen in Council to adjudicate in a matter of doctrine. Then followed the Bishop of Exeter's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sumner), charging his Grace with having changed the ground which he had taken up in his earlier writings on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration,—one of the most lucid, vigorous, and crushing pamphlets which has ever appeared on a controversial subject. In two days

⁷ In saying this, the author must earnestly deprecate being understood to disparage either Mr. Round, Dr. Marsham, or Mr. Perceval, all of whom were high-minded, high-principled, and honourable men, and each of whom successively he himself cordially supported as against Mr. Gladstone. But the unusual brilliancy of Mr. Gladstone's powers and attainments not unnaturally made very many feel that a candidate of more than ordinary lustre

was demanded in order to justify opposition to him. It was Goliath in full panoply advancing against a stripling with sling and stone. Perhaps the voters on the unsuccessful side in those contests may have occasionally consoled themselves under their crushing defeats with the thought of that ancient encounter, and its lesson that the strong side, as this world accounts strength, is not necessarily the right side.

it reached a fourth edition, and the copy of it now before the author is stated to be the sixteenth edition. But the Archbishop held on his course unmoved, as indeed he could not well avoid doing, and on August 20, 1850, Mr. Gorham was inducted into the living of Brampford Speke by mandate of the Primate, overruling the refusal of the Diocesan. It will be seen in the ensuing correspondence with what vehemence and ardour Burgon threw himself into the controversy, and maintained the doctrine which Mr. Gorham had impugned.—On the other hand it will be seen with equal clearness that he was throughout, and from the very earliest days, a most loyal and attached member of *the Reformed Church*. After a grave consultation with Mrs. Hugh James Rose, upon whom he seems to have thought that her revered husband's mantle had fallen, he withdrew his name (by a letter which bears date July 23, 1849), from the English Church Union, on which it had been placed, as he tells her, without his consent being asked. His remonstrances with Mr. Dodsworth, when he found what Romewards tendencies he was developing, and his determination "never again to wear a surplice in that Church" will be read with interest. In fact, what was said of him, when he unfolded his ecclesiastical views at some party of Oxford men, "Why I declare, Burgon, that you are quite a *primitive* Tractarian" represented very accurately his whereabouts in Religious Opinion. He had strong sympathy with the Tractarian movement at its outset, in its revival of discipline, in its recognition of the value and blessing of the Apostolical Succession, and above all in its reinstatement of the Daily Office, and its teaching on the subject of the Sacraments; but further than this he could never be induced to go; Ritualism had always a repellent effect upon him; and he consistently main-

tained that it was a corruption and running to seed of the High Church movement, not a sound and healthy development of it. In times like the present, when nothing commends itself to popular acceptance but that which is extravagant and in extremes, it cannot be supposed that his views on religious subjects will find favour with the many; but by those who read in his letters the expression of his interest in, and his love and care for his rural flocks, it will be universally agreed that, whatever else he may have been (and he was very much besides), he at least was singularly qualified to be a Christian Pastor, singularly endowed with the sympathy and self-sacrifice whereby souls are won,—one, on whose heart those texts were graven as the animating principles of his ministry; “God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ;” “And I will very gladly spend and be spent for your souls⁸.”

The letters to Mr. Hensley subjoined to this Chapter exhibit the clinging affection to his old College friend, which he maintained inviolate and intense amidst certain differences of political and religious opinion, while those to Mr. Renouard show the distastefulness to him of the (so-called) Academical Reforms which had set in, and at the same time the interest in etymology and other departments of study, which his many-sided mind found room for, even while he was taking private pupils, and keenly interesting himself in the work and responsibilities of a zealous Parish Priest. And the author has found himself unable to withhold from the reader the letter in which Mr. Palmer, his venerated and much

⁸ The marginal reading of the Authorised Version of 2 Cor. xii. 15, is here adopted, as preferable to

the reading in the text. The original has, *ὑπὲρ τῶν ψυχῶν ὑμῶν*.



loved Rector, while not obscurely indicating his cordial sympathy, tempers his enthusiasm, and suggests to him improvements both in his writings and his method of working. The second letter of Mr. Palmer, suggesting to him a new subject for a Cottage Print, has an independent value from the striking Fable that accompanies it, and which came to Mr. Palmer himself from the celebrated Jones of Nayland.

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“Oriel, 23 Feb., 1849.

“My dear Bishop.—I am sure you will be interested to hear that to-morrow I am literally going to turn Country Curate! My parish is West Ilsley, a village in Berkshire—amid the Downs. My Rector, the Honble. and Rev. Edw. Moore, is absent for six weeks more at Windsor (where he is Canon), and I am to have sole care of the Parish during his absence. I feel as nervous, as you may suppose, and as curious as if I was going to see *my wife*. It is eighteen miles off, and I am full of work with pupils, lectures I attend, &c., &c., &c., so that I fear I shall only be able to go over on Saturdays, and half hesitate at undertaking such a responsibility; but *some* one must, and I feel so like a sword rusting in its sheath, that I am really every way pleased to go. . . . You will of course hear from me ere long, with some particulars of my doings.

“Ever most affectionately yours,
“J. W. B.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“Oriel, 27 Feb., 1849.

“Well, my dear Bishop, every thing went off charmingly in my rural parish. Every thing is as pleasant as you can suppose. The railway takes me ten miles towards Ilsley; a crazy little horse and gig trundles me the remaining eight at a pace by which the horse designs (I

see clearly) to facilitate thought or reading. The village (which I reach at five) contains about 400 people, who, with the exception of the Squire and his sister, and four farmers, are *all* day-labourers. The Church is small and unattractive. The Parsonage house new and large.—There is little to charm one in the place; but it is *my* portion, and it is charming therefore to *me*.

“On my arrival I proceeded full trot to the extremity of the village, and began to make acquaintance with the people. This lasted till between eight and nine. Next day, at the intervals between services, I did the like, and on Monday morning visited some more. So that, on the whole, I do not think they can feel *neglected*. . . . I never had two entire services all to myself—schools, &c., before. I like it immensely. . . . I meditate a few reforms however. There is not a soul in Church—scarcely—who *kneels*; and very *few* in Church at all. . . . I find also that Baptisms are celebrated *after* service, and I gave in to the practice so far as to baptize *my first child* accordingly in presence of an empty Church. . . . May I venture, my Lord, to plead *your* authority and *express orders*, and baptize the next candidates for Baptism during Service? I must try to bring this about before I leave Ilsley. You will wish to hear the name of my first Babe. *Noah* Newman! . . . The *absurdity of helping Noah into the Ark* struck me so forcibly that it almost destroyed my gravity. . . . I can add no more just now, but that I am your affectionate Deacon,

“J. W. B.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“Oriel, Easter Monday [April 9], 1849.

“My dear Bishop,—

“My career at West Ilsley—my very happy career—terminated, very happily, on Saturday; the first day on which I had felt anything like dulness there. My engagement with Mr. Moore only lasted for the six Sundays in Lent—but I wished very much indeed to talk to them

on Good Friday, so I staid. *Easter Day* was too great a privilege, it seems. The Provost appointed me to preach in Chapel;—so my body was at Oriel, and my heart only at Ilsley. I achieved my purpose, or rather purposes, and thank God with all my heart; for each success was an *unspeakable* comfort to me. I had my little church very full. I hammered (often in extempore paragraphs) Sunday after Sunday at their knees, till all knelt,—or pretended to do so; and I christened my four children before a full congregation. It was the happiest afternoon of all; for I addressed my sermon to *the children* (having announced beforehand that I should do so), so that the incident of the Baptism came in most opportunely,—and all went off well; though one of the little Christians *did* keep bawling at the top of her lungs, ‘Give me my bonnet, I say, and let me go *ho-o-oo-me.*’ . . . Unluckily, I had left my sugar-plums at the Rectory; so there was no help for it.

“As my Bishop also, I am bound (as well as *inclined*) to tell you that I made my first essay at catechizing during service, on Good Friday afternoon, instead of a Sermon, and had a little row of weeping Naiads to catechize: to my immense annoyance at the time (for I thought they were *frightened*,—which after the rehearsal in the schoolroom was a great deal too bad), but of course to my pleasure afterwards, for the little dears proved *sorry to think I was going away on the morrow!!!* I had indeed taken great pains with them, for which they seemed very grateful.—In short, we all parted with mutual regret. Many and many and many a time did I think of you and wished for you too. . . .”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“Oriel, May 1, 1849.

“.....Tell me whether you approve of my legacy to my people. These prayers (the result of no small deliberation) I had mounted on thin pasteboard, secured with a strip of cloth behind, so as to open and shut like a little

Portfolio. I hope too you will like the May-day verses which I wrote for Magdalen College⁹.

"And now farewell.

"Ever your affectionate

"J. W. B."

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

"Houghton Conquest, July 9, 1849.

"My dearest Mrs. Rose, —

"Now I will not throw into the shape of a grumble a visit I paid to Ilsley on the last Sunday of Term, and the two sermons I was requested to write (for the Church Building Society), and Carry¹ with me. I will simply record my visit to my Curacy, the return as I felt it to be, as a fact in my recent life. I had felt so much *in earnest* with that little parish, that I am half ashamed to confess how considerable a place in my thoughts the contemplated return to Ilsley occupied. When I got there, everything seemed *so* changed! Instead of crossing bare and bleak downs, with a stupid boy flogging at a whitey-brown pony for a couple of hours, my Rector came to conduct me through basking sunshine. On reaching the brow of the hill which commands the village, it was, and was *not*, the same. The trees all out in bottle-green liveries, and every field, which I had left *black*, fragrant with bean-blossom, or waving with the promise of harvest. But the greatest change was still to come. It seemed incredible to me that there could be *more than two rooms* in the house. A Drawing and a Dining room, flowers, and a piano, with two or three men servants, and eight or ten women servants,—I wondered where they had all

⁹ These verses will be found in his little Volume of '*Poems* (1840 to 1878)' [Macmillan, 1885], "May Morning on Magdalen Tower."

"What do we, up so early, this May morn?

Hath Health, the huntress, from

some neighbouring hill

Blown such a blast of her enchanted horn

That youth forgets his slumber!"
&c., &c.

¹ His sister Caroline, Mrs. Henry John Rose.

come from! . . . In short I secretly pined for 'the Sacramental quarter²,' and preferred my active Lenten life to the new sphere of light and sunshine, into which I had so unaccountably been introduced.

"I would rather talk to you, than write, about Mr. and Mrs. Moore, their two Sons and two Daughters. I shall only write that they were kind and hospitable, and that I was sorry to run away so soon. I left there on Monday, packed up my things on Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning hurried to London. I saw little of *my people*; but all I saw, showed that they had *not forgotten me*. . . . My first Curacy I shall assuredly *never* forget. I may add that I believe I am to resume the care of the little flock from 1 January to 31 March (*Easter Day*, thank God!) 1850. But *this also* is to anticipate. A blissful anticipation it *is* though!

"I preached twice for Dodsworth" [in London, at Christ Church, Albany Street]. "The second time before a large congregation, and *spoke my mind* on a subject which I suppose had never been spoken of before in *that* church. I mean the sin of talking loosely in society, as if you approved of Romanism, and so perhaps really unsettling, if not actually *sending over*, the weak and wavering. I rather trembled at my own boldness, and thought it *sounded* very extraordinary, amid the extreme quiet of the Church, to be saying what I *knew* was hitting right and left so many, without phrase and circumlocution, and for the space of two pages. But I had counted the cost. I took a week to think over what I had written, and was prepared to stand or fall by it. Dodsworth took it very well, though I am sure I surprised him. . . . I am sure it is much needed in that parish. I can write to you (and to scarcely any one else) *freely* ;

² He means Lent, Easter, Ascension-tide, and Whitsun-tide, when the chief Mysteries (*Sacramenta*) of our Redemption are commemorated,—"The Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation, the Agony and Bloody Sweat, the Cross and Passion, the precious

Death and Burial,"—followed by "the glorious Resurrection and Ascension," and by "the coming of the Holy Ghost." This period may be called the Sacramental quarter of the year.

and I assure you if you could hear the way that the Margaret Street Chapel people, and some of Dodsworth's talk, you would really think that it was a settled point in that quarter that our own Holy Communion is good only as a *pis aller*; that Romanism is *the* thing.—after all. They almost swear by *Allie's book*! I could tell you of many things said and done, which would quite amaze you. They are just as wild *one way*, as certain good people are another. One shares the usual and obvious fate of being kicked by both parties. However, being as saucy as most people, I kick in return. Were I permanently to live among them, I feel I should very soon be obliged to take up an antagonistic position. As it is, visiting London only at long intervals, and for a very short time, I feel that I shall do my part if I merely fire off a single gun every time in a certain direction. Meantime I see clearly that London is *the* place, however distressing it would be to become a London Rector. I see further that if I had a parish in London, I should stand almost alone.—Romanism I abhor. Your dry (I beg your Lordship's pardon! *their* dry) Protestantism I hate. I allow no unction, no nothing in the Romish system, which ours may not *surpass*. I allow no simplicity, jealousy, variety in Protestantism, which is not *compatible* with something far higher, and more soul-stirring. . . . But, I tell you honestly, if I had a *large* parish to look after, I must rush up to Broad Street³ once a week, or you must come and pitch your tent somewhere near me, during all responsible times; for the sense of my insufficiency very often almost unmans me. . . .

“There are two or three things in your letter to answer. My Prayers (thank you for your criticism) I know are a touch too high; but I think I could bring a parish up to them (if I might) in a few weeks. Surely, if only twenty copies in a hundred are used, one is doing huge good. And can one not make *sure* in a school that *all* use them? . . . Out of delicacy, I left the hundred copies behind, and find only four or five had been distributed! . . . However, your advice so weighs with me, that if you

³ Broad Street, Brighton, where Mrs. Hugh James Rose was then living.

will tell me of your notion of a *maximum* for a school-child, I will see what can be done. . . . Depend upon it, we neglect the lambs of the flock. They grow up godless; then come the cares of life; then sickness; and the Clergyman stars his fingers, and wonders at the ignorance of the person he is addressing, who can neither understand him, nor pray for himself.'

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

"Royal Hotel, Ramsgate, Oct. 12, 1849.

"My dear Mrs. Rose,—

"I rejoice to tell you that I return on the 21st to my old curacy!!! It is offered me till the 2nd December, and again for three months in 1850, beginning with the middle of January. I feel *so* glad. I can think of nothing else. But when your Lordship pleases to bestow a London living upon me (which once, with some naïveté, you asked me why I did not *take*!), I will resign my splendid property on the Berkshire Downs, and migrate to the Metropolis."

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

"Oriel, Monday, 10 Dec. 1849.

"My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

"A poor wretch who has been working himself all this term into fiddle-strings—who has had pupils (perforce) all the morning of every day—and the anxieties of a little parish, besides the actual amount of *work* required for the same little parish to fill up all that remained of every day;—who has consequently never known the peace of a quiet walk, or a thorough night's rest for eight weeks exactly;—and who now that he ought to be making his peace with God in the miserable ten days, which remain before the Examination at Cuddesdon⁴, finds he must cram up heresies, and councils, and dates;—*this* is the poor animal, whom you are good enough to call

⁴ For Priests' Orders.

your friend, and *prove* that you regard him as such, by so writing to him as you now write to me. I WILL find time for THAT, but I cannot for any thing else.

"I enclose what speaks for itself. They were distributed mounted on cards—(I have a few for you). It will show you the *kind* of anxiety I have had. I believe *now* EVERY ONE in the place has prayers; and oh! the joy I have felt at discovering FOR CERTAIN that scores of children use them daily—I mean the maturer prayers I sent you. I have also visited EVERYBODY in the place, and know all about them. But this is not done without some wear and tear.

"I left Oxford before it was light on Saturday, and on reaching Ilsley, after breakfasting, visited 36 families. I returned to my fireside about 8, dined, and at 10 o'clock fell asleep, woke at 3 in the dark, and began my Sermon, suggested by the news picked up in my parish perambulation. This followed by *incessant talking*, from 10 o'clock in the morning of Sunday till 5 in the evening, is really enough to tire a nobler creature than myself. I quite long for rest.

"Yours most affectionately,

"J. W. B."

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

"Oriël, Good Friday night [April 29], 1850.

"My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

"But I really must tell you how I have been 'going on,' as I call it. I have been trying to do the work of two men, and have found it, to say the least, hard work. My Oxford week I have tried to discharge in four days and a half; a week at Ilsley is the remaining fraction. The impression left upon me by nine weeks labour in this way is that of profound weariness. I have commonly had to write one sermon between 10 [p. m. on Saturday] and 3 on Sunday morning. My Monday I have given to my parish, which I have left with the

bleak dawn of Tuesday, so as to be in Oxford (nineteen miles off) by 9 in the morning. Of late, great anxiety respecting a woman with a fever, carried me over once or twice in the week. From Didcot (the nearest station) I have walked always over the hills,—and this, added to the work which I found, or made, when I got there, quite knocked me up. It was my first case of listening to an agonized conscience in the near prospect of death. I shall not easily forget it! I could go on about my parish for a week; I could tell you how tenderly we parted, and what kind, cheering news I get from them. But I should only be tedious. I could tell you, too, of all I tried to achieve, but it would serve no purpose, except to foster that *self-consciousness*, which I am sure mars one's usefulness sadly, and prevents, many a time, the descent of the Divine blessing on one's labours. . . . I feel rather more disposed to be penitential, and tell you of all my slips, and sad experiences; but you would be very, very weary, and wish I had never broken silence. I will therefore turn my thoughts away from that handful of sheep in the wilderness and look onwards.

“What a crisis we seem to have come to in Church matters! Something *must* follow, I think. You have seen the Bishop of E.'s Letter of course⁵.

“I have as yet signed nothing, nor taken any step. I have in truth seen no protest which I could sign. All express *too many* opinions, I think. Why not stick to the one point,—the washing away of original sin? After Easter I *hope* something may be done here; but all is still at present. Hussey is trying to get the Heads to act. It is like asking elephants to dance.

“I rejoice in only one feature of the matter—namely, the dignity of the question at issue. It is not *a doctrine*⁶.

⁵ ‘*A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury*’ [Sumner] ‘*from the Bishop of Exeter*’ [Philpotts]. John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1850.

⁶ He is speaking of Baptismal Regeneration, which is the subject on which the Bishop of Exeter joined issue with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It is almost Religion itself. It is an article in the Creed. It is a thing to die for. On the other hand, no distressing course of coming events, scarcely, can be fatal to us as a Church; and I hope the few waverers one hears of will feel that it is indeed so. The excitement produced keeps men generally quiet, but I need hardly tell you that this is a question which is stirring men to the very foundation,—trying them all.

“ Ever your affectionate,

“ J. W. B.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“ 34, Osnaburgh Street, June 26, 1850.

“ My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

“ Your approbation of my sermons *is the highest praise I ever desire*, except of course the practical praise of seeing them influence any—the humblest of my fellow-servants—for good. I must have many a talk with you before I presume to work a parish. Full of hopes I am, overflowing with a confident belief that an immense deal may be done by well directed zeal and sound teaching. Yet, *when* I am to be put *to the proof*, remains all a mystery; and strange as it may sound, with all my desire for parochial work, it is a mystery which I do not at all feel disposed to pry into. I am not at all impatient—‘one step enough for me.’

“ What I *do* desire is not to die till I have had the shepherding of a flock⁷. In that task I am content to wear myself out, and if the prophecies of friends are to go for aught, I should soon do so. ‘I do hope you will never have a parish,’ was the farewell of a kind soul at Ilsley; and I have since been informed that I should kill myself, if I had only FIVE PERSONS in my parish. The picture will I hope make you laugh to read, as it does

⁷ He means as Incumbent, with had only shepherded the flock of a flock of his own. As Curate, he another.



me to write. . . . No, no. I have learned many lessons in Ilsley, and one is, to know that one cannot do every thing for everybody.

"O, I had such a pleasant visit there on Whit Monday! The poor were very glad to see me, and their humble welcome was *unmistakeable*.

"Since my arrival in London, I have been too unwell to go to church. *I do hope* for your approval in my resolve never to wear a surplice any more at *Dodsworth's Church*. It must certainly show *sympathy* of a certain kind to officiate with him, and I do NOT sympathize at all. Do pray notice this first in your reply.

"You have heard of course that Newman is lecturing in town. The lectures are said to be most entertaining. Last week I met a man who had been to them (a lawyer). We were dining together. 'For shame!' I cried; 'and pray what did you learn?' 'To despise Popery more than ever,' he replied; 'but at the same time to feel that the Church of England is *no Church at all*.' 'So that you came away disbelieving everything?' 'Why, yes, rather.' And who can doubt that this was a type of a class? The Clergy go also. I begged to be told a name or two. M . . . of W . . . ,—a person I particularly distrust—was the only one he named. Is not this also distressing? O, we live in bad times—yet not worse than many which have gone before—not so bad (if Scripture speaks true) as some which will come after. But the remedy is plain—study of the Word of God, and possessing one's soul in patience, and persevering in well-doing to the end. . . . I feel as happy as need be, though I neither am blind to the danger (which is coming very close), nor, I humbly trust, indifferent to it.

"Ever your most affectionate and obliged,

"JOHN W. BURGON.

"'O for *him*^s back again!' I say many a time to my-

^s He means Mr. Hugh James Rose, his correspondent's late husband.

self. We are a poor set, the best of us. I get *snubbed* for condemning some people's views as *unsound*,—and really the belief seems spreading that no one ought to presume to talk so,—just as if every thing were not either *right* or *WRONG!* and if wrong, to be branded as such, that all may see.—Adieu, my dear Bishop.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“H. Conquest, Jan. 15, 1851.

“My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

“I called on Pusey, on Christmas Eve, and he read me a letter just received from D[odsworth]. It began that he was broken-hearted, and asked P. to pray for him, &c. &c.; and you may imagine that the day after I reached London I called on D. I found him in his study, and when I alluded to the questions of the day, he repeated the words he had written to P., and expressed utter despair of the Ch. of E., or rather implied utter disbelief in it. In reply to my remonstrances, he insisted that the Church had surrendered to the Crown the allegiance which it owed to Christ. This I denied. He opened a drawer, and drawing forth a MS., read me several passages. I was still firm, and showed him on every ground that his *data* were insufficient; that his precedents from history had been before the world for hundreds of years, and escaped, as valid arguments, all the learned; that granting them real, they would amount to nothing but the errors of individual men, such as the Bishop of Rome had committed by the dozen, as all History attests, and then I pressed him with the essentials of a Church, which even *he* must allow we retained abundantly. Of course when I alluded to his congregation, he winced, and turned away in tears. But it was far too late to influence him. He had given in his resignation three weeks before, and had evidently made up his mind. In truth, I make little doubt but what these men first lose their *hearts*, and then cast about for arguments wherewith to fortify their *reason*. All I could say he met doggedly. I argued as a Dissenter might

argue, he said. About Rome he fired up, and protested that men mistook the question as concerns that Church. So, with many warnings to him to be humble and distrust himself, at the end of two hours we parted. Judge of my amazement to learn that four or five days later he had turned Romanist! His wife continues constant to Christ Church with some of the girls, and a bitter position must her's be indeed.

"My last visit in London was to her. I ventured to remind her that she owed a higher duty to One above, even than to her husband. She begged I would come and see her when I came to London.

"Alas, in the meantime what a deadly blow do these men aim at our Holy Church! How do they retard any upward movement! How do they bind our arms and cripple us! *Who* have spoken more strongly against Romanism than Newman, Allies, Dodsworth, and the rest? What pretence have *we* then for requiring credence, while we maintain the Church's authority, and yet disclaim Romanizing tendencies? But I am sick of the subject.

"I do begin to distrust amazingly some of those who yet remain to us. You will easily guess the kind of chaps I mean. They form an amazingly small crew,—the *ultras*, I speak of, of course. You will be glad to hear that Tritton takes an opposite line; but how sad the case of B****!

"And now for something else—though one cannot help yet once more reverting to it, to exclaim, How odd it does seem that no one is found willing to conduct the services of a large London Church in so *unshowy* a way as to disarm censure and baffle Puritanism,—yet *from the pulpit* teach all that an honest English heart can desire! It would be a rare triumph, indeed, in London. In the country, I do believe the case is common.

"Hsley is to enjoy its lawful Vicar till June: on discovering which, I cast about, and was anxious to hear of some one wanting Sunday help. The first offer which

came to me, I gratefully accepted. I am apprentice to the Rev. W. Wilson, of Worton House, near Woodstock, or rather near Banbury, in Oxfordshire. Two little village Churches (Upper and Lower Worton) claim me, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. My master is cousin to Daniel Calcutta, and he has a host of relations who are dissenters—still, individually, he satisfies *me*, and would, I am bold to say, satisfy *you*. He would not accept the living of Islington, because of his dissenting kinsmen in the vicinity. I took an early opportunity to flare up on the Sacraments,—and resolved, if they could stand that sermon, to go on letting the truth come out in its several aspects in my sermons, as occasion might serve, without ever going out of my way to bring it forward; we get on capitally.

“This Cure forms a singular contrast to Ilsley. There, I arrived in an empty house, and at once set off, full trot, after the villagers. Sunday was all fog; everything was on my (happy) shoulders. Here I am one of a large cheerful family; the organ and piano fill up leisure moments—and I ignore the handful (they *are* but a handful) of villagers. I do as I am wished, of course.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“5 Burton Crescent, April 30, 1851.

“My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

“Ever since Christmas, you know, I have been officiating on Sundays at Worton, in Oxfordshire, a village belonging to the Wilsons, with whom I lived—and from whom I experienced a world of kindness. They used to rail at Tractarianism, but they were good enough to agree with *me*, so I never *defended* what I *did not understand*—and the result was sixteen very happy Sundays. Of course I brought away a heap of regrets. I remember many opportunities very imperfectly availed of—a hundred things said and done which require forgiveness. Still, they are kind enough to speak approvingly of every thing, so I must be content to turn the past into a warning to myself. What I desired there was more

work. My duties began on Sunday morning, and ended on Sunday evening—consisting, generally, of two full services, and a kind of family service in the hall. This last seemed to give great satisfaction. Some neighbours and the servants formed the congregation, which generally numbered about thirty. There is an organ in the hall, and one of the ladies played. Some of us had ears, and all had voices. The Hymn ended, we read some Psalms. Then I read and expounded the Gospel for the day—which lasted half an hour—after which we had a selection of Prayers from the Prayer Book, and another Hymn. This was all nice enough, but I like more *work*. I knew no one in the parish, and the carriage which had conducted me to the scene of my duties on Saturday night, conveyed me thence on Monday morning.

“You will not be surprised to hear that my heart leaped to my mouth with joy, when I heard of a Confirmation coming on at Ilsley—my first Curacy! and conceived the plan of preparing the young people, all of whom I knew and loved, for the blessed rite. The Rector was away all the week, so I petitioned for leave to have the use of the Schoolroom on Thursday evenings. This was freely granted. I received *carte blanche* to act for the best, and was promised a bed at the Rectory to lay my bones on at night. Oh, I *cannot* tell you how blessed a period *that* was to me! . . . Out of my thirty-one young folk, twenty-eight were confirmed on the 24th of March. I gave them *rendezvous* for the following Thursday, and explained that I should proceed from the Confirmation to the Communion Service. They were all most attentive, and regular, and delightful—poor creatures! I used to talk to them from seven o’clock till nine, and then see some of them, one by one, at the Rectory, in private. Nothing could have worked better. I will also tell you some day what I said to them. I am sure you will agree with me that I exactly went between the two extremes of asking an improper question, and asking *none*. I thought of a formula, which should leave the conscience ALL ALONE with GOD, and yet should render it quite impossible that the conscience should leave me, as it per-

haps came to me, unawakened. All this was done, you must know, in the certainty that Mr. Moore, not I, was to have the joy on Easter Day of giving them their first Communion. Judge of my delight on being told, at Worton, ten days before Easter:—‘My dear Mr. Burgon,—Frank is coming back; and will be with us on Easter Day, so that our pleasant Sunday meetings are now at an end! . . .’ I saw the dawn of the joy I had so longed for, at once. I had already offered Mr. Moore (at Ilsley) to take his Good Friday services for him. It was my lot, on the Monday, to have to take young Tytler—whose guardian I am,—to Windsor. So I called on Mr. Moore, and with a beating heart told him that I was free from my duties at Worton. ‘Then perhaps you would *stay over the Sunday?*’ was his immediate reply. I could ill suppress my delight, as you may suppose . . . How I did seem repaid in that instant for all my anxieties, and the long walks on Friday mornings over the bleak Berkshire Downs, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 o’clock in all weathers, when sometimes I was haunted with strange misgivings as to whether I was not meddling with another man’s parish unduly,—doing no good—and much, much besides! Well, Good Friday came,—and in two long sermons, I humbly hope, besides buoying up and encouraging my twenty-eight, I demolished all the excuses I had ever heard against coming to the Holy Table (especially the popular one at Ilsley;—‘There are some that come, who ought not,’ &c.). I announced a double Sacrament (one at eight, the other after the morning service), and explained that all who wished to come would now be without excuse . . . Well, thank God!!! I found twenty-eight happy country faces awaiting me when I made my appearance, fifteen of whom were of the number of those who had been confirmed. I ranged these fifteen before the rails, and bade them watch all that was done,—taking care that they should stand, kneel, and respond properly. In fact, I was Bishop, Ordinary, Rector, and all,—and literally shed tears for joy . . .

“At 11, twenty-three more came . . . Do you think that twenty-two out of twenty-eight newly-confirmed

persons was a sufficient proportion for the first Communion? I mean to have *all* before I have done. One poor woman, aged 20, was confined—*this* kept her away. A child of 14 cried to come; but a naughty grandmother kept her away at the last moment, so that *four* was really the sum of those who absented themselves. I *longed* for them all, and they all *knew* it; but I forced *none* to come, of course. In the afternoon, I *felt* that I was preaching my farewell sermon: so without any personalities I gave all the poor creatures a *charge* against falling away from grace given; by preaching about the ejected Demoniac⁹: and I really was very weary by that time, for I had had four christenings, a burial, and so on. Next morning, I wound all up by a breakfast to ninety-seven children, visited for three or four hours, and returned to Oxford I cannot tell you how much joy mingled with my regret at leaving the village! Not least of all was I pleased, I think, with the cheerful promise they almost all gave me to use a form of family evening prayer after supper. I enclose you a specimen. But you cannot think how nice it looks pasted down on cardboard Tell me also if you do not approve of my other enclosure, which I got Mr. Moore to sign, and had pasted inside the cover of twenty-two Bibles.

“And now my story is nearly done. When I add that I wrote *seven sermons* in Passion Week, besides the physical occupation I have described, you will not wonder that I felt weary as well as busy. On my return from Ilsley, I felt the pressure of my University Sermon very keenly;—but there was our Oriel Fellowship coming on, as well. These two things, in short—and such effects of past fatigue, that I fell asleep on my chair every evening, and slept till one or two in the morning—entirely filled up all my time; and *that* is why you never heard from me I literally COULD not write.

“The University Sermon I speak of was my first. It was on ‘Inspiration of Scripture—The Doctrine of

⁹ Probably he means the ejected text having been St. Matt. xii. 33. demon (or “unclean spirit”), his 34, 35.

Accommodation considered¹. I mean to continue the subject—as I took the liberty of announcing—if ever I have an opportunity afforded me, by discussing the discrepancies of the four Gospels, types, and allegories. Enough, however, of all this selfish talk. Though, by the way, I must still tell you many things about myself. I hope you are not yet tired?

“Well, and now you ask me many questions, to which I am bound to send you a full and free answer. But pray suffer me, after I have turned my private story inside out before you,—as freely as I would my coat,—suffer me to add a brief, but most honest prayer that you will not suffer your friendship ever to beguile you into such a miserable thing as asking a favour for one who will never ask a favour for himself. Your questions point so clearly one way, that it would be mere hypocrisy to pretend not to see their drift. I will answer them, however, without hesitation; for you deserve it at my hands. You will not believe me the less sincere in the hearty assurance that I am *perfectly content* with the bounties God has already heaped upon me. You will believe me when I say that I envy no person, office, or thing; and desire nothing but liberty to serve God, as a humble member of *this* branch of the Church Catholic, all the rest of my life, in the way *He* pleases. And now to answer your question.

“If I were an isolated being, I should have long since invested all my little worldly resources in a library, and transferred it and its owner to the most demoralized spot I could find, where, with a common Curate’s stipend, I might simply have tried what I could make of the despaired-of side of human nature. My mornings I *will* give all my days to study, my afternoons to parish work, if parish work is ever allowed me. But I am *not* the isolated thing I spoke of;

¹ This Sermon was probably the nucleus of his whole Volume on ‘*Inspiration and Interpretation*,’ in which he answers the Seven

Essayists. The Sixth Sermon in that Volume is entitled, “The Doctrine of Arbitrary Scriptural Accommodation considered.”



and thus all my views are other than they would have been.

"Whether I could do *most* good in town or country, I cannot tell. I believe I could be happy and useful in either sphere. The only place where I could *not* be happy would be where there was nothing to do. You will laugh at me,—perhaps pity me; but I would rather have 70,000 than 70 to look after. (The other day, one who knows me said he thought the care of 'all the parishes in England' would 'just suit' (!!!) my taste.) How many years I should live, and be able to endure the anxiety of such shepherding, I know not. Neither, however, do I care: for I mean to remain single. I do not think I should, or ought to, refuse a London parish, if it were offered me.

"I suppose one cannot WISH for the post of those, who go to fill the place of one who has been beloved and regretted:—whose business it is to unteach, whose duty it is to pull down and re-construct. To be exposed to constant odious contrast; to be for ever taunted with 'what Mr. Bennett used to do'; and in self-defence, to be obliged to say, 'But, my friend, I think Mr. B. was a very injudicious person, one who showed a shameful disregard of Episcopal authority, and one with whom I do by no means agree,'—all this, I say, must be a heavy portion. One cannot *wish* for it! *can* one?

"But show me a church, in a crowded district, an unlicked, shapeless mass of people, an income which would secure me against *debt* (for I never have laid by—nor do I desire to lay by—a *penny*), above all, let me be called to this by the voice of the Chief Shepherd; and then, if you ever saw me figuring in the papers with a cock and bull quarrel about candlesticks or crosses, or any such tomfoolery, tell me that I have taken leave of my senses. For really, I should feel that I had no right to decline such a charge. I am a sword in a sheath. I will not draw myself. But any one who likes to draw me may; and he will find that I can cut, and keep my temper. At least, I hope for God's help to be all my fancy paints, but alas! my experience so rarely sees!

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“Burton Crescent, Dec. 23, 1851.

“My dearest Mrs. Rose,—Since I wrote to you last, I have been leading the same quiet student's life as ever,—considerably tasked by my friends, in divers ways; and therefore I am willing to hope that I have been living usefully. My Saturdays, Sundays, Mondays are engrossed by the care of a little parish—Finmere—on the borders of Oxfordshire, four miles from Buckingham. My Rector, the Rev. W. J. Palmer, has two adjoining churches—Finmere and Mixbury—at the latter of which he resides.

“Mr. Palmer is a clergyman of the George Herbert class. He is *absolute monarch* of his parishes, and exercises the functions of Lawyer and Physician, as well as Parson. He is the father and friend of all. His daughters work the schools, and indeed the parishes, like Curates. Everything is very primitive. We preach in the morning, wearing our surplice, and catechize in the afternoon for twenty minutes. The children stand ten or twenty yards off, so that all present hear, and, it is hoped, are edified. The boys in school all wear white smocks: the greatest girls pinafores. They are all kept in such complete subjection that till sixteen, seventeen or eighteen they remain in school—and at that age the boys literally come to be examined (as to their heads) by a wise woman of the village, weekly! . . . I am learning, as much as I am teaching, at Finmere.

“When I enter, the bell stops, and all the congregation rise. Friday, the clerk, robes me, and when I kneel, they all resume their seats. The responses are literally deafening, and the people for once really *do* say their prayers on their knees.

“Not that things are perfect, even at Finmere. The farmers do not come to church! The Duke of Buckingham's ‘failure’ (as the people phrase it) is also severely felt by the poor. Stowe is about a mile or two off—now a deserted wreck: but once the source of much charity, and the cause of employment to a large part of

the parish. . . . I believe I shall remain at Finmere till June I am working away steadily at my Harmony, but slowly. However, I must not omit to tell you that there has grown out of it another work—a *Plain Commentary* on the Gospels. As it appears, you will receive it from me, a few Chapters at a time. It will cost me immense trouble. I humbly hope that it will also be of immense use . . . Seriously, it has long grieved me to think that our farmers, small tradesmen, and better class of poor, should be *without a guide* in the reading of the Book of Life. It has seemed to me a downright disgrace to the Church that this class of persons should be *driven* to Dr. Isaac Watts, Scott, and those sad blind guides, who show truth through a distorting medium. This is a humble endeavour, as far as the Gospels are concerned, to supply a wholesome diet. The Chapters will at first form single tracts. Mr. Armstrong, to whom I sent down a specimen, intends for the sake of them to *continue* the Parochial Tracts. In this way one will be able to give a poor soul a *Chapter* to read, instead of anything else: and I scarcely can conceive a more useful form of Tractarianism.—Here also I am sure of your approbation. The entire work may of course be reprinted afterwards.

“Ever, dearest Mrs. Rose,

“Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

“J. W. B.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“5 Burton Crescent, July 8, 1852.

“My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

“I have been, as I said, very busy for ages past: and my parish (little Finmere, nigh Buckingham) has been the chief occasion of my *busyness*. The work of a parish priest—that is, his week’s work compressed into four days, or three—is always a severe trial: particularly when an Oxford life is going on side by side with it.

“The event in my stewardship (which ended last

Sunday), most agreeable and striking in remembrance, is the Confirmation which was holden at Mixbury, Mr. Palmer's other village, about two miles from Finmere, in the spring. I had thirty-nine persons to prepare, of which thirty-six were villagers; and I cannot tell you the comfort and the pleasure of those Lenten days of preparation. I went to live at Finmere, in order to work the problem the better, and had four classes, and explained, urged, exhorted, and rebuked till many a time I was quite worn out. However, the labour was blessed by Him ('without whom nothing is strong, nothing holy') abundantly. All my thirty-six came to the LORD'S Table on Easter Day, and a thrice happy Easter it was; for I scarcely dared hope to see some of those stubborn knees bended of their own free will.

"How I wish you could have seen us muster under the 'Cross Tree' one fine morning in March, and proceed two and two along the whole length of the village. I gathered a few of the eldest men about me (to save any sense of shame by the presence of so many juniors); and a little behind us followed the women and girls. Not a word was spoken; and it was impossible not to feel the *reality* of the impression made both on ourselves and on others, as every household came out of their homes, and stood at the cottage doors to see us pass. I made as many parents and sponsors accompany us as was possible; and on the whole nothing could have been more delightfully managed, or more successful. The Bishop praised us, and spoke kindly to me; and all were pleased. My Rector's pat on the back went to my heart. He was ill in bed; but the Bishop went to see him, and he *sent* me a message.

"I must tell you a plan I adopted, for I think it was a good one. I numbered the tickets and the names, and against every name worthy of such notice, I set a character, in three words or less. The Bishop was pleased, for he was able to know *what to say*: and he told me afterwards that he *knew* the people, almost before he verified their numbers.

"Next came the preparation of my Candidates for

Holy Communion. During Passion-week I had three Services daily and two sermons: but the delight exceeded the weariness. And really the amount of innocence and goodness, to which my assiduity introduced me, has increased to an immense extent my regard for that human nature which we hear so much reviled;—has made me revere the holy estate of poverty;—has taught me a hundred lessons.

Enclosed, I send you a copy of verses which I presented first, to all my Confirmees, and next, to all the village. The broadside was meant to be pasted against the cottage wall.

“On Sunday last I officiated at Finmere for the last time, and took leave on the Monday morning. It was sufficiently affecting. The poor little dears all came out from the village school to see me drive off, and formed (to my surprise and pleasure, when the gates were unfolded) a long line, reaching far into the road. The sight quite unmanned me, and haunts me still. They are certainly a most affectionate, amiable race; and present specimens of virtue and goodness—common enough, I dare say; but which *I* have never been so happy as to meet with elsewhere.—It *must*, in part at least, be the result of fifty years of careful shepherding on the part of the venerable Rector, a man of primitive piety, and surprising goodness. To tell you all the village polity of Finmere would take a long letter, or rather a long pamphlet: and without the details, the story would be worth little. Some day, I hope I may have the comfort of talking to you about it. Better still would it be (if it should ever so please God), that I might hereafter show you *my own copy* of Finmere in a parish of my own: for I am not *blind*, though I am so fond of the place and people; and see clearly how all might be abundantly improved. Yet it would be hard to find its like; and indeed, I doubt whether there be another village so managed in England. And thus much for Finmere; or rather, thus little.

“Finmere—‘What Finmere again?’—No, I was

only going to say that my village claimed me, in consequence of the very alarming illness of a poor woman, all Commemoration week : so that I saw nothing of the Bishops—American, English, or Scotch,—who mustered so thick in the haunts where I generally abide. The Bishop of Oxford kindly invited me to Cuddesdon to meet them all, the Bishop of London included ; but I was so distressed at what was going on *chez moi*, that I could not find it in my heart to go, after I had promised :—which I was sorry for afterwards. By the way, I must tell you a *bon mot* of the Bishop of Exeter. A friend of mine was keeping the Ladies' gate at the Theatre ; when Harry of E. comes up, foxy and humble, and says : 'I suppose, *as an old woman*, I may be permitted ?' . . . Rather rich—eh ?

"And talking of Oxford, I must tell you that I run down on Saturday, to vote for Gladstone and return. His election is certain ; but we want a large majority."

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

"Houghton Conquest, Sept. 15, 1852, Midnight.

"My dearest Mrs. Rose,—It will be the 17th by the time this reaches your hands ; and I would not have so mournful an anniversary to pass without sending you a few lines. They will but assure you of what you know already ; namely, that I think of you very faithfully every day. Still, even such things are worth telling !

"How the years roll on ! She is seventeen years and nine months old ! Or does not the dear child² rather reckon the years of her life from the anniversary of her Death ? . . . Either way, depend upon it, dear Friend, these anniversaries are by her most solemnly observed,—most faithfully remembered. *Your* love and kindness must be her constant theme. Your loneliness her constant thought. *You* the subject of her constant prayer.

"Pray, when you read the Epistles (indeed the Gospels themselves ; for *they* also are full of it),—pray notice how

² The "dear child" is Josephine adopted child, and her brother's Mair, Mrs. Hugh James Rose's orphan daughter.

much is said of *Patience* and *Hope*. Few persons, I think, would believe, until their attention happened to be called that way, how large a place these two graces hold. I was struck only last night, in the second Lesson (Rom. xv.), at the mention in verse 5 of GOD, as the *God of Patience*, and in verse 13, as the *God of Hope*. What wonder that such an One should, in verse 33, be styled the *God of PEACE* likewise?

“This is only to send you my love, and to request that I may be ever remembered as my dearest Mrs. Rose’s

“Obliged and affectionate friend,

“J. W. B.”

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

“Houghton Conquest, Amptill, Oct. 4, 1852.

“My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

“Ask not for my history;—for the Knife-Grinder was a hero compared to your friend. If you were a bird of the air, having access to my window, you would begin by this time to cherish a theory that birdlime had secured me to my chair; and that there was the same chance of the parish Church taking a walk as of *my* making an excursion. Most assiduously, indeed, have I kept my seat, or been at my place—in the House (as an M.P. would say). But a busy M.P. would think as contemptuously of me as the feathered biped itself could do, if he had detected that a few familiar pages had supplied me with work these many days. In truth all I have done has been to write about as much Commentary as would, I suppose, fill a small volume of 400 or 500 pages. My dear Mrs. Rose, being neither a bird of the air, nor an M.P., will neither wonder at me, I know, nor despise: but she will admit that the man who can plead guilty to a Long Vacation so spent, is a man without a history.

“The more I study the Gospels, the more their depth amazes me. A curious illustration of this occurred the other day. On Saturday evenings I begin my Sermon:

an over-refinement of taste, I fear it is, which prevents me from pouring my heart and mind out on paper in anything like a decent space of time, unless I feel *the spur* actually pricking. The certainty, at 6 o'clock, that unless I begin in an hour, it will be midnight before I finish, secures a beginning by 8 o'clock. Accordingly, when it was near upon that hour, I transcribed the Parable of the Hid Treasure. (I had come down to it, in regular order, in my last four or five Sermons.) For a few moments I hesitated as to the desirableness of adding the Parable of the Pearl, and contrasting the two Parables together. But I wisely abstained. Tell it not in Gath: but the clock *struck* 2 when I laid down my pen;—and I had not yet finished. The last four pages of the Sermon opened upon me quite a new thought, for the first time, as I wrote;—at least it struck me as a kind of novelty. The fulness of that short Parable so marvelously presented itself to my mind, as I went on, that I crept to bed literally with a feeling of amazement.

“And if the microscope applied to God’s *Works* reveals more and more of wonder, shall it be thought strange that a higher power of attention directed to His *Word* shall also elicit more and more things to marvel at?

“Another undertaking which, as you may suppose, has occupied no small share of my attention and time (and of Rose’s also), has been our *Large Prints*, of which Part I will be published in about ten days,—and a copy, of course, will wait on yourself. It may seem strange, but (as the publisher himself admitted the other day), *volumes of letters* have been written by me on this subject. *Every print* has been the subject of correspondence with publisher, artist, engraver, printer. It has really seemed *endless*. However, twelve prints are now ready; and the remaining twenty-four will be issued *before Xmas*. We have *then* two new schemes—two more devices in the *same* line, ready to set afloat. I am determined to follow up a thing I am so fond of—a thing which I know to be so useful, and so much wanted; a thing, too, where I *see* a mighty field open,—and ourselves without a rival!

“A Roman Catholic publisher offered to take 300 copies,

if Hering would leave out the texts! (I suppose to slip in the Douay Version instead of our own.) You may easily guess the answer he got. Masters the other day proposed to 'go snacks' (if you know the meaning of the phrase). He also got repulsed, and with considerable slaughter.

"The association of thought is obvious³. How great an event has happened within these few days! The Duke! I hardly know whether to be glad or sorry that I am away from Oxford. I rejoice in Lord Derby as a man who *cannot* be fond of the Blue Book⁴; but I feel no enthusiasm on his behalf. I am content to see him appointed, and to be spared the labour of taking a side.

"I must tell you—since I tell you all my little secrets—that I have been invited to stand next year (when it will

³ The mention of "repulsing with great slaughter" gives rise to the thought of the great Captain and Warrior of the Age, the Day of whose Funeral Burgon celebrates in his little Volume of Poems.

⁴ "Sep. 14, 1852. Oxford lost her noble Chancellor, England her noblest son, Arthur Duke of Wellington. As soon as the shock occasioned by his loss was past, Alma Mater, as in duty bound, began to look round for an 'Almus Pater,' in his place. Lord Harrowby and Lord Ellesmere (good men, and highly respected, but 'not quite equal to the place') were only named to be put aside. That the Bishop of Exeter should have been for a moment thought of was only a proof of (not hero-worship, but) Bishop-worship in a few ultra-Tractarians. Lord Derby, once named, was at once our future Chancellor: every one retiring before him as 'the right man in the right place.' On the 12th of Octo-

ber he was unanimously elected Chancellor, in the usual form of elections in Convocation." [G. V. Cox's '*Recollections of Oxford*,' p. 386, 2nd Ed.]

"The Blue Book," of which Burgon thinks that Lord Derby "cannot be fond," is "the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners, appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford," which had appeared in the previous May. It was a *pièce de résistance* for any one, that "bulky Blue Book of 800 pages." Mr. Cox tells a touching story (on the authority of the Duke's housekeeper) of his being engaged on it the night before his death. "He was then, I think, going to bed, and it was late. He had with him the Oxford Blue Book, with a pencil in it; and he said to Lord Charles Wellesley, who was with him, 'I shall never get through it, Charles, but I must work on.'" [Footnote on p. 386.]

perhaps become vacant) for the Gresham Readership in Divinity. It would be a nice thing to get. I have been *filling* myself for some years now. It is time I think to come *out* with something.

"Dear me! and how that word 'out' reminds me of one omission! for it reminds me of my Harmony, and of your request to be informed of one which you might use!

"I recommend to your use a little thing, price 6d. I think, printed by Parker of Oxford. It occurs at the end of a little half-crown book, called '*Daily steps towards Heaven*,' but may be bought separately. (The Book itself is not bad to give to a humble friend, or even to read oneself, if one were a little more 'poor in spirit' than (alas!) I am.) . . . It will give you all you will want in a small space, and is of such a compass that you can supply others with it, in case of need.

"But *no* Harmony extant is worth much; and *none* can be *depended* on. Still, *something* is better than nothing; and if you are ever in doubt, write to me, and I will give you the best answer I know how to give, by return of post.

"Remember that the Sermon in St. Matthew v., vi., vii., and that in St. Luke vi. are the same. The events in St. Matthew iv. 18, St. Mark i. 16, and St. Luke v. 1-11 are identical. This is certain⁵. How the little Harmony I recommend represents the matter, I know not.

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"Ever my dearest Mrs. Rose,

"Your obliged and affectionate faithful friend,

"J. W. B."

⁵ The reader will recognise here one of J. W. B.'s foibles, connected with the intensity of his character,—the habit of speaking of points on which he himself had made up his

mind, but on which others, equally qualified to speak, differed from him, as absolutely indubitable and incontrovertible.

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

"Oriel, April 21, 1853.

"My dearest Mrs. Rose,—

"Finnere still takes up a great deal of my time, and has, till lately, occupied a huge share of my thoughts; for my Rector has been reported as dying, and I have been looking for an immediate termination of my duties. . . . Only this day, he is thought to be actually mending! So bad was he that his sons withdrew from Oxford to be with him and the family. . . . This looked serious, and *was* serious. Thank God he is better! for verily the welfare of many hundreds—widows, and sick persons, and young children—depends on his frail life. . . . I know they prayed for it. I know too that it was against his will. He asked me not to pray for anything but that his faith should not fail in the hour of Death. Who shall say that this amendment is not in answer to a strong prayer?

"Believe me ever, my dearest Mrs. Rose, with many thanks for your kind note,

"Ever your affectionate,

"J. W. B."

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

"Osnaburgh Street, Jan. 8, 1849.

"My dear Hensley,—dear affectionate old Hensley,—I was very happily ordained on the 24th—the solemnest thing I ever experienced. I *felt* the blessing of many prayers in my inmost spirit; and many I know were poured out for me before the day and upon it. The examination at Cuddesdon was most apostolically conducted. Every thing was quite perfect. The Bishop kindly made me read the Gospel in the Cathedral.

"We are both too fond of the Gospel to differ much, but we differ a little—and you must come round three-fourths of that little—while I, on my side, will cheerfully

budge the remaining one-fourth. . . . You know my dislike to Romanism : but we must be very careful how we teach our people the *principles of dissent*, while we think of nothing less, but desire simply to acquaint them with the freedom of the Gospel.

"Nothing is more certain than that we are born in Sin ; nothing more certain than that Baptism is a new Birth ; nothing more certain than that Conversion is still often needed. We have no life except through CHRIST, and in Him. We get this life by the Sacraments. The one grafts us into His Body ; the other makes us actual partakers of it. By thus *becoming partakers of the Manhood of CHRIST*, we hope for resurrection. 'The Church, which is His Body,' is the dispenser, the channel, of His graces. . . . He who fails to teach the people committed to his charge this doctrine, keeps back the truth from them, and has no consistent scheme of Salvation. . . . The talking to a set of poor wondering people about 'CHRIST, and Him crucified,' is all well : but it is not enough. . . . They must be told how they are to become partakers of Him, and must be *urged* to partake. They want to be shown their interest in this precious SAVIOUR, which does not consist in *talking* about His Cross, but in *wearing* it in their hearts.

"Now, dear Alfred, don't be angry with all this ; but let me know *where you stick*, and I will help you over the stile, if I can.

"Do not think me growing polemic. I like it less and less daily. *You*, I like more and more. . . . My kind regards to Mrs. Hensley.

"Affectionately yours,

"J. W. B."

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

"34, Osnaburgh Street, April 6, 1850.

"My very dear Hensley,—

"I hope your blood has been boiling about the Gorham Case. Be sure and read the Bishop of Exeter's letter. Take care and hold fast the Doctrine of the Catechism

and Prayer Book generally. It is the very foundation of true religion. How strange it is to see men mystifying themselves about the meaning of the word *regenerate*. Just as if it meant *made indefectibly holy*!!!

“Ever, dear Hensley, your affectionate friend,

“J. W. B.”

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

“Finmere, June 24, 1852.

“Dear affectionate Heart,—Many thanks for your letter, which contains the assurance of your kind remembrance, and therefore contains the most precious thing you can send me. You are very kind to write me a few lines so often, and to persevere in loving one who sends you so few tokens of his regard.

“However, if I write seldom, remember that it is because I am very busy, not because I am very changed. I think often of your kindness, and I like to think of it, and of you. We had many happy days together at dear old Worcester: and the memory of them cannot happily be ever taken away from either of us.

“I—who have no wife, nor am likely to—rather cling to the past, than reach out to the future. You are blessed in a life for which you are very fit; and may well have forward-looking thoughts.

“I am sorry to see that we shall be on opposite sides at the Election. I am *not* for Maynooth, Jews, or Romish Ecclesiastical Titles, but I *am* for *Gladstone*.

“Affectionately yours, dear old man,

“J. W. B.”

TO THE REVEREND G. C. RENOUD.

“Oriël, Dec. 7, 1849.

“My dear Friend,—

“This day has been an eventful one for Oxford. Whether I am right in adopting that saying of the old Greek, “Ἦδε ἡ ἡμέρα τοῖς Ἑλλήσι μεγάλων κακῶν ἀρξεί, or not, remains to be seen. I can but fear the worst. A majority of fourteen in Convocation voted in favour of the estab-

lishment of a fourth school—namely, *Modern History*. We did indeed by a large majority reject the *details* of this novelty: but the *principle* has been admitted⁶;—yielded to the pressure from without,—and I can but think it a most dangerous step. Denison spoke well; and his ‘*nolumus Germanizari*’ elicited a very hearty cheer: we all flatter ourselves also that we are in most Conservative trim: but, rightly or wrongly, we have fallen into the weakness of yielding to the spirit of the age.

“Ever your obliged and most affectionate,

“JOHNNY.”

TO THE REVEREND G. C. RENOARD.

“Oriël, Feb. 8, 1851.

“My dearest Friend,—

“I have sometimes thought I would make a collection of curious Epitaphs. It should be a *selection* rather. At times one meets with things that extremely charm one, and surely such ‘composures’ (as our forefathers would say) fall under a very affecting category! The tuneful sigh over the dead!—Even if the thought be false, and the diction incorrect, it is always an interesting matter that it should be what the living have written over the dead! Even if the epitaph begin, as one I often see—

‘Near this monument of human Inst’ ability.’

there is a peculiar interest in the human fact that someone was so foolish as to write such nonsense, when his heart was full of grief Tell me some day if you

⁶ Mr. C. V. Cox, in his ‘*Recollections of Oxford*’ [Macmillan, 1870], says of the occasion referred to [p. 367]: “Dec. 7. The new Examination Statute was again put to the vote. Its main features were approved and carried, but, as four or five of the clauses were rejected, it again came out of Convocation in a mangled and damaged state. *The institution of a Modern History*

School was affirmed, but the details were left for reconsideration.”—The speeches in Convocation were always at that time in Latin; and the celebrated *dictum* of Archdeacon Denison which Burgon here refers to was, “*Nolumus Universitates Angliæ Germanizari*,”—“We will not that the Universities of England should be *Germanized*.”

ever kept any register of the kind An absurd line occurs to me,—the last, I think, in the Epitaph on a Lady Mary Saltonstall (or some such name) in Ivor Church, Bucks,—

‘She broke the bank of virtue when she died.’

But to come back a little from this digression. My Oxford life is an unvaried round of quiet study, broken by pupils considerably, I confess; but the taking of *them*, I hold to be a duty under the circumstances. All the leisure I can command, however,—and in *Vacations* my leisure is considerable,—I devote to my ‘*Harmony of the Gospels*,’ which promises to be my *Opus Magnum* The *Harmony* itself has been long since achieved, but the Notes and Dissertations have grown under my hand till I almost tremble. It is an alarming fact to have convinced oneself of, that the majority of writers on the Gospels have left many omissions to be supplied, many mistakes to be rectified, by *me*. That some little Rose will hereafter wonder at the omissions and mistakes of ‘Uncle John,’ is more than likely;—but *that* matters not. It is something to have advanced the study of the most precious thing in the whole world (which I take the Gospels to be); and *that* I humbly hope I may be the unworthy instrument of doing.—One inquiry leads to another; and there is scarcely a section of importance in the Gospels which does not involve the necessity of traversing new fields of knowledge. Thus—to instance the question of the Passover only,—I have been led to investigate more topics than most persons would believe. *Some* knowledge of the Talmud; *some* familiarity with different texts; *some* appreciation of the respective merits of Translations; *some* knowledge of Jewish Antiquities; *some* acquaintance with the opinions of the Fathers; *some* kind of review of the controversy; *some* slight astronomical information,—these and the like of these inquiries I am continually obliged to undertake. It is marvellous what a *thorough* knowledge and how much incidental information is got, when one has to study in this way for oneself, unaided.—To be brief, I trust I shall be ready by Xmas, 1851.

"I have also compiled a little Glossary of the County of Beds⁷. Poor Tritton, Earle (Anglo-Saxon Professor), and I used to meet weekly to discuss it. Since his derangement, another of our fellows supplies his place; and we three form a kind of Philological Club⁸, meeting

⁷ Some excerpts from this Glossary will be presented in Appendix B.

⁸ The following verses, found among J. W. B.'s papers, but not in his handwriting, must, it is thought, refer to this Club at a subsequent period of its existence, four members—not three—being mentioned in the verses.

"Many-sided are their feasts,
Poets, critics, linguists, priests,—
Fish, and flesh, and fatted bird,
Relished by some piquant word.
Eatin', talkin',—talkin', eatin',—
Burgon, Earle, and Jones, and
Chretien

For one prey the country scour,
While another they devour;
Though the bush be yet un-
scanned,

Sprinkle salt on bird in hand;
Or, when satiate and replete
With tea, and toast, and eggs,
and meat,

Plunge into the brakes of eld
Fullcry, where the leadersmelled.
Jones, and Earle, and Chretien
urge on

Bounds of Asiatic Burgon;
Burgon, Jones, and Chretien curl
In and out round Saxon Earle;
Chretien, Burgon, Earle give
tones

Discrepant from Celtic Jones;
Jones, and Earle, and Burgon
meetin'

Snuff the track of Frankish Chre-
tien;

'View him—twig him—bite him
—seize him—

At him—catch him—hold him—
tease him !'

By sharp encounter of their wits
Quarry caught is torn to bits,
Minced, mauled, dissected, an-
alysed,

And catawampously concised;
Or, if their effort fails to nab it,
(As when, to earth sly Reynard
running,

The pack canine pursues a rabbit,)
Glossarial hunt subsides to pun-
ning."

In Burgon's Journal of Nov. 1852, we find this entry: "24 Wed. Glossarial Breakfast at Jones's." And in the Journal of the following month; "Dec 1, Wed. Glossarial Breakfast with C. P. C." The above verses (on which is written in pencil, Stowe, Dec. 1852 ?) doubtless refer to these breakfasts. The description of the Club, which he gives to Mr. Renouard early in the preceding year, was probably shortly after its formation. The original members had been three, but in course of time became four.

Professor Earle writes thus of the Philological Club in question; "It was the most informal thing in the world; but it went on for a long time, I think several years. Perhaps from 1849 or 1850 to 1855 or -6. It always consisted of four members,

at breakfast in one another's rooms to discuss etymologies and the like. How I wish you were one of us! It is really very amusing. I think I have been a benefactor to the Club, by enacting that each of us must always come furnished with a *fact* (for the Glossary has long since been discussed all through). The result is that we really *do* something (besides eating a mutton chop) as often as we meet. You shall have our three last; and perhaps it may induce *you* to supply me with a fact, which shall duly be attributed to its author, next Thursday, when the breakfast is in my rooms.

"1 (Earle). That 'bridal' is a corruption of 'bride-ale' (i. e. a wedding feast).

Also, that 'near' is the comparative of nigh (= nigher): that 'nearer' is a solecism;—at least, is a double comparative⁹.

and the original four were Burgon, Chretien, myself, and I think Poste. It must have been when Poste went off to London that Basil Jones took his place. It was the duty of every member to bring one *Philological Fact* with him, and to entertain (i. e. give breakfast) in his turn. The four facts supplied material of conversation, which seldom fell short, but certainly did sometimes fall, as the satirist says, into punning. Burgon was very ready to seize the chance of a pun. . . . Burgon's philological skill was not great; but, what was of vastly more import to the hilarity of our most delightful meetings, *he had a relish for the subject such as I never saw exceeded in any man*. Once, *my fact* was the history of *bridal* (a fact at that time by no means generally known); and the point was that the second syllable is not a Latin adjectival ending, as it is in *nuptial*, but the vulgar English word *ale*. This he

refused to credit; and, whenever it was recurred to, it was ever the same, 'No, no! a joke's a joke; but we must draw the line somewhere.'"

Burgon's strong tendency to etymology, and the unsoundness of some of the etymologies which he himself proposed, have already come before the reader in some of his earlier letters to Mr. Renouard. The author's cordial thanks are due not only to Professor Earle for the letter just given, but also to the present Bishop of St. David's (the "Celtic Jones" of the verses) for having furnished him with his own reminiscences of the Club, and with suggestions as to how to obtain further information on the subject. The Bishop thinks that Mr. Poste was in all probability the author of the verses above.

⁹ Both these etymologies, proposed by Professor Earle, may be accepted without hesitation, if Skeat's '*Etymological Dictionary*'

"2 (Chretien). An attempt to show that '*bath*' in English, and '*bain*' in French, both come from a common root. However, it was deemed *not proven*.

"3 (J. W. B.) A very humble contribution, viz. That the village opposite Dorchester Church, just over the river, which flows past its east end, is called 'Overy,' and that there was once a little bridge connecting the banks. (Compare St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, and London Bridge.)

Also, that 'shrew' was used in the 14th or 15th century to denote one of the *male* sex.

"I beg my dear Mr. Renouard to believe me ever to be his much obliged and

"Most affectionate Friend and Servant,

"JOHN W. BURGON."

FROM THE REV. W. J. PALMER TO THE REV. J. W. BURGON.

Mixbury, June 8, 1852.

"My dear Sir,—

"I have been engaged of late, and still am, in looking over and reconsidering my Sermons which have been often delivered, but probably never will again. If I meet with any I may think you would like to see, I will put them aside. I will freely impart to you whatever my experience in the fifty years service of a small country parish may suggest, which, however, is not much more than a sense of my own deficiency, I assure you. But I know now what you are looking forward to, and would very gladly serve your purpose. You must again forgive me for saying that you must check that ardour of spirit, which prompts you to fancy what you desire to find, and leads you to exertion and expenditure, which must exhaust your strength and means. 'Our Minister,' say the poor people now, 'must be the *richest* man in the world'; in that *I* know they are mistaken. But they say also,

is to be considered, as it may safely be, as an authority which puts the etymologies sanctioned by it beyond the reach of controversy.

perhaps, 'He must be the best'; that they find it so I do not wonder. But I know there *you* feel they are mistaken. There are none at Finmere, I do assure you, who have not the most ample cause for saying, 'We have done those things we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things we ought to have done,' and still is there 'no health in us.' You will be able to keep going longer, if you go not quite so fast. I hope you will not be hurt, I hope you will not be displeased, I hope you will not be angry, when I tell you that the very maid-servant says of you, and she herself is not a slow one, 'his feet are on the other side the gate and his head in the study.'

"I am, my very dear Sir,

"Yours most truly and faithfully,

"W. J. PALMER."

FROM THE REV. W. J. PALMER TO THE REV. J. W.
BURGON.

"Finmere, July 23, 1853.

"My dear Mr. Burgon,—I have just laid my hand upon a Fable or Allegory of 'The two Caterpillars,' the author of which I don't know, but which I remember to have had from my Tutor, Mr. Jones of Nayland, about sixty years ago. I send you in this a copy of it¹, and request (if you think fit) that it may be made the subject of a Cottage Print, if any set is likely to be on hand which would admit of such an ingredient. I think some such clever designer as yourself or your brother-in-law, Rose, might easily adorn the margin of the letterpress with a

¹ The Fable is the Story of a Caterpillar, which was warned by another insect of the same species not to attempt to crawl to a neighbouring and more attractive leaf, but, in defiance of the warning, making the attempt, fell to the ground and was killed, and thus lost the chance of becoming a butterfly. Mr. Palmer's letter is

worth preserving, as, besides giving a glimpse into the devoutness of the writer's mind, it shows his appreciation of one of Burgon's strong points,—his readiness with his pencil, and powers of pictorial representation. Mr. Palmer was a model Rector, and Burgon always regarded him as such.

few vignettes of Caterpillars and Butterflies, in a way likely to catch the eye and please the fancies, and so perhaps indelibly fix upon the minds of some a realization as it were of the change we are taught to believe that we also shall undergo, and the care which is necessary on our part now, to preserve the hope of that blessed end alive upon the table of our minds.

“I am,

“Yours ever faithfully and truly,

“W. J. PALMER.”

CHAPTER II.

THE OXFORD LIFE: THIRD PERIOD.

From his leaving Fimmere (June 6, 1853) to the commencement of his tour in Egypt, the Arabian Desert, and Palestine (Sept. 10, 1861).

BURGON experienced a keen pang in parting from Fimmere, though his labours there, added to the work of having to prepare six Lectures on the Interpretation of Holy Scripture for delivery in Oriel Coll. Chapel [see above p. 175], "brought on" (as he tells Mrs. Hugh James Rose in a letter dated June 21, 1853) "erysipelas ^{A.D. 1853.} in the foot, swelled glands, headache, and a pack of _[*Bt.* 40.] horrors." "It was very sad parting from my Fimmere folks," he writes; "very touching also are the letters the dear little children continue to send me thence. But it is wholesome to be rooted up;—I know it and feel it; and I have left them in good hands, so that I have no regrets but selfish ones to ponder over." Earlier in the same letter he announces to his correspondent an impending event of the deepest domestic interest to him and his; "Dear Helen" (his youngest sister) "is going to be married to her and to our very old friend, C. L. Higgins, of Turvey Abbey, Beds. It is a source of real satisfaction to us all, as you may imagine . . . and it seems to be like a special blessing bestowed by Providence—I mean Almighty God—on myself." The nuptial knot was knit by his own ministry in the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Munster Square, Regent's Park, on the 26th of July, 1853.

His last letter to Mrs. Hugh James Rose (or more probably only the last which has been preserved ; for this lady did not die till the spring of 1855) is dated "Houghton Conquest, Sep. 16, 1853," the eve of the anniversary of Josephine Mair's death, when it seems to have been his custom to write Mrs. Rose a letter of consolation, under the painful associations which the season would naturally awaken in her. The substance of it will be found at the end of this section.

It will be seen from this letter that he was at this time busily engaged upon his '*Plain Commentary on the Holy Gospels, intended chiefly for Devotional Reading*,' to a certain Chapter of which (St. Matthew xxv) he calls Mrs. Rose's attention. The Advertisement at the beginning of this work is dated November 24, 1853 ; but it was not published till 1854. It was in the first instance put forth anonymously, Mr. Parker, the publisher, it appears, having recommended the suppression of his name ; but in the second edition, put forth ten years afterwards (in 1864), he claims the authorship. "It is thought," he says in the Advertisement, "that besides its use in the closet, such a Commentary as the present, especially if it be studied for a few minutes beforehand, might be made available for reading aloud in the family while in order to facilitate its distribution among a large and most important class of readers, but whose wants seem to have been hitherto very little considered, it has been so contrived that any single chapter may be procured in the shape of a separate Tract." The line taken in this most interesting Commentary, the principle which rules all its expositions, cannot be more fully and more tersely expressed than by the two mottoes on its title-page, the one from the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah (vi. 16), "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk

therein ; and ye shall find rest for your souls” ; the other from a prayer of Bishop Wilson’s, “ Grant, O LORD, that in reading Thy Word, I may never prefer my own sentiments before those of the Church in the purely ancient times of Christianity.” Hence the interpretation of any particular passage always travels in the old traditional track, nor will a trace be found of novel and ingenious methods of solving Scriptural difficulties. It would be useless, for example, to expect to find in it any vestige of that modern exposition of St. Matthew xxv, which regards the first two Parables (those of the Virgins and the Talents) as indicating the judgment of the Church, and the last (that of the Sheep and Goats) the judgment of the Gentiles or unevangelized “ nations,” who, never having had the Gospel proposed to their faith, are tried not by its requirements, but by their compliance or non-compliance with that law of love, which was written upon man’s heart in the beginning. Burgon finds in the last parable, as he says to Mrs. Rose, nothing more than “ the solemn Commentary of the SPIRIT on the two parables which precede.”—And again, one might be sure beforehand that not a vestige of the notion that “ he that is least in the kingdom of heaven ” in St. Matt. xi. 11, means “ he that *seems* least,—*is accounted by the men of his day least*,” and that Christ is really speaking of Himself as “ greater than the Baptist,”—would be found in the ‘ *Plain Commentary*.’ Yet, on the other hand, it cannot be said that a modern view as to the meaning of a difficult passage finds itself denied a hearing, if only there is any reason in it. Thus, while the writer holds it to be “ even monstrous ” to think that St. John the Baptist’s motive in sending two disciples to enquire, “ Art thou he that should come,” &c., was “ a *personal* sense of doubt,” and that “ at the end of more than a

year's imprisonment he had become perplexed and staggered," he at the same time admits it to be probable enough that, though the conviction of the Baptist's disciples was the *principal* object of the question which they were instructed to ask, he may also have desired for himself "the comfortable corroboration from the lips of CHRIST, of his own deep-rooted and well-grounded convictions respecting Messiah." It should be added that while the expositions of the '*Plain Commentary*' are chiefly drawn, either from the old Fathers, or from the work of standard Divines of the English Church, numberless little gems are introduced from writers of the day. Take the following upon St. Matt. x. 29, 30, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father," &c., &c. "It has been truly observed by a living writer, that 'not till belief in these declarations, in their most literal sense, becomes the calm and settled habit of the soul, is life ever redeemed from drudgery and dreary emptiness, and made full of interest, meaning, and Divine significance.'" The works of Mr. Isaac Williams more especially were to Burgon a mine of edification in which he loved to quarry.

From the Chapter to which he refers Mrs. Hugh James Rose, a single extract may be here presented to the reader as characteristic of Burgon's general style of exposition, and indicative of his profound conviction that the minutest particulars in Holy Scripture have their significance, that in the lively Oracles nothing is thrown out at random—no word, for which another might with equal propriety be substituted. The text commented on is, "And five of them were wise, and five *were* foolish."

"Take notice that *three out of four* suffer loss in the parable of 'the Sower': while here, *half* are rejected: in the

parable of 'the Talents,' it is *one in three*: in the parable of 'the Pounds,' it is *one in ten*: while, in the parable of 'the Marriage of the King's Son,' it is *one out of an infinite number*. The intention of this seems to have been to repress the inquiry, 'LORD, are there few that be saved?'"

This observation sounds like one of Mr. Isaac Williams's. But even supposing it to have been his originally, it is a remark which Burgon would cordially adopt,—altogether in keeping with his own line of exposition.

Before we quit the subject of this valuable Commentary, by which, whatever shortcomings may be found in it, it will hardly be denied that a considerable service² was done to English exegetical Theology (for the Commentary has throughout a characteristic idea and a guiding principle of its own, and makes accessible to English readers the leading expositions given by the early Fathers), it will be interesting to hear the criticisms of the Rector of Finmere upon the separated Chapters of it, which were submitted to him at an earlier date, before the whole work was published in its entirety. Thus he writes about it in a letter of June 8, 1852, from which excerpts on another subject have been already made:—

² The '*Plain Commentary*' is widely circulated in America, and has received many testimonies from American, as well as from English, readers. One of not the least striking is the following, which was mentioned in '*The Record*' newspaper of August 17, 1888, when describing the Funeral of the late Dean of Chichester:—

"One of the greatest admirers in America of the late Dean was Professor Nash, of Hobart College, Geneva, West New York, particularly because of his '*Plain Exposition of the Four Gospels*,'

and his son, Mr. F. P. Nash, came specially from America to represent his father at the Funeral."

This incident (a somewhat extraordinary one, if the time demanded for a voyage from New York to Oxford is taken into account) is given on the authority of '*The Record*,' the writer having had no opportunity of enquiring into the accuracy of the report. Possibly Mr. Nash may have left New York on the arrival by telegram of the report of Dean Burgon's *serious illness*, and *previously to his death*.

"The observations on the 5th of St. Matt. and the 15th of St. Luke seem to me very judicious; but you will allow me to say your undertaking is a bold one, and, I should fear, one with the execution of which you yourself are not likely to be satisfied in the end. Others have done the same thing;—I think Sumner's (the present Abp.) is the last. There are doubtless many things in all parts of the Gospels, of which we obtain the understanding but by degrees. They are as it were the principles of our spiritual life; and he that comments on a book of principles should feel sure that he understands them thoroughly. I do not understand the *Notes* to which you frequently refer, or where to find them. Some seem to mean the observations passed by yourself on other verses of the Chapter in hand, that seem to have a similar meaning, or look the same way. The title-page infers that much authority is attached to primitive notes and commentaries of the Fathers; and I do not doubt that some—perhaps most—of your observations on difficult and doubtful or allusive passages, are borrowed from that source. You frequently refer the reader to parallel places of Scripture, illustrative of those before you, or authorising the interpretation put upon them. This is quite right. But if you have anywhere borrowed from the Fathers, might it not be right to refer to that authority also in a footnote?"

A very just and judicious criticism by an older divine upon the production of a younger. There was no doubt a venturesomeness about the whole undertaking, and a conception of its originality, which needed a wholesome check from an older and wiser head; and in the Commentary itself there certainly is a deficiency of specific acknowledgment of Patristic sources, where it is clear that such sources have been resorted to. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, in his '*Notes on the Greek Testament*,' always makes the acknowledgment of the Patristic author whom he cites, if he does not always

refer to the part of his writings, in which the exposition is to be found³.

The beginning of the year 1854 found literary occupa-^{A.D. 1854.}
tion for Burgon of a class entirely different from the ^[Æt. 41.]
'*Plain Commentary on the Holy Gospels*,'—an occupation which removed him for a short time from theological research into the much less congenial atmosphere of Academical controversy. A short Paper had been sent round to all the Oxford Common Rooms, entitled '*Common-Room Common-Places*,' professing to be a correspondence between a resident (Endemus) and a non-resident Fellow of a College (Ecdemus)⁴, which at once

³ In a letter to Burgon from Dr. Pusey, signed "Yours affectionately, E. B. P.," but bearing no date, the writer alludes to the exposition given by Burgon of the passage, "Upon this rock I will build my Church" (St. Matt. xvi. 18). Burgon (*in loc.*) though he does not altogether exclude other meanings, thinks the Rock to be St. Peter himself. Not so Dr. Pusey. He says; "Mr. — wrote to attack me for your Commentary" [probably portions of the Commentary had been submitted to Dr. Pusey by Burgon]. "I said that I had, in a long note to Tertullian, expressed my own belief that the Rock was the Faith (objective, not subjective) in our Lord as God and Man, which St. Peter had just confessed; or, which is in fact the same, our Lord as God and Man, as then believed in and confessed by St. Peter. This reconciles the different interpretations of the Fathers, and makes them one, instead of conflicting. Those who understand

the Rock of Christ are rather more than those who understand it of St. Peter. The same Father expresses himself in different ways.—It is a long note, to which, if you thought it worth while, you would find a reference in the Contents."

⁴ On the title-page of Burgon's own copy of this Paper it is stated that "Endemus" was the *nom de plume* of Mr. Grant, a Fellow of Oriel, and "Ecdemus" of Mr. Palgrave, a Fellow of Exeter. It seems to have been thought at first that "the Two Oxford Fellows," who claimed the authorship of '*Common-Room Common-Places*,' were *Fellows of the same College*; and, the letter of "Endemus" being dated from "Oriel," and speaking to "Ecdemus" of "our separate existence as a corporate body" and of "the retrospect of our Oriel years," it was naturally supposed that "Ecdemus" must be a Fellow of Oriel too; and on these grounds the letter of "Ecdemus" was wrongly attributed to Mr. Poste.

drew from its sheath his controversial pen,—a weapon he was at all times apt to use somewhat too freely. University Reform of a very trenchant and thorough-going character was impending. The “Royal Commission of Inquiry into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford” had reported as far back as the 27th of April, 1852; and the “Oxford University Bill,” remodelling the Constitution of the University, and entrusting seven Commissioners with power to make Ordinances and Regulations for the Colleges, was to be introduced into the House of Commons on March 17 of this year (1854), and to become Law, by receiving the Queen’s Assent, on the 7th of August. “Endemus” and “Ecdemus,” evidently playing into one another’s hands, had urged that the principal and primary duty of both Colleges and University was Education, and that, in any arrangement which might be in prospect, everything should be entirely subordinated to this end, the intention of Founders being set aside as inapplicable to modern social wants, and Fellowships being made to furnish stipends for Tutors or Professors, or rewards of Academical merit, which might give their holders an advantageous start in such professions as they might choose. Burgon in his ‘*Oxford Reformers: a Letter to Endemus and Ecdemus*,’ after lecturing them on the undutiful and ungenerous tone and spirit of their letters, insists that the great motive of the intention of the Founders of Colleges was the

Burgon however discovered the true authorship of this letter (more objectionable, in his view, than that of Endemus), and would not have two such letters credited to the account of his own College, Oriel. And he announces his discovery


thus :—

“It requires to be made known that Horace was under a wrong impression, when he suggested that ‘*Post effort animi motus interprete lingua.*’”

desire to provide for the education of the Clergy, and to promote the study of Theology, and appends to his pamphlet a most valuable letter to the same effect from Professor Earle, which, as it goes into the question historically, and is written with perfect calmness, might well have been considered to be by itself a sufficient answer to the many crude schemes of Academical Reform which the occasion was giving rise to. Burgon's pamphlet was sent by him to Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer and Member for the University, from whom it received a prompt and courteous acknowledgment, whereupon Burgon took occasion to address to Mr. Gladstone a letter expressive of the apprehensions, entertained by him in common with many of the leading Academics of that day, as to the results of the course which the proposed Reforms were likely to take, and imploring Mr. Gladstone not to yield to the revolutionary impulse which was abroad among persons avowedly hostile to Oxford as it then was, as also among professing but treacherous friends. This letter will be found at the end of the Section. Mr. Gladstone sent a long and careful reply to it, which (like his former letter acknowledging "Endemus") the author regrets that he is not permitted to publish. He has however permission to quote the concluding sentence of a letter to himself, in which Mr. Gladstone says that, "while I do not recede from the sentiments which my letters to Mr. Burgon contain, I am in certain respects concerned, even grieved, at the turn which Oxford Reform has taken." Well may he be so; considering that whatever improvements may have come in the train of Academical Reform, the general effect of it at both Universities has undoubtedly been to effect a divorce between the Church and the higher Education of the country. In writing to Mr.

Gladstone on the subject, Burgon of course felt his pen to be under a certain restraint; but, in pouring himself out to his old College friend, Mr. Hensley, he could unbosom himself without reserve as to his dislike of the changes which had already been effected, and his still more serious apprehension of those which would ultimately result from the working of the Oxford University Act, and while many will think that he paints these results in colours unduly gloomy, it cannot be denied that all that he there predicts has come to pass. The letter will be found at the end of the Section.

We now come to the saddest period of Burgon's life,—the period which threw a shadow over his susceptible soul never entirely to be dissipated, though he, no doubt, like other men, was accessible to the healing and restorative influences of lapse of Time. In the letter to Mr. Hensley just referred to, the date of which is July 19, 1854, he had told his old friend; "I am sorry to say that my dearest mother both has been, and continues to be, very poorly indeed. I feel very heavy on the subject." Not two months after these words were written (September 7, 1854) he lost his mother. Four days after her death (Sept. 11), sitting in the room in which she had died, "and near her leaden coffin," he wrote "a brief record of her latter days and illness, together with some account of the manner of her departing; for in after years such records are unspeakably precious, and no memoranda of this nature are worth much, if they are not made immediately." The record fills about eighty closely written pages of a small memorandum-book, which of course (if it were only out of respect to the sacredness of such sorrow) can only be rapidly summarised here. He tells of the proximate occasion of



the fatal malady,—a cold caught in the autumn of the preceding year,—of its origin in heart-complaint “at a far remoter period,”—of its distressing symptoms, swollen feet, “fighting for breath,” inability to sleep otherwise than in a sitting posture;—of his mother’s inability to “inlay” his commentary on St. Luke, a work which she had already done for the earlier part of the work, and of the gradual failure of her powers, as manifested in her altered mode of welcoming him back home.

“In old times the driving up of my cab to the door was the signal for her I loved hastily to descend the stairs. She used to meet me almost at the door in the hall, exclaiming ‘Welcome! Welcome!’ and, with her dear kind arms extended, embracing me and kissing me heartily on the cheek three or four times. Presently, it used to be on the stairs that I saw her outstretched arms, and received her warm embrace. By degrees, it seemed to me as if she descended a fewer and fewer number of stairs. Latterly it was at the drawing-room door that I felt her hearty and repeated kiss, and [heard] her emphatic ‘Welcome, welcome, my boy! my poor boy,’ and so on. What a warm embrace it used to be! She used to open her dear arms quite wide, and enfold me. But she could not quite do this at last, or, at least, not in quite the same way. I believe the last time but one I came home, she only rose from her chair. The last time of all, I embraced her, on arriving home, *as she sat in her chair!* . . . This was on Tuesday the 5th Sept. O what a painful bewildering kind of day that was! . . . She rejoiced to see me, but regretted to have disturbed me, and taken me from my studies. She alluded to my Commentary,—a work which was ever very dear and interesting to her. ‘While you are trying to do good to the souls of so many,’ she said, ‘to take you away!’”

He records her end with great minuteness as to each

slight particular. He tells how for the last time he (who had lain so often in her arms) took her in his, and lifted her on to her bed; how, as soon as it was clear that she had passed away, he, his brother and three sisters,

“laid her out on the bed where she had died. A heavy task it was for us all. Still we were wonderfully supported; and we preferred doing this, a thousand times, than that profane hands should intermeddle with our grief. . . . The wedding ring which I drew off the fourth finger of her left hand, the kind ones present urged on me to wear myself. ‘And this?’ I said, drawing it off. ‘O wear it, wear it,’ they all exclaimed. Accordingly, I placed it on my little finger; and there, if it please God, I will wear it till I die⁵. . . . We knelt all together and prayed by the bedside. . . . I slept on the sofa in my beloved mother’s room that night,—Thursday. It was awful, but pleasant. I prayed near her, very happily.”

On Saturday, Sept. 9, he and his youngest sister went to Oxford (returning the same day), and arranged that the interment should take place in a strip of ground in the Holywell cemetery, belonging to St. John the Baptist’s Parish, in which Parish his rooms at Oriel stood. “I chose the place,—a dry gravelly rock near a boundary wall. Will not that spot become the most familiar to me, as well as the most dear, of any in Oxford?” On Wednesday night, Sept. 13, he brought the body of his mother to Oxford, where it was met at the station by the College servants, and deposited in his rooms at

⁵ The circumstance of his always wearing this wedding-ring may perhaps have given colour to the wholly groundless *on dit* that he was once married, and had lost his wife in the course of a few months. He was so susceptible throughout

life, as has been shown already, to the charms of agreeable women, that people who had no knowledge of his antecedents thought he *must have been married*; and what they wished to believe they did believe.

Oriel. He "passed the night in a chair by the side of it," occasionally getting snatches of sleep, but often waking. At 7 A.M. next morning he and his brother-in-law (Rev. Henry John Rose), who had now joined him, after communicating and attending Matins at St. Mary the Virgin's Church, visited the cemetery and "saw the men digging the grave." Then, in the room where the body lay, "they read, wrote, thought, and kept silence till 1 P.M.," when his father, brother, and Mr. Higgins arrived from London. At 2.30 P.M. the funeral left Oriel for the Chapel of the Cemetery, preceded by the Marshal and Bellman of the University. The mourners were six, his father, brother, two brothers-in-law, and the Rev. Charles Marriott, an intimate friend and Fellow of the same College with himself.

"Hobhouse, assisted by Sargent and Walton, with a quire of boys (twelve or fourteen), met the corpse, singing the sentences to the music suggested in Cranmer's P.B. I prefer *for your feeling* the solemn sound of a single voice reading those grand words; but the effect of the music was soothing and impressive—most kindly meant—and, as a mark of respect and honour to the dear departed one, most acceptable to me. For the same reason, I was not sorry to see some strangers present in the Chapel, and I liked to see the Marshal and the other at head and foot of the coffin, all the time it stood in the Chapel, while the Psalms were being chanted, and Hobhouse read."

The interment concluded, his father and brother and Mr. Higgins having left Oxford by an evening train, he and Mr. Rose revisited the grave, and repeated their visit several times in the forenoon of the next day. Having "bought tiles to edge the ground," and given instructions for laying them ("My wish is to have a border, nine inches wide, of rich garden mould, enclosing

a square of fine turf;—the whole to be enclosed by a rough species of tile”), he himself returned to London in the early afternoon of Friday, 15 Sep.

The loss of Parents is, in the ordinary course of Nature, the common lot of mankind, and while such bereavements cannot fail to be bitter to dutiful and affectionate children, they are soon acquiesced in as the inevitable experience of all who reach mature age. But it is thought that a very small minority of men, actively engaged in the business and cares of life, would, *fourteen years after the removal of a mother*, feel and write as follows:—

“H. C.” [Houghton Conquest], “Monday, 7 Sep. 1868, between 6 and 7 P.M. This is the day and the hour which always seems to bring me nearest to my beloved,—a day of sweet and solemn recollection, as well as of awful meditation. For I ask myself, where is she abiding? And I tell myself that it must be in the place of perfect peace. And so I seem to stand in adoration near the half-opened gates of Paradise, and something tells me that the Beatific Vision is the bliss of those who dwell within.—Does she think of me? Yes. And she has prayed for me, and for us all, often; and her prayers have been heard. O the many blessings which have befallen me! On her last birthday, I was fairly startled by the token that reached me that so it was.

“The years circle round, and I miss her sadly. I note in myself the tokens of advancing age. It is hard to believe that I am fifty-five, and that she would have been seventy-eight were she here. For I seem to fancy myself always a boy;—and her—O I can never think of her as an old woman!

“J. W. B.”

Nor let the above be thought of as a mere transient gush of emotion, called forth by associations which a particular season had awakened up. Thus writes Bishop Hobhouse to the author, one of Burgon’s intimate Oxford

friends, who, as we have just seen, had read the words of Christian hope over Mrs. Burgon's grave.

"From the moment that my dear friend laid his mother's remains in the retired corner assigned to the Parish of St. John the Baptist, he cherished that spot as the most sacred in the world to his feelings. *He visited it daily, standing over it bareheaded.* He decorated the whole adjoining wall with sculpture and with creeping plants. He was anxious to extend this care in a measure to the whole enclosure. He readily lent his artist-mind and his skilled pencil to any who were seeking to decorate the graves of their kinsfolk; and such ready aid was readily sought. We both cherished the spot greatly, believing that care for the resting-place of the Departed is a direct outcome of faith in the communion of Saints, and helps to deepen that faith. We were in frequent communication about the care of the ground. Our deeper feelings about it we expressed by meeting in the Cemetery Chapel on Easter Even and All Saints' Day, and reciting a short service selected from the Prayer Book."

Troubles are said never to come alone (a maxim of human experience the truth of which may possibly be insinuated in those words of Eliphaz to the Patriarch Job, "He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee"); and within seven months of the death of his mother two more bereavements wrung Burgon's heart,—one, the death of Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalen, at the ripe age of ninety-nine, whose memory he has embalmed both in poetry and prose,—the other that of Mrs. Hugh James Rose, whom he regarded, as his letters to her show, with mingled affection and veneration, and to whom he probably unbosomed himself with greater freedom than to any other correspondent out of the precinct of his own family. Dr. Routh passed away on the 22nd of Decem-

ber, 1854; Mrs. Hugh James Rose on the 5th of April, 1855. He alludes very touchingly to the proximity of these deaths with that of his mother in the opening of his "Century of Verses in Memory of the President of Magdalen College" [*Poems*, p. 119]:—

"Grief upon grief! it seems as if each day
Came laden with a freight of heavy news
From East or West. My letters, fringed with black,
Bring me but sighs: and when the heart is full
One drop will make the bitter cup o'erflow."

A.D. 1855.
[Æt. 42.]

During the time of his sorrows, and while the more arduous and solid work of his Plain Commentary was progressing, he was preparing and passing through the press his '*Ninety Short Sermons for Family Reading, following the course of the Christian Seasons.*' The impress of this sorrowful time is stamped upon them by their inscription, "To the blessed memory of my mother, Houghton Conquest, Sept. 7, 1855." In the Preface, which is dated Oxford, October 15, 1855, he tells us the demand which he designs by these Sermons to meet: "Many who observe the practice of occasionally reading a Sermon aloud to their household, are heard to declare that they can scarcely find anything quite suitable for that purpose. The *length* of most Sermons is a fatal objection. Some are thought too abstruse; and some, too polemical." Of these Sermons it is sufficient to say that his style and favourite phrases characterize them throughout; that, though he tells us that he is "not conscious of having gone out of his way, in order to be original," they contain (as could hardly fail to be the case with a mind so fresh and unconventional as his) many striking and edifying original thoughts, and that Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, read and found edification in them in his latter days during his retirement

at Rochester. Thus Burgon writes in his *'Lives of Twelve Good Men'* ["Edward Hawkins: The Great Provost," vol. i. p. 458]:—

"His widow informed me,—'Your own *Short Sermons*, of which I read many to him on Sunday evenings in the garden, pleased him much. "*The teaching of the Harvest*" he greatly liked. I could name many others, if I searched the volumes. They were not new to him, of course: but you would have liked to see the expression of his face, as he thus renewed his acquaintance with them, in our pleasant shady garden.'—This is touching enough,—especially as the author of the Sermons in question has experienced from those honoured lips many and many a salutary snub."

A single passage from these Sermons must suffice, as a specimen of the striking observations which they contain throughout. The text is, "He saw also a certain poor widow" (St. Luke xxi. 2), and the title, "NOTHING LITTLE IN GOD'S SIGHT."

"Now, the one circumstance in all this wondrous and varied narrative to which we wish to call attention, is, that amid all these mighty discourses and amazing prophecies, amid all the weariness of His Human Body, and the anguish of His Human Soul; amid griefs unrevealed and bitterness of spirit unutterable; the LORD of Heaven and Earth was at leisure to sit down and watch the ways of one of the very humblest of His creatures. 'He saw also—a certain poor widow.' . . . After His eight withering woes denounced upon the Scribes and Pharisees, which must have goaded them to madness, (for they were at once the proudest and the most powerful of the people) after *this*, and just *before* He entered upon that far-sighted prophecy which glanced onward, from the coming destruction of the City to the very end of the World,—blending the near, and the far future, so wondrously; and showing that the Blessed Speaker's eye was filled with images of magnificence and grandeur unspeakable,—the

destinies of the whole Human Race, and the consummation of all things:—(the moment is well worth observing; for it was the brief moment which separated the SAVIOUR'S discourse concerning the things of Time and of Eternity, —the little halting-place between His leave-taking of His enemies, and His anticipation of the ruin which was to be brought upon them; first, by His avenging armies; next, by His legions of angels)—it was at that particular instant, we repeat, and therefore while His heart must have been occupied in the way we have been describing,—that our LORD, seating Himself over against the Treasury, (that is, the alms-chests which were destined to receive the offerings of the people) looked up, and beheld how they cast money into the Treasury. And many that were rich cast in much. And there came a poor woman; and (as St. Luke remarks) 'He *saw* her!' . . . He saw before Him the destruction of the Temple, and the Fall of Jerusalem, and the wreck of Nature, and the crash of Worlds, and the setting up of the great white Throne, and the gathering together of all the Tribes of the Earth: all this He saw. But 'He saw also —a certain poor widow.' And she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. . . . He had the leisure, had the inclination, had the sovereign will, to scrutinize the act, and to weigh it in a heavenly balance, and to pronounce upon it,—calmly, and at length,—as if Life and Death hung upon the issue. He called unto Him His Disciples, and saith unto them,—'Verily, I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all. For all *they* did cast in of their abundance: but she, of her want, did cast in all she had, even all her living.' These gracious words on the lips of our SAVIOUR awaken in us a deep sense of wonder and admiration. . . . We desire to fill our minds with the single thought of God's watchful and observing eye, which nothing is so little as to escape; nothing is so trifling as not to interest and engage. The Psalmist has expressed this in a single verse of the 113th Psalm,—'Who is like unto the LORD our God, that hath His dwelling so high; and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in Heaven and Earth!'"

The Sermons are all adapted to the Ecclesiastical Seasons, at which they are designed to be read ; and, as with the poems of '*The Christian Year*,' those which turn upon the Lessons have lost their point in connexion with the Ecclesiastical Seasons, by the substitution of the New for the Old Lectionary.

A letter to Mr. Hensley, of Dec. 21, 1855, which will be found at the end of this Section, contains an interesting notice of his literary work at that date, past and prospective. His "Commentary" and his "Sermons" are "finished," and he is then engaged on '*Brief Memoirs of the Colleges of Oxford*,' of which "eight I have written, and four have been published ; the rest will appear before June." His anticipations as to the date at which he should get this work off his hands, appear to be premature ; for in a later letter to Mr. Hensley (of March 17, 1857,) he announces that he is "finishing off his Memoirs of the Colleges, Wadham, Pembroke, and Worcester remaining still to be done." The notice of this work therefore had better be postponed for the present. Meanwhile, '*The History of our Lord Jesus Christ : Exhibited in a Series of Seventy-two Coloured Engravings*,' edited by his brother-in-law (Rev. Henry John Rose) and himself, of which he says in his letter of Dec. 21, to Mr. Hensley ; "My prints are published this day by Hering ; and I hope he will make them answer," demands a few lines of notice. The Prefatory Address (dated Houghton Conquest, Oct. 12th, 1855) contains an illustration of the missionary value of Sacred Prints from the letter of a lady connected with the Natal Mission. Mr. Rose had given some of his pictures to Bishop Colenso for use among the natives.

"Your heart would have ached,"—the lady writes,—“at the scene I have just witnessed. Three old wrinkled Kafir women from the country, who had never heard of their

GOD and SAVIOUR, came to see the pictures, which some others had told them of. I was so engaged in writing to you, that I gave them to 'Boy,' [a Kafir youth so named], "and told him to show them. They had been with him a long time, when they begged to come and thank me. They were weeping, and came and took my hand and said, 'They had never known about it.' It was heartrending to see their careworn faces, which spoke of life's trials and troubles borne all alone.

"One evening four Kafir women came, and it was touching to see how they appreciated the picture of the 'little children coming to JESUS.' With their infants in their arms, they told each other that they might come to Him."

The Prefatory Address deprecates the idea that the circulation of these Sacred Prints in the cottages of the poor would be the thin end of the wedge for the introduction of Popery.

"If we thought *that* result possible, we would cut off our right hands rather than be the promoters of such a taste. But it is *not* possible. Still less cause is there to dread that encouragement is thereby given to irreverence; that any undue familiarity with holy things is thereby fostered in the humbler class. No; let the representations be but Scriptural and healthy, and they will not be found to have any Romanising tendency: let them be but dignified and devout, and they will not promote irreverence."

The whole of the Address savours strongly of the characteristic style of the *junior partner* in the work. It is inscribed to the well-known American Poet and Divine, the Reverend Arthur Cleveland Coxe, M.A., afterwards Bishop of New York, but then Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, a friend of both the Editors, and one of Burgon's many Transatlantic correspondents and admirers.

A letter to Mr. Hensley of Nov. 8, 1856, gives an account of his health, and of the multiplication of his literary plans, notwithstanding the slow progress which he makes with the work then in hand, and concludes with one of those beautiful and edifying thoughts which are thrown out occasionally in the course of his correspondence. Excerpts will be found at the end of the Section.

A.D. 1856.
[Æt. 43.]

The next letter, dated Oriel, March 17, 1857, in which he proposes another visit to Mr. Hensley, and offers him Christian consolation under a bereavement which had desolated his home, shews also his penetration in matters of Art, and the confidence which his friends reposed in his judgment on such matters. He takes stock, as before, of his literary work, and mentions the Lenten Sermons by eminent Preachers at St. Mary-the-Virgin's and other Churches in Oxford, which were inaugurated on the Ash Wednesday of this year by Bishop Wilberforce. He also tells his friend that he has recently commenced "reading Genesis with a class of the citizens at the Town Hall."

'*The Historical Notices of the Oxford Colleges*,' which he says in this last letter that he is "finishing off," must have been a piece of work which his antiquarian proclivities, and his strong love of Oxford, must have contributed equally to make congenial to him. The title of this work is "The Arms of the Colleges. By Henry Shaw, F.S.A., Author of *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, &c., &c.*, with *Historical Notices of the Colleges* by the Rev. John W. Burgon, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College." The magnificent blazonry of the Arms of the University and the Colleges is due entirely to Mr. Shaw, Burgon being responsible only for the letter-press which accompanies each plate of Arms. He requested Mr.

Shaw to state in the Advertisement prefixed to the Second Number that, although the writer of the '*Historical Notices*' "has not followed servilely in the track of previous writers, it must not create surprise if he has repeatedly availed himself of their labours, and sometimes even quoted their words. He has endeavoured however, in every instance, to add *something* to what has hitherto appeared in print: to obtain corroboration, where it was feasible, of the statements he has reproduced; and to impart an air of novelty to an old and often-attempted subject, by invoking aid from less obvious sources of information than are generally appealed to." His '*Historical Notices*' he inscribes to Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College (where his undergraduate life had been passed), and at that time (1855) Vice-Chancellor of the University. He directs the binder of the completed work to place the Colleges in the order of the date of their Foundation, Merton standing first and Worcester last, Oriel (the College which had adopted him), fifth. In his "Notice" of the earliest of these he studiously points out how "the idea of a College, as elaborated in Walter de Merton's mind, was that of *an endowed corporation of Scholars, free from vows* connected with the University, in the matter of study; and with the Church, in doctrine and discipline. His idea was therefore distinct from the Monastic idea, by the absence of vows, and by the distinct employment provided for the inmates." In the Notice of Oriel College he shews how Edward II and Adam de Brom, his Almoner, adopted in their foundation the idea of Walter de Merton, declaring that they had in view

"the honour of the Church; whose ministrations should be committed to faithful men, who may shine

like stars in their watches, and instruct the people not only with their lips, but in their lives.' Quite a vulgar error is it in fact to confound the Collegiate institutions of Oxford and Cambridge with the monastic system. These Societies were intended, in the first instance, to supply the great and growing need which the Monasteries overlooked. They were designed for the education of *parochial clergy*; and were set on foot by earnest-minded men, in advance of their age, who, sincerely desiring the Church's welfare, perceived that the truest way to promote it was to improve the condition, and increase the efficiency of the stationary and secular clergy."

Of Worcester, to the Historical Notice of which he appends his verses on "Worcester College," he says, as if to counterbalance the lateness of its collegiate origin :—

"Although it is true that this is the last-founded of the nineteen colleges of Oxford, yet it is just as undeniable that if a stranger, visiting the University, were to require to be shown the oldest extant specimen of collegiate residences of which the place can boast, we should conduct him to Worcester College,"—

—“a terraced height
Crowned by tall structures of a classic mould
On this side; and on that, a row of small
Irregular antique tenements with quaint shields
Bossing each doorway. Wide between the twain,
Guiltless of daisies, spread an emerald lawn,
Severing as 'twere the old world from the new,
The present from the past: and there were flowers
(So bright and young beside those old grey walls!)
Which humanized the scene, as children do,
With touch of fresher nature," &c., &c.

But the series of '*Historical Notices*' is interesting and attractive throughout. Perhaps that of Jesus College, with its deeply interesting account of Dr. Francis Mansell, the royalist President, ejected during the Common-

wealth and reinstated at the Restoration, and also of the discipline of the College during the early part of the seventeenth century, when "conversation was to be conducted in Latin, Greek, or *Hebrew* (!)," and "the college porter was also the college barber⁶,"—will instruct and entertain the reader as much as any. While the account of Bishop Fox's Statutes for Corpus Christi (A. D. 1527) and of the opening of the Bishop's tomb in Winchester Cathedral in 1820, when "the figure was found lying undisturbed, as it had been laid three centuries before," the robes, mitre, gloves, and boots, all faded, but entire, and "the fragments of the broken wands of the officials who attended his obsequies discernible on either side of his coffin," will draw attention to the notice of a College illustrious in many ways, but in none more than from the circumstance of having had among its scholars Mr. Richard Hooker, whose rooms can be with certainty identified at the present day, "the circumstance" (of his having inhabited those particular rooms) "having been made the subject of contemporary record."

The notes which he would draw up preparatory to the "reading Genesis with a class of the citizens at the Town Hall" (see the letter to Mr. Hensley of March

⁶ "These, and many other regulations, though evidently copied from older statutes, show the permanency of a state of things which it is hard to realize in connexion with the reign of the first James" (its statutes were given in the year 1622 by four commissioners appointed by the king). "And yet, it is not necessary to refer to *written* evidence in illustration of vicissitudes at least as striking. I am informed by the venerable Principal of Jesus College, that when his father first came up

from Wales to Oxford (which is just a hundred years since), stage-coaches being as yet unknown, he made the journey, in company with three other friends, in six days; the party having provided themselves with Welsh ponies for the occasion, which they used to dispose of on reaching the University. Only punch and ale were then drunk in Oxford: or if sherry appeared at dinner, it was handed round to the guests as *liqueur*."

17, 1857), no doubt served as the nucleus of Ten Expository Lectures on Genesis, which he has left behind, and which he contemplated one day continuing, until he should have made a complete Commentary on the First Book of the Pentateuch, as he has done on the Acts of the Apostles. He had always a particular attraction to the Book of Genesis, partly from the great freshness and simplicity of the picture which it presents of Patriarchal manners, and partly from the feeling that the attitude which a man takes up as regards the first Chapter (which is a specimen of pure Revelation, and where human testimony could not have been, as in so many other parts of Holy Scripture it was, the vehicle of the Divine communication) is decisive of the soundness or unsoundness of his views as regards the question of Scriptural Inspiration generally. His '*Homiletics on Genesis*' (as Dr. Samuel Seabury calls them in a letter in which he speaks of them in high terms) will be noticed in another Section, when we reach the year (1865) in which that letter was written.

In the year 1858, when such movements were comparative novelties in our Church, as they are now no longer, Bishop Wilberforce inaugurated Missions at Henley, Reading, and other places in his Diocese, he himself personally taking the chief part in the Mission Services at the town fixed upon as the centre, and sending selected missionaries to hold evening Services at the neighbouring villages. Burgon was opposed to Home Missions in their later developments, as we shall see hereafter; but, ever loyal in his allegiance to his Bishop, he would not hold aloof from a movement which that Bishop had set on foot, with high expectations of what was to come of it.

He was invited to preach at Henley; and he complied.

"Mr. Burgon," says one of his hearers in a letter to the author,

"preached a remarkable Sermon at Henley, taking as his text, 'There is a lad here,'—and that was all. Of course the eyes of all the lads in the Church were fastened upon him! The moral he pointed was to the effect that nothing was too insignificant for the Master's use. Even this poor lad with his slender provision was destined to feed five thousand."

The reader will be struck with the similarity of this line of thought to that which is taken in the passage cited above from his '*Short Sermons for Family Reading*'; as also by the similarity of the text upon which the lesson is founded—a lesson drawn in both cases from a single humble, nameless individual—"He saw also a poor widow." Both discourses were evidently coined in the same mint.

It was Bishop Wilberforce's way to spare neither himself nor his subordinates. In a letter to Mr. Hensley dated Easter Tuesday, 1858, Burgon tells his friend in connexion with this Mission; "I think I must send you a paper of the Sermons, &c. *Seven* fell to me: *twenty-two* to the Bishop's share! I also preached the Ordination Sermon." And an excerpt from a letter of the same year to the same friend (June 3, 1858), recalling the circumstances of a visit paid by him to Mr. Hensley in 1856, will, it is thought, interest the reader, as one of those gleams of playful, frolicsome affectionateness and domesticity, which lighted up Burgon's character throughout life, and constituted one of its greatest charms. It will be found at the end of this Period.

In the August of this year (1858), nearly four years after the death of his mother, Burgon lost his father, and then experienced that sense of desolateness and being left

alone in the world, which no bereavement brings with it so keenly as that of parents. It was possibly when David heard of the death of his father and mother in the land of Moab (see 1 Sam. xxii. 3), that, smarting under this experience, and with a reference to the office of the "gathering host" in the march through the wilderness,—whose duty it was, coming in the rear of the other tribes, to take up and carry forward any sick or infirm folks who might have dropped from mules and caravans without being noticed,—he sang those sweet words of consolation, put into his mouth by the Holy Spirit; "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the LORD will gather me" (Ps. xxvii. 10 *marg.*).—Here are Burgon's reflexions on the same experience, a year after he had been called upon to go through it.

"Houghton Conquest. Sunday Evening, Aug. 28, 1859, about 20 min. to 10 p.m.—It is a year exactly, within a few minutes, since I lost my dearest Father. and I cannot help reverting to my great, my irreparable loss.

"For though my dear Father had been too much of an invalid,—oppressed with too many infirmities—to be as it were much of a companion for some years, yet his great tenderness and affection was something on which I have since discovered that I used to lean; and the want of it I every day feel more and more. I have no one now,—no one, to whom I can turn for unmingled sympathy in joy or sorrow; no one, who can and will rejoice in my joy, and sorrow for my sorrow, as something which belongs to himself. A parent's love is so singular a sentiment that it almost requires to be called by a different name. Sweeter and softer it is even than the love of married life; for it dates from remote infancy and the dawn of remembrance; and it is not co-ordinate with another love, but it loves itself in its object, and is a shadow of the Divine Love, even the love of our Father in Heaven!

"How much do I feel the want of my dearest Parents! How solemn is the thought that I shall never behold either of them any more! that I must gather up, and garner away the images which memory presents; for that the originals are departed for ever! . . . I shall go to them; but they shall not return to me.

"Strange indeed it seems to be writing such words; for I can scarce believe the reality of what I write. I was 41, and I was 45, when I lost them. And so from infancy, through boyhood, on to early manhood, and at least until I had passed the middle term of life, we were together. Two days arrived—7 Sep. 1854 and 28 Aug. 1858—and O the difference! At first, a bereaved and broken heart, and next a desolate, or rather a *destroyed*, home. All seems quite changed! The generation of my early manhood seems quite passed from me; and I find myself taking up a position of my own,—drifting down a distinct current,—associated with new friends, and as completely severed from the past as if an ocean rolled between!"

From a later memorandum made on the same anniversary in the year 1860, it appears that all Mr. Thomas Burgon's children, as well as John William, were "sitting about" him, as "he lay upon his death-bed." His body was brought to Oxford by his son, and buried in the Holywell Cemetery, by the side of that of his wife.

A.D. 1859.
[*Æt.* 46.]

In the Lent of 1859, another effort was made by Bishop Wilberforce to organize a series of Special Services in North Bucks, similar to that which in the preceding year had been made at Henley-on-Thames, and Burgon was again called in (with sixteen other preachers) to give his help, which he did with promptness and efficiency. The occasion has a special interest in connexion with his views on the subject of Home Missions, because he

printed and published (at the request of the Bishop and Clergy) the Ordination Sermon which he preached at Buckingham, March 20, 1859, the day on which the Mission terminated, prefixing to it "Some account of the Special Services for the Working Classes in North Bucks during the Lenten Ember Week of 1859." In this Preface he not only records the proceedings of the Mission on each day of the Week, as well as those of the Conference of the Clergy and Laity which was held on the Saturday, but also at some length vindicates the movement from certain objections to which he thinks it might be open. His summing up of the objections and of the answers to them is that, while "no remedy of Man's invention for any evil under the sun is an un-mixed good," there is "a considerable balance of good to be clearly foreseen, or at least to be confidently hoped for," from efforts like the present.

"The object," he says, "was to quicken the spiritual life of an agricultural district: to stir up, and if possible to awaken, the slumbering vitality of a certain portion of a large, and once neglected Diocese. The machinery employed was simply that which the Church herself has provided for such purposes: but the efforts were of an unusually cumulative character; and the novelty of the endeavour, such as it is, consisted in the systematic concentration of efforts within a certain district; the extraneous help invoked on a somewhat large scale; and the presence, example, and powerful co-operation of the Diocesan, throughout. It is only necessary to refer to the list of Preachers to see how utterly devoid of a *party* character the whole endeavour has been."

To a student of Burgon's mind and character the difference between the tone of this Preface and his entire disapprobation of the Home Mission movement at a later period, when it had more or less identified itself

with a particular School of Theology, and had shaken itself altogether free from the control and superintendence of the Diocesan, is of great interest and curiosity. Yet it cannot be fairly alleged that he had altered his views on the subject of an important Church movement. The movement in its maturity had acquired certain features which did not belong to its original design.—The Sermon itself, to which the account of the Special Services is prefixed, is on the text, “One soweth, and another reapeth.” Beyond the opening of it,—in which he points out the prophetic associations connected with “the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph,” and in which the allegorizing of “the sixth hour,” of the meeting with the Samaritan woman at the well, and of the “fruitful bough by a well,” is quite in his own vein⁷,—

⁷ “Look more closely at the picture, and you discover many of those fainter lines which go to complete the image, and conspire to produce the general effect. It was harvest-time, as the language of the great Husbandman shews. Behold, the fields of that fertile region were white already to harvest. Again, it was the sixth hour:—which, as you are aware, in St. John’s Gospel denotes the evening of the day, *our* six o’clock. It was the Evening of the World therefore, shewn in a figure: and lo, the harvest of the Earth was, in a figure, ripe. How fitting therefore was it that at that hour of the day, and at that season of the year, and at that spot of the Holy Land, our SAVIOUR CHRIST should have begun to gather in the first-fruits of His spiritual Harvest! . . . As Isaac’s servant meets Rebekah,—as Jacob himself meets

Rachel,—as Moses encounters Zipporah,—at a well; what more fitting than that He, of whom all these were shadows, the Bridegroom as He loved to call Himself, should meet *His* alien Spouse, the Samaritan Church, at a well of water likewise! . . . Verily, here was Jacob’s remote descendant at last fulfilling the dying Patriarch’s prophecy, after the most exact and literal fashion. It was beside Jacob’s well that He sat; and in ‘the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph’ that He discoursed with the woman of Samaria: and lo, Joseph becomes at once a ‘fruitful bough,’ even that ‘fruitful bough *by a well*,’ of which the dying Patriarch made prophetic mention,—‘whose branches run over the wall’ which heretofore had severed Jew and Gentile!” [pp. 18, 19].


there is little in it that lifts it above the ordinary run of good sermons appropriate to their occasion.

In the early part of the year 1859 appeared the work, which it appears from his letters he had been for some time preparing for, "The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman. A Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler, author of '*The History of Scotland*.' By his friend, the Rev. John W. Burgon, M.A. Fellow of Oriel College." Mr. Tytler had passed away more than nine years previously, on the Christmas Eve which followed the day of Burgon's Ordination to the Priesthood,—Dec. 24, 1849.

"Love's own hands decked the room, and the couch whereon Mr. Tytler lay, with holly; and it seemed to those who, sorrowing for themselves, looked upon him in his last sleep, that to him alone had come the real joy of Christmas." [*Memoir*, 2nd Ed. p. 353.]

It might seem strange that Burgon, loving Tytler as he did, allowed several years to elapse before he "sought to embalm" his friend's "memory in the only way which was permitted to him." But a moment's reflexion solves any difficulty which might be felt on this head. Only admitted to full Orders at the moment of Tytler's death, the first duty incumbent upon him was evidently to "make full proof of his ministry," which he did by throwing himself with all the fervour of his ardent nature into the Pastoral Work of his Curacies at West Ilsley and Finmere. But he was not at liberty to give himself to that work exclusively. At that period of his life, it will be remembered, he was compelled by the narrow stipend of his Fellowship and the necessity of assisting, as much as he could, the members of his family, to take private pupils. He had on his hands at the same time his '*Plain Commentary on the Gospels*,' as

well as his '*Short Sermons for Family Reading*': it was evidently his intention to make his mark in Divinity before he ventured upon a work of purely secular Literature. Add to this that not only did the Church movements and the Academic movements going on in his immediate neighbourhood absorb an unusual amount of his attention, and draw ever and anon contemporary strictures and observations from his facile pen; but that his mother's death in 1854 created in him a mental disturbance of a peculiar character, much more than men of ordinary mould experience under similar bereavements. Tytler had been especially dear to him; but he had literally no time to do justice to Tytler's memory and to the materials which Tytler's friends put into his hands, until he had thoroughly initiated himself into the Sacred Ministry, had consecrated his earliest literary labours to the cause of Religion, and had leisure to breathe again after what he would feel to be an overwhelming domestic calamity. Then he put his hand to the work, and produced (the reader will remember that this was not his earliest attempt at Biography,—Gresham preceded it by more than twenty years) what was certainly one of the most successful and popular biographies of the day. The work has long been before the public; and we shall not stay to present the reader with any specimens of it, one or two having been already given in the Chapter which recorded the origin and growth of his friendship with Mr. Tytler. Suffice it to say that the writing of Tytler's Memoir must have been a most congenial task to him, from the thoroughly kindred spirit of the biographer and his subject. Tytler's piety, playfulness, vivacity, excessive love of children and delight in playing with them, as well as his extraordinary industry and incessant application to study, even to the



prejudice of his health, were all exactly reproduced in his younger friend;—to which it may be added that the lofty chivalrous feeling which is such an essential element in high breeding, and contributes to make Tytler's Memoir the "Portrait of a Christian *Gentleman*," characterized Burgon in a high degree, and was occasionally in him carried to the verge of the Quixotic. The beautiful little Poem "L'Envoy, addressed to P. Fraser Tytler," and "intended for the conclusion of a long unfinished poem, is a touching testimony to the community of sentiment which Burgon felt to exist between him and Tytler;—

And bold I am to vaunt these joys to thee"
(the joys of common sights and common sounds),

"Friend of my heart!—for unto thee I know
The simplest joys the dearest still to be," &c., &c.

The general appreciation of Tytler's Memoir by literary men may be judged of by the accompanying letter from the Reverend Edward Churton (afterwards Archdeacon of Cleveland), whose general cultivation and competence as a literary critic are still remembered. A very flattering notice of the Book appeared also in the '*Quarterly Review*,' and in other periodicals of a high class; and a second Edition, to which the author added a few new pages, was "called for within two months of the date of publication."

FROM THE REVEREND EDWARD CHURTON, RECTOR
OF CRAYKE.

"Bournemouth, May 11, 1859.

"My dear Mr. Burgon,—How can I thank you in any due measure for your Memoir of P. F. Tytler? There is only one epithet, which we could find to apply to it, and that one we have repeated from beginning to end,

as we read one Chapter after another, or rather interrupted our reading to repeat it after every second page or paragraph. It is charming,—a charming piece of Biography, and surely of one of the most charming characters that has ever been shown upon this transient scene. We respond to every syllable of the last paragraph of your Postscript; we feel assured from the beautiful specimens of his conversation and rare social virtues, which you have given us, that all must have been as pure and lovely as you say.

“What a beauty there is in his language itself, what pure enjoyment of Nature, what power of appreciation of character! The Letter given in pp. 248–9, is worthy to be engraved in letters of gold. But how many little moral lessons of the same character are scattered up and down!

“Your own personal narrative of the excursion to Ben Muik Dhui is as delightful a bit of reading as I ever came across. It is truly redolent of the Highlands. But who can forbear envying your good fortune in having enjoyed such an excursion with such company?

“I left the neighbourhood of London in 1835, when it seems that Tytler’s *‘Hist. of Scotland’* first began to be much noticed. After settling in the N. Riding, opportunities of meeting friends, who were literary men, or who read the literature of the day, were much diminished; and I fear, except for some casual mention of some of his historical discoveries in Letters from some of my friends, I have made no acquaintance with them. But truly your account of the man is enough to make others beside me wish to know more of his writings. He was one, if ever there was one, who had such a high sense of the duties of an historian: and his power must have been great.

“The judgment of poor Mary Q. of Scots, p. 228, is very interesting. I have W. Tytler (the Grandfather’s) Book at Crayke: and I thought at least that he proved the accusers to be so worthless, that he had destroyed the old evidence, on which Robertson and Hume built. But I have seen a volume or two of Prince Labanoff’s

Collection; and one cannot, I think, go far with Mary's own Letters without a moral impression that she was not quite the person one would like to take a brief to defend. I suppose these later discoveries are those which turned the balance against her in Tytler's honest mind.

"Do not trouble yourself to answer this, but consider it as an *irrepressible* testimony of thanks to you for your admirable Book. It must surely go through more editions; and then should we not have a Portrait in the front of it?

"Most sincerely yours,

"EDW. CHURTON."

The earlier part of the year 1860 was marked for A.D. 1860.
Burgon by his three months' sojourn at Rome (Feb. 19— [Æt. 47.]
May 20). The Rev. R. E. R. Watts (now Vicar of Wisbech), at that time Chaplain of the English Congregation at Rome, had occasion to be absent from his post for six months. Burgon, whose duties at Oxford did not allow him to be absent for so long a time, was only able to relieve Mr. Watts for half of the period; and it was arranged that for the other three months of Mr. Watts' absence Archdeacon Thomas should undertake the duties of the Chaplaincy. Once embarked on the Pastoral work at Rome, we find him, true to his character and methods of action at West Ilsley and Finmere, throwing the whole of his heart into his Ministry, and expressing an almost extravagant delight in it, just as on those earlier occasions. For this is the Dedication of his '*Letters from Rome*,' originally published in the '*Guardian*' at intervals between Aug. 15, 1860 and Jan. 2, 1861, and afterwards collected, and published, with the insertion of several additional Letters, in a single volume [Murray: 1862];—

TO THE ENGLISH CONGREGATION AT ROME.

("February—May, 1860;)

"The most 'beautiful flock' I ever shepherded;
 In grateful remembrance of the days
 Which their kindness made passing sweet to me;
 And with a humble prayer
 That, to some members of that flock at least,
 The imperfect Ministrations of those days
 May not have been unblessed.

"Oriël, 1861."

It must be remembered that, just as at Ilsey and Finnere there had been many other calls, in connexion with his College, his University, his pupils, his literary works to distract him from his pastoral labours, so at Rome there were a thousand new objects, offering all of them points of the deepest interest to a mind like his, which, in a man less many-sided, and less capable of doing many things at once, might have been held to excuse some amount of lukewarmness and slackness in Pastoral duty. We find, however, from the "Letters" that his ears and eyes are wide open to every object of attraction offered by the Eternal City; his note-book, sketch-book, and pencil are, as usual, in his hand all day long. He attends observantly all Roman services and forms of Devotion, and compares them with the Anglican, not unfairly⁸, though always of course with

⁸ In proof of this, see his account of a Jesuit's excellent sermon at a "Missione" on Ascension Day [Letter ix. p. 82], his admission respecting the "Dialogo,"—that it "combines almost all the advantages of public chatechizing, and entirely escapes all its evils," [p. 87] (the vivacity of the "Dialogo" would doubtless commend it to one who was

certainly the least dull of teachers and preachers); and the following:

"He must have a very cold hard heart who should be able to pass the solemn season of Lent in Rome, untouched by the number and variety of the methods he sees employed for stimulating the piety of the people. . . . I would defy any clergyman, let his views be what

a decided preference for the latter; he listens to and reports Sermons and *dialogos* (showing that he must have possessed a fair working knowledge of Italian,—probably he obtained the rudiments of it in childhood from his mother); he witnesses processions, missions, and the grotesque absurdities of relic-worship; he has interviews with the superiors of Convents, and elicits from them the truth as to the exact observance in their establishments of the Seven Hours of Prayer; he visits and minutely describes the Catacombs, copying and commenting upon many of the Inscriptions, and showing therefrom the “unequivocal sympathy of the Primitive Age with the English rather than with the Romish branch of the Catholic Church”; he gets access to several of the more rarely visited objects of interest, as well as to those which all the world makes a point of seeing; and before leaving Italy, he visits Naples and Pompeii, and makes the ascent of Vesuvius, an incident which he records in his usual vivid and picturesque strain. The Book is concluded by three very useful Letters addressed to a nameless correspondent, who had apostatized to Rome, and had thought fit to remonstrate with him on his “position” as a member of the Church of England. They are “intended to embody a popular reply to the popular objections made by Romanists or Romanizers against our own branch of the Catholic

they might, to survey, in some out-of-the-way church, the large circle of seated persons, commonly of the humblest class, listening with rapt attention to some very familiar exposition of Christian duty, which was being delivered to them with infinite unction and gesticulation by an impetuous, earnest speaker,

standing on a *palco* (or little low scaffold), just above their heads,—without experiencing the liveliest emotions of pleasure; and, (if the truth must be spoken), a secret ejaculation,—‘I only wish I could make people attend half as well to me!’” [Letter vi. p. 64.]

Church." In his Preface to the Work he explains that the Letters were not, in strictness, written from Rome, where indeed he could find no time to write them, but were drafted and thrown into shape after his return to England, from copious notes and sketches which he had made upon the spot. It is no doubt of a popular character, and addressed throughout (as he tells us in the Preface) "to intelligent rather than learned readers"; but taking into consideration his pastoral work at Rome, and his Replies to the Seven Essays in '*Essays and Reviews*,' to which he found it necessary to address himself immediately after his return, while this lighter work, descriptive of his experiences at Rome, was yet upon the stocks, it is really a most extraordinary performance.

Letters II and III, addressed to the Principal of St. Edmund's Hall (Dr. Barrow), though such as the general public might esteem "dry" (as indeed a lady hinted to the writer that she thought them)⁹ are in one point of view the most valuable and interesting of all. The first of them gives a useful popular account, such as any one who applies his mind cannot fail to understand, of Codex B, the celebrated Vatican Manuscript of the New Testament, and of the labours of Cardinal Mai and Vercellone in connexion with it. In the second he discusses the relative value of the quarto and octavo editions of the Codex put forth by Mai and Vercellone, and the probable amount of accuracy with which each of them represents the original Codex, now lost. He sums up by fully admitting the antiquity of Codex B, of which

⁹ "A lady did the writer the honour to send him word that if he expected these Letters to be read by any of her own sex, he must in-

stantly improve his style: for that, '*Codex was very dry.*'" [Footnote to p. 64.]

he says, "I see not how it can be thought more modern than the beginning of the fourth century"; while, as regards the authenticity of its text,—“a very different thing from the antiquity of a Codex,”—his judgment is that “the text of Codex B is one of the most vicious extant.” In this manner he preludes his drastic observations on the shortcomings of Codex B (as also of Codex \aleph —the Sinaitic Manuscript) in Chapters VI and VII of his ‘*Last Twelve Verses of St. Mark*,’ and, at a later period, in his ‘*Revision Revised*.’ In the judgment of Dr. Scrivener,—the greatest living English authority on the Greek Text of the New Testament,—Burgon ascribed to Codex B a value considerably below that to which it is in justice entitled. This will appear from a letter of Dr. Scrivener to the author, which will be more suitably introduced in connexion with Burgon’s later labours on the text.

He was indebted, he tells us, for the high privilege of examining the Vatican Manuscript (of which he must have availed himself on several occasions) to the Cavaliere G. B. de Rossi, author of ‘*The Christian Inscriptions in the Catacombs of the First Six Centuries after Christ*.’ But that he was accompanied in his visits of inspection to the Vatican by other persons versed in the MS. treasures of the great Library, may be gathered from the following memorandum forwarded to the author by the Reverend Henry Symonds, Rector of Tivetshall:—

“In the summer of 1860 I was at Rome at the time when Mr. Burgon was acting as Chaplain to the English residents there. I was wandering one day about the Vatican Library, admiring Raffaele’s beautiful decorations of the book-cases, when I saw collected round a table in the window Mr. Burgon and two others. He was examining a rather large MS. It occurred to me

at once that this might be the renowned '*Codex Vaticanus*'; for I knew that he was a man likely to be interested in seeing it. I therefore accosted him, telling him that I was accustomed to MSS., having been for seven years one of the Librarians at the Bodleian. He received me most kindly, saying 'Oh! then you are quite the right person to see this MS., which is the '*Codex Vaticanus*.' So I had the satisfaction of seeing this famous Manuscript, which falls to the lot of very few. We talked about Coxe" [Henry Octavius Coxe, one of the "Twelve Good Men" of whom Burgon wrote Memoirs], "and the many quaint things that he would say. This interview gave me the chance of seeing several other MSS., among the very rarest of the Vatican Collection. Mr. Burgon had with him an Englishman, who seemed to be perfectly at home in the Vatican. He asked if there were any others I should like to see. I mentioned six or seven of the very oldest. He said he knew the numbers of them, and called for them at once. While I was examining these, Mr. Burgon pulled out and opened a pen-knife, for the purpose of cutting his pencil. The *Custode* immediately seized the '*Codex Vaticanus*' in his arms, evidently thinking that Burgon was going to cut out a leaf or leaves. But he soon allayed the *Custode's* fears by saying that the MS. was as dear to him as to the keeper of it. When I met Mr. Burgon at the Deanery at Norwich, I recalled the incident to him."

Burgon returned from Rome in the May of 1860 to find himself appointed Select Preacher, and was called upon to make his first appearance before the University in that capacity at the commencement of the October term. His appointment was surely one of the instances, in which the hand of God's "never-failing Providence," which, whether we can trace it or not, "ordereth all things," great and small, "both in heaven and earth," may be traced in visible operation. It was the year in which that most censurable volume of crude, rationalistic,

and dangerous speculations called '*Essays and Reviews*,'—a volume which we might congratulate ourselves was long since dead and buried, if it were not that the recent springing up of the dragon's teeth indicates that "the mystery of iniquity doth" still "work,"—was put forth by six of the higher Clergy and one lay member of the Church of England, to the unsettlement of many minds not well grounded in the truth, and to the dismay of all who had learned to consider their Bible, and the old faith which it enshrines, the most precious of all treasures. What may be called the first note of this ill-starred movement was struck by the Sermon preached in Oxford during the visit of the British Association¹, of which Mr. G. V. Cox in his '*Recollections of Oxford*' [2nd Ed. p. 461] gives the following notice:—

"Dr. Temple was not contented with preaching a sermon of a somewhat rationalistic tendency to what was, in a great measure, an ultra-Liberal audience, but, having dressed it up afresh, he presented it as an *Essay* 'On the Education of the World,' in the forefront of that unhappy volume '*Essays and Reviews*.'"

The ground no doubt had long been preparing in the minds of the *alumni* of Oxford. Doubts had been sown among them even by their authorised teachers.

"Divinity Lectures" (writes the Rev. Henry Deane, reviewing the history of religious thought among the undergraduates in Oxford between 1846 and 1856) "were as a rule very poor during this period. 'Suspend your judgment on the Mosaic miracles,' one Tutor is reported to have said.—'Do you see any difficulty in this Article?' asked another Tutor, while lecturing on the Thirty-Nine Articles. Of course the class saw no more

¹ The visit commenced June 25.

difficulty in an Article than they did in Aristotle. So after a few words he said: 'Do you all see the difficulty now?' Of course they all saw it. 'Very well,' said the Tutor, 'let us go on to the next Article.'

Of course the influences brought to bear upon the unhappy undergraduates were by no means all of this sort. Many of the older men were deeply interested in them, and doing a noble work among them, specially Dr. Heurtley (Margaret Professor of Divinity), Mr. Linton, Mr. Litton,—nay, Burgon himself, who, some time before the period at which we have now arrived, had set up Sunday Evening Bible Classes for the young men of his own College, which were extended, after he became Vicar of St. Mary's, to embrace a larger circle.

"The appearance of '*Essays and Reviews*,'" continues Mr. Deane, "was hailed with delight by many of the undergraduates. It was not so much the cleverness of the Essays that they admired as the independence of thought displayed by the Essayists. . . . The volume was the first thing that made us believe that seven English men of note had made up their minds to tell us the truth. The '*Essays and Reviews*' were shortly followed by Part I of Colenso '*On the Pentateuch*;' and I believe that these two works, and the effect produced upon us undergraduates and neo-graduates by them, led Burgon to preach his famous Sermons on 'Inspiration and Interpretation.'"

It was so undoubtedly. Burgon himself says as much in his Preface to the Volume, which is dated "Oriël, June 24th, 1861."

"'*Essays and Reviews*,'" he says, "with the turn of the year experienced a vast increase of notoriety. The entire Bench of Bishops condemned the Book; and both Houses of Convocation endorsed the Episcopal censure. . . . A clamour also arose for a Reply to these seven

champions,—not exactly of Christendom. ‘You condemn, but why do you not *reply*?’ became quite a popular form of reproach. . . . It struck me that I should be employing myself not unprofitably at such a juncture, if (laying aside all other work for a month or two;”—we have seen that he had on his hand the drafting, and throwing into the shape of ‘*Letters from Rome to Friends in England*,’ the various notes and memoranda which he had made during his Roman Chaplaincy;) “I were to attempt a short reply to the volume in question, myself; and to combine with it the publication of the Sermons I had already preached” (in his capacity of Select Preacher); “and which I had the comfort of learning had not only been favourably received by some of those who heard them, but had attracted some slight notice outside the University also. Accordingly, with not a little reluctance, in the month of February I began.”

The work is in two parts, Destructive and Constructive, to use his own phraseology. In the earlier part, which is “addressed to the undergraduate members of Oriel College,” he demolishes *seriatim* the arguments of the Essayists. His affectionate solicitude for them it is, he says at the close of this part, which has moved him to write.

“I trace these concluding lines—(of a work which, but for *you*, would never have been undertaken,) in a *quite* empty College, and in the room where we have so often and so happily met on Sunday evenings. Can you wonder if, at the conclusion of what has proved rather a heavy task, (so *hateful* to me is controversy), my thoughts revert with affectionate solicitude to yourselves, already scattered in all directions; and to those evenings which more, I think, than any other thing, have gilded my College life?—In thus sending you a written farewell, and praying from my soul that God may bless and keep you all, I cannot suppress the earnest entreaty . . . that you would persevere in the daily study of the pure Book

of Life ; and that you would read it, *not* as feeling yourselves called upon to sit in judgment on its adorable contents ; but rather, as men who are permitted to draw near, and invited *to listen*, and *to learn*, and *to live*. And so farewell !”

It is not necessary or desirable to notice in any detail this first and controversial portion of a work, which, admitting certain flaws and extravagances of expression in it, cannot be otherwise regarded than as a powerful blow struck for God's Truth, at a time when that Truth was being gradually undermined by the corrosions of a plausible Rationalism, and a magnificent vindication of the primary axiom of Revelation that God's word is to be received, by those who hear it from Prophets and Apostles, “not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God.” [See 1 Thess. ii. 13.] Burgon is never seen at his best in controversy ; even granting that there is something in the error which he opposes, which may well rouse and exasperate a righteous zeal, he seems to lose all self-command in inflicting the censure, and when his conscience reminds him that even the worst errorists are to be remonstrated with before they are condemned, his remonstrance is too apt to take the form of a lecture and a scolding. Suffice it to say that he holds the Seven Essays to be knit together (as there is no doubt they are) by a common underlying idea, presented by the different writers in different aspects of it (“the germ of the last essay is contained in the first”), and that upon his Reply to the last Essay, (“On the Interpretation of Scripture”) he has bestowed especial pains and attention, giving an analysis of it in his Table of Contents, as he has done to none of the others. The writer of that Essay had maintained that Scripture is to be interpreted like any other

book. Burgon shows that, if the Bible were like any other book in its origin and authority, the principle of interpreting it in a similar method might be freely accepted; but that, since it is of a different character from every other book in the world, being not the word of man, but, though given through the vehicle of human minds and human language, the word of God, this difference of character justifies, or rather necessitates, a different style of interpretation. He would have done well to have added at full length what he has only quoted the concluding words of—the following illustrious testimony to the soundness of his view, and to the shallowness and radical unsoundness of the view of his opponent, from Bacon's '*Advancement of Learning*,'—a testimony which, coming as it does from the Father of Inductive Science, and probably the greatest thinker and philosopher that our country has ever produced, deserves to be written in letters of gold:—

“But the two latter points, known to God, and unknown to man, touching the secrets of the heart, and the successions of time, do make a just and sound difference between the manner of the exposition of the Scriptures, and all other books. For it is an excellent observation which hath been made upon the answers of our Saviour Christ to many of the questions which were propounded to him, how that they are impertinent to the state of the question demanded; the reason whereof is, because not being like man, which knows man's thoughts by his words, but knowing man's thoughts immediately, he never answered their words, but their thoughts: much in the like manner it is with the Scriptures, which being written to the thoughts of men and to the succession of all ages, with a foresight of all heresies, contradictions, differing estates of the church, yea and particularly of the elect, are not to be interpreted only according to the latitude of the proper sense of the place, and respectively

towards that present occasion, whereupon the words were uttered, or in precise congruity or contexture with the words before or after, or in contemplation of the principal scope of the place; but have in themselves, not only totally or collectively, but distributively in clauses and words, infinite springs and streams of doctrine to water the church in every part: and therefore as the literal sense is, as it were, the main stream or river, so the moral sense chiefly, and sometimes the allegorical or typical, are they whereof the church hath most use: not that I wish men to be bold in allegories or indulgent or light in allusions; but that I do much condemn that interpretation of the Scripture, which is only after the manner as men use to interpret a profane book.”—“Philosophical Works. Of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, divine and human.” By Francis Bacon. Vol. I. Book ii. p. 128.

The second and constructive part of ‘*Inspiration and Interpretation*,’ equally necessary with the first, and far more interesting, is a gift of permanent and lasting value to the Church. The first Sermon recommending the study of the Bible, and giving instruction in the right method of studying it, was “intended,” he tells us in the Preface, “to embody the advice which he had already orally given to every undergraduate who had sought counsel at his hands for many years past in Oxford.” The points are, that the Bible is to be read through without any commentary or extraneous help, beginning at the beginning, and never skipping anything, “the best and freshest and quietest half-hour in the whole day” being “deliberately apportioned to this solemn duty,” which “jealously-guarded half-hour will be found to be the one green spot in the day,—like Gideon’s fleece, fresh with the dew of the early morning, when it is ‘dry upon all the earth beside.’”—It should be added that Burgon guards carefully against the false inference, which some might be

disposed to draw from this admonition to "read the Bible through patiently, and humbly, and laboriously," without note or comment,—the inference "that a man is either at liberty or able to gather his own religion for himself out of the Bible. The Book of Common Prayer is your sufficient safeguard. The framework of the Faith is there prescribed for you; and within those limits you cannot well go wrong."

The second Sermon is addressed to answer the objection, "But this Book, for which you claim entire perfection and absolute supremacy, is inevitably destined to be demolished by Natural Science." It is with the supposed conflict between the first chapter of Genesis and the discoveries of geological science that the Sermon deals. The teaching of a masterly Sermon preached before the University by Dr. Buckland (a great scientific authority) was warmly espoused by Burgon, as sufficiently solving all difficulties of this kind. After the first verse of Genesis, which simply records the creation by Almighty Power of all things out of nothing, a lapse of as many ages as the geologist may require may be supposed, in entire consistency with the sacred narrative, to take place. At the close of this long period of ages, some great catastrophe took place which submerged the earth, and wrapped it about with vapour, causing "a dire eclipse." A pipe had recently broken in St. Mary's Church which submerged all the seats, and necessitated the removal of the University Sermons to the Cathedral, where Burgon was then preaching. "Shall I think it a matter of course that one little flaw in a pipe shall, in a second of time, transform the orderly well-compacted seats of a goodly church to one unsightly mass of shapeless and disordered ruin; and shall I pretend to stand aghast at the strangeness of a similar overthrow of this

Earth's furniture at the mere fiat of the Most High?" In what follows of Genesis I. after verse 1,—the account of the reconstitution of the ruined earth out of the chaos, and its furniture for the abode of man,—the days are to be taken as literal days, as the reason assigned for the sabbatical rest requires,—an hypothesis to which Burgon tenaciously clung to the latest years of his life, when he had occasion to put it forth afresh. Without at all entering into the discussion, which is not the province of the Biographer, it may just be said that it is very doubtful whether the theory of regarding the days as long periods of time does not introduce greater difficulties than it removes.

In Sermons III. and IV. he develops his Theory of Inspiration, explaining and vindicating in the latter the Plenary Inspiration of every part of the Bible, and pointing out that the possible corruption of the text in some passages constitutes no valid objection against the Inspiration of the original and true autograph of the Prophets and Apostles. From a note to Sermon III. [p. 83 k.] it appears that the teaching of Sermon II. as to the method of reconciling Genesis and Geology had been, on the Sunday after its delivery, "directly contravened (it does not appear by whom) from the University Pulpit." From his rejoinder it would seem as if the preacher, who had contravened his teaching, had indicated that Moral Science is, no less than Physical Science, opposed to some parts of the plain teaching of the Bible. In reply he points out that the Moral Sense of man has, in virtue of the Fall become depraved, as the first Chapter to the Romans shows, and that a depraved Moral Sense must not presume to sit in judgment upon the consistency of God's moral attributes with certain Scriptural precepts to certain persons. This,

however, is only an incident in the Discourse. It is chiefly occupied with apparent discrepancies in the Gospels, very many of which only seem to require for their solution the knowledge of some slight circumstance which would bring all into harmony. Spite of "the dignity of the pulpit" ("I hate the very phrase, it has been made too often the cloak of dulness"), this is illustrated by the supposition of a trial at the Antipodes, where three witnesses depose severally on oath to having seen A. B. "standing before Carfax Church, while the clock *was striking one*"; "passing by St. Mary's, when the clock of *that* Church was also striking one"; and on the steps *of the Cathedral*, when the Cathedral clock was striking one, the apparently discrepant testimonies of the three being brought into harmony by the fact, not known to every one, that "the three clocks in question were, till lately, kept five minutes apart."—In the fourth Sermon the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration is affirmed with all that uncompromising strenuousness of assertion which was part of his character. And surely every one, on calm reflexion, must think with Burgon that, if Inspiration is to avail for the instruction of mankind, the phraseology in which the sense is conveyed, no less than the sense itself, must be subject to its control.

"As for *thoughts* being inspired, apart from the words which give them expression, you might as well talk of a tune without notes, or a sum without figures. No such dream can abide the daylight for a moment."

This Sermon is followed by a Supplement, in which he deals with the theory that, "the office of the Bible being merely to make men wise unto salvation," it does not follow that the Inspiration under which it was written must have secured the writers "against slips of memory,

inaccuracies of statement, inconclusive reasonings, incorrect quotations, mistaken inferences, scientific errors,"—a view which he admits "recommends itself occasionally to candid, and even to reverential minds." He requests any favourer of this theory to test it "by running his pen through the places which he suspects of being external to the influence of Inspiration," and ventures "to predict that such an one will speedily admit that his erasures are either so very few, or so very many, as to be fatal to the theory of which they are the expression."

In Sermon V. he passes from the Inspiration of Holy Scripture to its Interpretation. The great point here is the Holy Ghost's method of Interpretation, as applied to His own foregone utterances,—in other words,—the principles which govern the citations made in the New Testament from the Old. In these passages GOD has been pleased to give us a clue to the interpretation of His own Word. This method of the Holy Ghost, when we study it, "altogether establishes the fact that the Bible is *not to be interpreted like any other Book*," the thesis this which the last of the Essayists and Reviewers had laboured to establish. It is in this Sermon that the writer, while carefully guarding himself against impeaching the historical character of the narratives of Holy Scripture, opens the way for those typical and allegorical interpretations in which he so much delighted. Our Lord Himself says that "Moses wrote of me." "Shew me the places in the Pentateuch," says Burgon, "which prove that CHRIST was 'to suffer these things,' and then to 'enter into glory.' You cannot do it; unless indeed you admit Isaac's sacrifice, the indignities done to Joseph, and his exaltation, the Paschal Lamb, the wave-sheaf, &c., &c., to be figures of Christ, and recorded, as

being so, 'for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.'" But the above are only hints as to the line which the interpretation of Scripture is to take; there are many other types, not generally recognised as such, which we shall see if we look under the surface. Thus, in the narrative of Joseph's temptation, "Potiphar's wife may, (as the best and wisest of ancient and modern Divines have thought), symbolize the Power of Darkness; and Joseph our Divine LORD. The garment Joseph left in the woman's hand, may represent that fleshly garment of which the true Joseph divested Himself,—(ἀπεκδυσάμενος, as St. Paul speaks in a very remarkable place, which certainly means, 'having stripped off from Himself,')—the mortal body² which Satan apprehended (his sole triumph!), and by which he was ensnared, when a greater than Joseph gat him out from an adulterous world."

There is a grand passage, which we cannot find space for, but which the reader should certainly consult [Serm. V. p. 176] on the mystery of the interview between Melchizedek and Abram, bursting into view in Psalm cx. just midway between the time of Abraham and the time of Christ.

Sermon VI., "The Doctrine of Arbitrary Scriptural Accommodation considered," was not one of the course which he was called upon to deliver as Select Preacher, but was in fact his first University Sermon, preached ten years previously, with the added lights which the experience of those years had thrown upon it. The notion combated in it is, that any passage of foregone Scripture

² It would seem from this that Burgon (in Col. ii. 15) accepted the reading τὴν σάρκα for τὰς ἀρχάς. Or perhaps he took the words "his body" to be understood after ἀπεκδυσάμενος,—a way of understanding

the clause which is given in the margin of the Revised Version: *having put off from himself his body, he made a show of the principalities, &c.*

has been by any New Testament writer “wrenched away from its natural bearing and intention; and made to accommodate itself,—and, on the part of the writer, quite arbitrarily,—to a purpose, with which it has, in reality, no manner of connexion.” The passage instanced in is Rom. x. 5 to 10,—the contrasted utterances of “the righteousness which is of the law” and “the righteousness which is of faith,”—in which St. Paul quotes with some notable alteration, and with what may be called a running commentary, Deut. xxx. 11 to 15;—“as fair an example as could be desired of what is sometimes called ‘Accommodation’. . . I know not an instance of what, in any *uninspired writing*, I should have been myself more inclined to stigmatize as such.” The variation of St. Paul from Moses, “Who shall *go down into the deep*,” instead of “Who shall *go over the sea*,” in order to point the application to the descent of Christ into Hades, is made under the immediate prompting of Inspiration,—it is God “calling in the wealth of His ancient treasury, in order to recoin it, that He may more enrich us thereby,”—God, “taking His ancient speeches back into His mouth, in order that He may syllable them anew, making them sweeter than honey to our lips, yea, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.” And that the Christian application, which St. Paul makes of the passage, was intended by the Holy Spirit, when He put it into the pen of Moses, he gives good reasons for thinking,—one of them being that in the first verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of Deuteronomy the covenant, among “the words” of which the passage is found, is said to be a distinct covenant, at the end of the pilgrimage of Israel, “beside the covenant which he made with them in Horeb” at the beginning of it, forty years ago. This new covenant Bishop Bull takes to be the covenant of

Grace, which is implicitly and darkly preached in the passage in question; and Burgon gives other reasons for thinking that what St. Paul finds in the passage of Moses was really designed by the Spirit who inspired Moses to write it,—is anything but an arbitrary accommodation.—The author cannot but think that, apart from interpretations of particular passages, the true and only clue of sound interpretation has been laid hold of, by the direction to look to the quotations made from the Old Testament in the New, and to consider what guidance and light may be discovered in them. The difficulties here, as in the Bible itself, begin with the beginning; for the prophecies, of which St. Matthew finds a fulfilment in our Lord's infancy (St. Matt. ii. 15, 17, 23), are surrounded with difficulties, and offer doubtless to him, who studies them with devout docility, numerous bright glimpses into the Spirit's method of interpretation.

The last Sermon deals with the subject which had been discussed by the third Essayist, the actual title of whose essay was "On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity"; but, as Burgon truly says, the Essay should rather have been called, "The Validity of THE EVIDENCE FROM MIRACLES considered, or rather denied." The Sermon considers both the Moral Marvels of Scripture (meaning, the perplexing problems which certain parts of it throw out to the moral sense), and its Physical Marvels, that is, its recorded miracles. Jael's act is selected as presenting a difficulty of the former class, and is elaborately vindicated. We must start with the assumption that her act was moral, because "God pronounced her blessed, and distinctly commended her for her deed, and no action can be immoral which GOD praises." He then shows how under the peculiar circum-

stances, and from Jael's point of view, the act was justifiable,—nay, something more. “It is quite evident that each fresh oppressor of Israel was regarded, in the strictest sense, as the *enemy of God*; and that, as the enemy of the LORD God of Israel, Sisera was summarily slain by the Kenite's wife.” As regards miracles—the “physical marvels” of Holy Scripture,—while cordially admitting that “general laws of inscrutable Wisdom determined each case of miraculous interposition,” he repudiates with something like scorn Mr. Babbage's suggestion that a miracle, is not “an exception to those laws which we know, but really the fulfilment of a wider law which we did not know before”; shows that the paring down and extenuating the supernatural element in a miracle is, in view of all the circumstances, an untenable explanation; and protests with his usual warmth (yet not too warmly) against the Ideology, which recognises in the miraculous narratives of Scripture nothing of matter of fact, but only the allegorizing of truths of weightiest import.—The Sermons are followed by Appendices, chiefly confirmatory of his own view, from the works of Bishop Horsley, Bishop Butler, Bishop Bull, Bishop Pearson, and from the sermons of his great friend and predecessor in the Vicarage of St. Mary's, the Rev. C. P. Eden, a memoir of whom appears in ‘*The Lives of Twelve Good Men.*’

And what was the immediate effect upon the audience, the reader will be disposed to ask, of the above Sermons? Very much what the effect was of inspired preaching of old, and what will always be the effect of faithful preaching, framed on the model of the inspired. “The multitude of the city was divided”; “some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.” “We did not think much of them at the time,”

writes one who was then an undergraduate, and attended the Sermons, "many of the passages in them being grotesque. It was said that an undergraduate of Oriel who had great influence with Burgon begged him to change his tone. The last sermon or sermons were very different from the first." No doubt, as in all Burgon's sermons and addresses, so in these also, there is a certain style foreign to the ordinary and conventional usage of the English pulpit, which was inseparable from the strong and marked individuality of the man; but as for any grotesquenesses which could present a serious stumbling-block except to minds of a most frivolous order, if there were such in the delivery, they have been expunged previously to publication. But the writer has been credibly informed, on authority which he cannot doubt, that the theory of Scriptural Inspiration propounded in the Fourth Sermon presented a grave difficulty to the minds of some thoughtful and religiously-minded hearers among the undergraduates, who were not prepared for the alternative which seemed to be incisively presented to them;—Either the whole Bible is inspired, "the words as well as the sentences, the syllables as well as the words, the letters as well as the syllables, every 'jot' and every 'tittle' of it;"—or the whole of it must be abandoned, since no part of it can be certainly depended upon as an infallible guide. To this the present writer can only say that, *supposing the doctrine inculcated to be a true one*, the offence given thereby, however much it is to be regretted, could not have been avoided. And if the way of stating the truth was not (as perhaps it may not have been) altogether judicious, can the meaning which it was intended to convey be seriously questioned by devout and thoughtful men? We know that GOD has not been pleased absolutely

to secure the text of His Holy Scriptures from corruption (by carelessness of transcribers, interpolations of words designed only as marginal explanations, and so forth); he has left a certain amount of uncertainty here and there on the *ipsissima verba* of Prophets and Apostles, to exercise the discrimination of those of His servants who have leisure and skill for such studies, as also for the trial of the faith of His children in general; but supposing us to be in undoubted possession of the original autographs of Moses, Isaiah, the Evangelists, St. Peter, St. Paul, should we be willing to admit that a single verse or word of the text could be uninspired, and to dispense with it freely, as being immaterial, in our vain conceptions, to the just expression of the Holy Spirit's meaning? Without being at all prepared to assert that all parts of Holy Scripture are *equally precious, equally vital, or have an equally deep spiritual import*,—an assertion surely which would carry its own refutation on the face of it,—must we not maintain, if we hold Inspiration at all, that as, in the natural body of man, the breath of life is diffused through the whole frame (resides in the extremities—in the hair and the nails as well as in the head and the heart) so there is not a single jot or tittle of inspired Scripture which has not God's breath in it, and which, as having God's breath in it, has not some function or other to fulfil in the design of His inscrutable wisdom, though we may not always know or be able to discern what that design is? If this image conveys a real truth, no part of the Bible, however apparently insignificant to us,—not even the catalogue of the Dukes of Edom, or the long string of names of persons, of whom it is given us to know nothing but the names, as in Rom. xvi,—could be dispensed with without a real loss.

But there were other hearers of Burgon's famous Seven Sermons, who were neither moved to levity by his "grotesque passages," nor offended and scandalized by his making the Inspiration of the Inspired Writers cover (as they considered) too wide a field. Here is the testimony of one of them, taken from a *communiquée* to the *Record* newspaper of August 17, 1888. The initials appended at the end of the paper are C. H. W. The author thinks it best to let it stand alone, without a word of comment except this, that it is in the highest degree unlikely that C. H. W. stood alone in the impressions which he carried away from Burgon's ministry. Indeed if the reader will refer to the interesting paper by the Rev. R. G. Livingstone given in a later Section, in the early part of which he gives an account of Burgon's Bible Readings with the undergraduates in his rooms at Oriel, he will see that Mr. Livingstone had imbibed from the Bible Readings very similar impressions to those which "C. H. W." derived from the Seven Sermons;—"It was nothing short of a revelation to me to discover that the study of the Bible could be made so full of interest and brightness—so attractive, as he made it."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE
DEAN BURGON.

[From the *Record* newspaper of August 17, 1888.]

"From first to last, all my reminiscences of Dean Burgon are bound up with the Bible, treated as few teachers of divinity now appear to regard it, as God's word written; 'absolute, faultless, unerring, supreme.' Some report of his being an interesting preacher drew me to the Cathedral at Oxford, one Sunday afternoon in the October Term of (I think) 1860, but I have no

means at hand of verifying the exact date. I went to hear the University Sermon, which he was appointed to preach. It turned out to be the first of 'Seven Sermons on the Inspiration and Interpretation of Holy Scripture,' delivered in answer to *Essays and Reviews*. There was but a small congregation to listen to this first sermon. The hearers increased as the series continued. But those who went from the beginning were well repaid. I can never forget what I heard that afternoon. It all comes back to me whenever I come across the text, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life' 'The study of the Bible recommended, and a method of studying it prescribed,' is the title of the sermon, which was specially addressed to undergraduates. The title gives a very fair account of the contents; but no words that I can put together will describe what I myself gained that afternoon. In regard to Scripture, I acquired the rudiments of a fresh sense. I knew much of the text of the Bible already, I read it as a habit, loved it, admired it, and had learned much of it by heart. But I had never learned to look at the Bible as the preacher that day did. I went away with the feeling that I had just been presented with a new book, and must set to work to study it from the beginning, as though I had never seen it before. I began to do so, in the kind of way that was then suggested, and I have gone on ever since. The Bible has never ceased to be what it then became, a mine of hid treasure. And there is just as much to be learned still as there was at first. In fact, there seems to be much more. I cannot describe what happened that day in any better words than those which I first employed to describe it:—'Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.'

"From that time I began to take opportunities of attending St. Mary's when Burgon was there. Of course I heard the rest of the seven Sermons. Some of the texts made scarcely less impression upon me than the first had done. 'Do ye not therefore err because ye know

not the Scriptures, neither the power of God?' was one of them. How often have I verified the fact that ignorance or disregard of Scripture is at the root of erroneous teaching! And what a source of strength the discovery of this fact has been!—Again, 'Through faith we understand that the worlds were made by the word of God,' handled as Burgon handled it, was the beginning of another lesson of almost equal worth. I learned that for the understanding of the early chapters of Genesis it is not science or literary criticism that is demanded, but implicit faith in the record of creation to begin with, and then careful observation of what is written. I see now that not only is there no contradiction between Genesis and geology, but that the two do not even cross each other's paths. Few men ever search the Scriptures as Burgon did, or can tell others how to search them. Hardly any one believes the Bible in the same way. A very little work done in his style carries one quite outside the common horizon of criticism and exegesis. But it almost demands Burgon's talent for homely exposition and vivid illustration, to bring the knowledge obtained by his method before the ordinary sight. I would rather have heard him read the two lessons in the Sunday service than listen to any preacher I have ever heard, except (perhaps) himself. From his sermon on some Scripture scene or character I should learn more than from any other source of information upon earth. Without wishing to say anything disparaging of others, there is to my mind the same sort of difference between Burgon's treatment of sacred history in matters of detail and what one commonly hears, as there is between a street boy's chalk scribble on a door or paling and a drawing of some sacred subject by Mr. Frederick Thrupp. It is not so much that what one commonly hears is inaccurate and wrong—though too often it is both—as that hardly any one seems to see that strict taste and perfect accuracy are required for the treatment of Scripture scenes and characters. The saints of the Old and New Testaments never complain. If living men are caricatured or misrepresented, they can remon-

strate, and perhaps write to the newspapers; but Moses and Elias, Samson and David, St. Peter and St. John keep silence, and let men take what liberties they will.

“Dean Burgon never took liberties. He was as careful of the honour and reputation of a character in Holy Scripture as of his dearest living friends. I once heard him read the description of Rizpah’s care for her dead children, from the Sunday lesson in the Second Book of Samuel. It was a thing never to be forgotten. As one said who was present, ‘he read it as though she had been his own sister!’ and so it was throughout. But his choicest theme was the Gospels. These were his favourite study. Here he was accustomed, as he said himself, to ‘weigh every word in hair scales.’ And what unsuspected beauties did he bring to light! How many passages there recall him to memory! The story of our Lord’s temptation in St. Matthew, the harmonizing of what is told us of the healing of the centurion’s servant, or of the blind men at Jericho; the record of Pilate’s indecision, and the title on the Cross; the incidents of Easter morning, and of that third appearance of our Saviour at the sea of Tiberias; not to mention the text containing that solemn question, ‘What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’—all these are inseparably associated with his memory in my own mind; some of them, I doubt not, in the minds of many. We were to have had the text of the Gospels, and their harmony, from his pen before this. It was all but finished, and was promised years ago. But who is there to finish it, and who can gather up the thousand threads of loving reverential knowledge, that have fallen from his grasp?

“Dean Burgon was above all things else a Bible student and a man of God. He never failed to impress upon us St. Paul’s lesson, that to ‘speak with the tongues of men and angels,’ to ‘understand all mysteries in Scripture,’ was nothing without life and love. His personal appeals to the conscience were always most heart-searching and solemn. He believed what he

taught. From his intense belief in Holy Scripture I have often rekindled my own. I never left him without feeling stimulated and reprov'd. To his teaching, under God, I owe all I know of divinity. Outside of Holy Scripture I know nothing. But for him, I should never have known the Bible apart from commentaries. Since he entered into rest, my thoughts have constantly tried to follow him into the Paradise of which he spoke with such reverential and humble insight. And my desires have been chiefly set upon two things. I cannot but believe that all the best and noblest souls among the saints of old must have risen up to greet him, and to take part in the welcome given him by 'the Lord of the dead and living.' I wish I could have heard what they said to him, and seen how they received him there. I doubt whether there has been such a reception for many a day. And next I have wished that I could ask him one question: 'What do you think now of all you taught us about Holy Scripture? Do you still see it in the same light, or are the men of this generation at all right in supposing that there is in the Bible a certain admixture of dross and error, from which we must by our critical faculties eliminate and sift out the truth?' To this question I have received an answer. I have no doubt of it at all, and it is this: 'I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me (*ρήματα*, words spoken before they were given), and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send me. I pray for them.' It is enough. There is nothing to alter in this view of Holy Scripture, which the man of God taught us. It is the very same message that I first heard from his lips: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words (*ρήματα*) of eternal life.' It may be that men will count us fools for thinking so; but let me be a fool with Burgon, if it be so, and let the wise men of this generation say what they please. It will all come right hereafter, and we have not long to wait. As he said himself, 'Be patient, O my soul, until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'"

TO MRS. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

"H. Conquest, Sept. 16, 1853.

"My dearest Mrs. Rose,—I cannot forget what tomorrow is³; and if I could suppose that you could yourself forget, I would not write to convey to you one of the melancholy thoughts which the anniversary ever brings to me. But your faithful heart will have felt the shadow, which day by day deepens for you at this sad time: and if I cannot (as I know I cannot) even *help* to dispel it, I can at least convince you that my thoughts are with you. And this may be a small comfort in its way. Indeed all here remember the anniversary; and have already feelingly alluded to it.

"The blow seemed full of wrath; but you have been spared to see that there was mercy in it. Or if you have not seen much, your faith may at least suggest some very bright and comfortable reflexions. I will not, for I need not, particularly explain what I mean. I will content myself instead with inviting you to read attentively a portion of Scripture, on which I have been commenting for the last few days, namely, St. Matthew xxv. You may also, if you please, read in connexion with it, St. Luke xix. 1 to 27. I gave *twelve hours* yesterday to the Commentary, and still feel very full of the thoughts, which the chapter of St. Matthew especially suggested, and which seem to me not inapplicable to yourself. Pray observe the concluding verses of it, from verse 31 to the end. It seems to me like the solemn commentary of the Spirit on the two parables which precede⁴. . . . And with this remark I shall dismiss the subject.

"Let me earnestly request that you will not, by any undue abstinence, distress yourself, and impair the spring

³ Sept. 17 was the anniversary of Josephine Mair's death, which he had already adverted to in an earlier letter to Mrs. Hugh James Rose. See above, p. 161, and footnote.

⁴ These very words occur in his '*Plain Commentary*' on St. Matt.

xxv. 30. The "passage which ends the chapter" (what is usually called the Parable of the Sheep and Goats) "may be considered, in some sort, as the solemn Commentary of the Spirit on the two parables which precede."

of your mind, when these sad days come round. Nor yet feel regardless of things present, and suffer yourself to grow weary of the sun. Rather let me affectionately implore you to catch eagerly at every little blessing, which Almighty Love throws in your way; and be happy—knowing that God wills nothing less than the happiness of His creatures, in time and in eternity. . . . See how, this year, a Sunday follows your day of heaviness. Is it not a blessed earnest that, though ‘heaviness may endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning?’

“ My dearest Mrs. Rose,

“ Your affectionate,

“ J. W. B.”

FROM THE REVEREND J. W. BURGON TO THE RIGHT
HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

“ Oriel, Feb. 27 [1854].

“ My dear Mr. Gladstone,—I am much struck with your kindness—overwhelmed with work as you must be—in finding time to write me so long a letter. My first impulse was, not to trouble you with any reply: but besides wishing to thank you for your kindness, I desire to say what occurs to me as often as I advert to the letter I received from you on Friday. The few words which follow are not committed to paper, believe me, with the remotest desire of provoking rejoinder. You will have read them, and I shall be content.

“ You speak of *the University*, as if [it] had an existence apart from *the Colleges*. Not only however is this not the case actually,—but even *historically* I find no traces of the circumstance either. At all events, why the separate existence and distinct operation of the University is now to be fostered and developed I must (very humbly) profess myself unable to perceive.—Neither can I acquiesce in the supposition that the *religious* character which *every* founder stamped on *every* College in Oxford is an indication that the University (supposing it to have

had a distinct, independent existence) bore a different impress.

"Let it be supposed however that this is a matter of opinion. And let it be granted that you are a far better judge of the matter than myself. What appears to be the simple fact,—Government is about to take steps with regard to this ancient seat of piety and learning which will amount to nothing less than a revolution. Responsible, the Government is not to any earthly power. The country at large is indifferent as to what they do in this regard. Fathers who have smarted for their sons' extravagance at College will applaud anything which looks like a measure of retaliation; while the sons (who are sure to impute to the University the faults which were all their own),—*they* also will look on and rejoice.—Was there ever a measure proposed, having a manifest tendency to weaken the Church,—to cripple one of her healthiest limbs,—to divert into other channels the revenues which are directly or indirectly hers,—and to promote secular at the expense of sacred learning; was ever such a measure proposed without winning support and favour from the world at large,—whether within or without the House of Commons?

"No less as a Christian statesman, therefore, than as a faithful son of Oxford, I will but implore Mr. Gladstone to keep himself (if possible) unbiassed as well by the animosity of those who hate us, as by the conflicting views and wishes of our almost as dangerous professing friends. I will make bold to remind him that the truth is not of necessity on the side of those who are most clamorous for change:—that these Institutions have worked well hitherto—*are working well now*—will work better and better every year, if let alone:—that the world grows stronger daily, and that this is no time for dismantling those fortresses where the Church has ever nursed her warriors, and whither she has never turned in vain for a champion in her hour of need.

"This visible framework of things is indeed passing fast away; and it is no figure of speech which you employ, but a sober reality, when you speak of hereafter

looking Founders in the face. *They* did their work nobly, and have long since gone to their reward. Do not *you* suffer others to mar their holy work! Let me cling to the hope that while *you* assist, and in some degree direct the counsels of Government, so great an injury as I apprehend will never befall these ancient institutions. Do not *you*, dear Sir, I beseech you, consent to a measure, the tendency of which may directly or indirectly be, to promote the encroachments of the world upon the Church, and to weaken the cause of Christ in the world.

Forgive my great boldness: but this matter lies far nearer to my heart than you would suppose. I am ever, with sincere regard and admiration, my dear Mr. Gladstone,

“Your obliged and most faithful servant,

“J. W. B.”

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

“5, Burton Crescent, July 19, 1854.

“My dear affectionate Old Man,— . . .

“I am sorry to say that my dearest mother both has been, and continues to be, very poorly indeed. I feel very heavy on the subject. The rest of my beloved circle are tolerably well—*remember you with affection*—and send you a very kind message indeed.

“Oxford, I fear, has seen her best days. Her sun has set and for ever. She never more can be what she has been,—the great nursery of the Church. She will become a cage of unclean beasts at last. Of course we shall not live to see it; *but our great grandchildren will*: and the Church, (and Oxford itself) will rue the day when its liberties and its birthright were lost by a licentious vote of a *no longer Christian* House of Commons.

“The mischief will quickly show itself in some small respects. The Dissenters, who now talk like injured men for being excluded from the walls of the University (which is no injury at all), will soon be heard to complain that they have not *equal rights* with ourselves.

They will discover that they have a conscience, and cannot attend chapel or divinity lectures. . . . They will claim (and obtain) the right of proceeding to M.A. and holding fellowships. THE END will be the driving out the Church from what has hitherto been her fortress⁵: and she will have to build herself little strongholds elsewhere. . . . It is one of our many national steps in a downward direction; one of our many abandonments of a great principle; one of the many preliminary measures to the severance of Church and State; one of the many approaches to a state of national irreligion; one of the many *beginnings of the end*, which mark the slow but sure advent of the latter days.

"You have asked for my opinion, my dear friend; and I give it you freely and fully: very grieved to have to give such an opinion;—very sorry to have to draw so gloomy a picture concerning the future destiny of the place we both love so well.

"In the meantime, it is our joy to think that while the *nation* sins thus heavily—or, to say the least, *errs* so grievously,—every individual may advance in holiness and virtue, and serve GOD acceptably, however humbly, in his generation, and stand erect in his place in the latter days.

"May we be found,—we and all we love best—where the good and great of all ages will be, for CHRIST'S sake!

"Remember me most kindly to your dear wife, and believe me,

"Ever, my dearest Old Man,

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. W. B."

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

"5, Burton Crescent, London, Dec. 21, 1855.

"My dearest Hensley.—I cannot explain to myself, and therefore shall scarcely be able to explain to you,

⁵ All these prognostications were fully realised at the passing of the Universities Tests Act seventeen years later in 1871.

how it should happen that letters, which give me such lively pleasure as yours always do, should accumulate upon me unanswered. Had you me under you, however, a rapier in your right hand, and a bludgeon in your left ; a pistol in each pocket, spurs at your heels and a crow-bar between your teeth, Mrs. Hensley beside you with needles, a bodkin, and a toasting fork—I say, did I behold punishment in so many shapes awaiting me, I should falter out that the only cause has been because I have felt that *any* day I could write ; and because I have always determined that the day should be *to-morrow*, a day which, as you are aware, never comes.

“ The penny post has many advantages doubtless ; but I am sure its counterbalancing evils are of a very serious nature. Among the chiefest I reckon *this*, that one seldom or never writes letters as the men of the century beginning 1725 and ending 1825 wrote them,—letters of private friendship, written for friendship’s sake ;—*notes* one writes—true : but *letters* seldom, if ever. Every post brings in its half-dozen sundry appeals, which will have the best end of an hour in the reading, replying, and *rending*. Thus one’s time for correspondence gets flittered away, and the full tide of ink becomes dispersed in a hundred imperceptible channels. It seems to me as if I *never* wrote a pleasant letter to a friend.

“ Thank you, dearest fellow, for your many affectionate little letters, which give me so many agreeable peeps at a domestic fireside, a gentle wife, and (I like to think) a well cared for parish. All your little doings interest me, —will always interest me, as much as you can desire or design : and I ever cherish the hope of spending some few days with you,—where I may learn by *heart* the lesson I already know by *rote* ; namely, the name and nature of your whereabouts. Whenever my sisters see me looking a little fagged or thin, I am commonly asked why I do not pack up my traps, and go down to see Alfred Hensley—‘ who always invites you so affectionately,’ &c. My own history, dear friend, has been

a most monotonous one since you saw me. My Commentary and Sermons finished, before turning to anything biographical, I have been engaged on an antiquarian matter,—a brief memoir of the Colleges of Oxford. *Eight* I have written, and *four* have been published. The rest will appear before June. But it is an expensive work—(only *one* copy given *me*!)—and you must not buy it. The *last* number will be Worcester. *That* you may get, if you like, and make Spiers happy. (Think of Spiers turning publisher!) But I long to get this off my hands, and turn to the life of my dear friend Tytler. From that I go on to Routh, and then, if I live, to my Harmony. In the meantime, my prints are published this day by Hering, and I hope he will make them answer. (I need hardly say that these things are all the Publisher's, not *mine*.) Thus have I rattled on, and covered two sheets, and you would scarcely believe that I write with an aching heart, full of affecting recollections, which this festive (not joyous) season brings thick upon me.

“But I will not write sadly to the man I love at such a time. He will wish to know that I am with my father, sister, and brother; that I go hence (on New Year's Day) to Turvey Abbey; and thence to Houghton; returning to Oriel by the 19th January: but if he desires to picture me truly, he must picture one whose heart seems buried, and who tries to live in the future in vain. The year 1854 carried away with it what gave life its sweetness and its charm⁶,—charm and sweetness unknown—or at least unappreciated—until they were removed.

“God bless and keep you and your dear wife, dearest Hensley. Remember me affectionately to her, I beg. Be sure and spend a night at Oxford—going or coming. When I give you a cold welcome, then forget

“Your loving friend,

“J. W. BURGON.”

⁶ He means his mother, who, it will be remembered, died Sept. 7, 1854.

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

"Oriel, Nov. 8, 1856.

"My dearest Old Man,—

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"I am very well thank you, dearest fellow: that is to say, I have nothing in particular in the way of health to complain of. *Strong* I cannot say I *do* feel; but I do not ail in any way—except, alas, SPIRITUALLY.

"What vexes me most is the utter inability I experience TO DO anything. I am seldom, if ever, inactive: yet the impertinences of daily life fill up the day;—and the residuum is a sleepy head and weary limbs. And yet, by a strange perversity, my plans thicken and multiply with my inability to carry them into execution.

"Thus—though I have smarted considerably under the mortification of not being able to open my box of *Tytler* papers since the Long, I have actually begun collecting materials (traditional, of course, chiefly) of Dr. Routh! . . . that will form an amusing memoir, I do believe—

.

"Now I take it for granted that *Dadla* never thinks of going into the nursery, even of a rainy day; that week after week passes, and he is quite content with a report from the *nuss*, &c., &c., &c. . . . Or does the old man pass whole hours with the little duck in his arms?

"The weather with us is cold and cheerless. Penarran itself must be looking queer—and the roads must have regained their wintry character.—Well, every season has its charm: and—*intus si bene*—as the inscription runs on the monument in Houghton Church—it matters little what weather is without. The sense of God's love and support is the *intus*, remember, not the image of the passing cloud—now, *all* the changes and chances of this mortal life are passing things! . . . My kindest regards at

the Moat: love to your sister: kiss to baby: and all
that is affectionate to yourself, from

"Dearest Old Man,

"Your loving

"J. B."

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

"Oriol, March 17, 1857.

"My dearest Friend,—

"Pray give ——⁷ a special kiss for me, and tell her
that *her mark* is the first *cross* thing I ever saw her do—
and that I am persuaded, when I think of her dear
parents, that it will be the last!

"I daresay you will like the chair⁸ on the whole.
Everything of that kind looks rubbishy in a dirty shop.
When the chair gets worn, and is in the good company
of your fireside, it will improve, I am persuaded.

"Nothing shall prevent me (D.V.) from reposing in it
this summer, as you so affectionately propose.—I quite
long to see the Brithyn again—(how it seems but
yesterday since I looked on them last) and to hear the
Mule prattling along,—and to pace, with you, the short
walk between the yew trees⁹!

⁷ A grotesque name for Mr. Hensley's young child, who, being unable to write, had put a cross against that clause of the letter in which she sent her love to Burgon.

⁸ Burgon had been commissioned by his friend to purchase a chair for him in Oxford, which, in sending it off to him, he describes at length.

⁹ "Did we not hold such converse,
when, last June,
We paced thy garden-walk between
the yews,

And roved the mountain-valley near
thy home,
Dear Hensley?
Meanwhile the Mule went sparkling
on its way
Beside us, babbling, bubbling. And
you said,—
'The Mule comes trickling down
from yonder hill;
Finds the Mahelly; the Mahelly
finds
The Severn; and the Severn finds
the sea.

"And now, about the portrait; I saw at Reading the other day, something in a style which I think on the whole *will please you better than Richmond*.—It is in coloured chalk, *marvellous* life-like, and the artist is available (which I am *sure* Richmond is not), and it will be rather cheaper . . . may I obtain for you the artist's name and address (I asked both, but forgot the reply!), and either communicate with him, or put you in communication with him yourself?

"I am *confident* that the result would delight you MORE than Richmond. You will perhaps say, 'But *why*? if *R.* be the best draughtsman of the human head living?'—I answer, 'Because this is NOT to be a *portrait*, but a copy of two imperfect representations, and I doubt whether the *marvellous reality of Richmond's pencil* would not rather *realise those two representations* than the sainted original . . . Do you see what I mean? A less piercing and precise, a more *submissive* pencil, would be more likely to please you than Richmond's vigorous handling of a subject which, alas! he never saw.

"As regards my books—you will need no assurance that I have as yet found time for nothing! No, I am indeed finishing off my memoirs of the Colleges (Wadham, Pembroke and Worcester alone remain to be done); but this is all I shall be able to achieve on this side of Easter, I am sorry to say. After Easter, however (D.V.) I shall apply myself *vi et armis* to old Routh, and trust I may have done something considerable by the Long Vacation.

All find the sea at last! A little while
Parted asunder, — but a little
while—

And then all find the sea.' . . .

Whereon we took
Our journey home in silence, and
sat down

To watch the slumbers of thy
motherless babe."

"Worcester College" ['*Poems*,'

VOL. I.

pp. 86, 87].

"The Brithyn," writes Mr. Hensley, "are two hills springing up abruptly in the vale of the Severn, and almost overhanging the river. They are about seventeen miles from Kerry, and form a very pretty feature in the landscape, when looking down the Vale of Severn from Kerry heights."

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"Think of me at five o'clock on Sunday evening (till six) reading Genesis with a class of the citizens, at the Town Hall. Last Sunday was my second lecture; I have about fifty, and enjoy it much. So, I think, do they . . . I cannot *bear* the sense of inactivity!

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"As regards local news, the chief is that Neate (who lives above me) is the candidate for Oxford borough¹ . . .

"On Wednesday and Friday evenings we have Lenten Sermons at St. Mary's. The Bishops of Oxford and London, Dr. Hook, Moberly, Trench, Wordsworth, Pusey, are among the preachers. I wish you could see how full St. Mary's is on those evenings.

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"I think much of you, dearest fellow, knowing how full of grief all this season cannot fail to be. Let me entreat you, however, to look with gratitude on that little bud of promise which is yet left you, and to remember that every bursting leaf and opening flower is a precious pledge, as well as a most living type, of the great reality which is in store for her, for you, and (for the merits of Him who died for all!) I trust for *me* also.

"Ever my dearest Alfred,

"Your most loving friend,

"J. B."

¹ Mr. Neate, eminent for his abilities even among Fellows of Oriel, who were all in those days men of mark, was elected for the City, but unseated for bribery in the following July on the ground that his Committee (to whose proceedings he was not privy) had engaged a very large number of the constituents as *paid messengers*; the circumstance which gives point

to this squib, which has been preserved by Mr. G. V. Cox (*Recollections of Oxford*, 2nd edition, p. 427):—

"Poor Mr. Neate soon lost his seat,
Upset by his agents for bribery!
So *the neat's tongue* was dried,
With many jokes beside,
Quae nunc esset longum per-
scribere."

TO THE REVEREND ALFRED HENSLEY.

"Oriel, June 3, 1858.

"My dearest Hensley,—

"I rejoice to hear so nice an account of you and yours. I trust it will last for ever! How the summer seems to have burst upon us! I fancy I see your house and garden, and the green dell beyond, and I hear the Mule babbling, and I see you coming towards my window with a smile upon your face. It is breakfast time,—and we have tea, bacon, and a large crusty loaf. It is tea time, and we have the same kind of loaf and tea, and some little cutlets. . . . Now it is prayer time, and Hyacinthe comes in. 'O so fond of Papa!' you cry, 'and so good.' . . . Whereupon the hope of the house pulls to pieces a nosegay of flowers, kicks, yelps, and goes through manifold exhibitions of a meek and chastened spirit. Lo, she is conveyed upstairs, and 'O so good,' exclaims 'dear Papa.'

"A kiss to the chick,—my love to the Moather²,—a hearty, more than hearty, greeting to your dear self!

"Ever your affectionate,

"J. W. B."

² By the Moather Burgon means Mr. Hensley's father—and mother-in-law, who resided near him at "the Moat,"—a place so called from an ancient earthwork and dyke in the grounds. "The Moather" means the good people at the Moat. Mr. Hensley was at the time referred to (as at the date of this

letter) Curate of Kerry (St. Michael), Newtown, Montgomeryshire. Hyacinthe, the then "motherless babe," of whose "slumbers" mention is made in "Worcester College" [*Poems*, p. 87], was Burgon's god-child, and he always manifested a loving interest in her.

CHAPTER II.

THE OXFORD LIFE: FOURTH PERIOD.

Tour in Egypt, the Sinaitic Peninsula, and Palestine.

[Sep. 10, 1861—July 18, 1862.]

IT was John William Burgon's ministry at Rome which gave occasion to his tour in the East. "Behind the pulpit of our little Church," he writes in his Journal A.D. 1860. [Et. 47.] under date *Oriel, Sunday Evening, Oct. 14, 1860*, "sat a lady whose face I never saw. The two ladies next to her I always noticed, and was always interested with the younger." The "little Church" was the English Chapel at Rome; and the lady turned out to be Miss Webb, who when he met her at the house of a mutual friend (Mrs. Macbean), "spoke of the East and her intention to travel there," and subsequently, in an expedition which he made with her and her two friends to Sette Bagni, definitively proposed to him to accompany them to the East;—"but I rejected the proposal gratefully but firmly... It was not till we made the circuit of the Lake Albano together—she and I—that I ever seriously contemplated accompanying her to the East." Subsequently, "a fortnight (O that never-to-be-forgotten fortnight!) at Naples cemented our friendship, and acquainted us not a little with one another.—I can see the finger of God in it all. How dexterous in its operation! And will He not work for me in the days to come? I think it; and in that humble confidence shall go on my way rejoicing."

Further particulars of this meeting with Miss Webb, and of their plans, will be found in his letter from Naples to his sister (Mrs. Henry John Rose), excerpts from which will be given at the end of this Period.

It appears from his Journal of a fortnight later (Oct. 27, 1860), that (for that year) he underwent a keen disappointment as regards the Eastern tour, Miss Webb writing to him "to announce that she had abandoned her Eastern journey, and to explain the grounds of this entire change in her plans." The change caused him, it appears, not disappointment only, but pecuniary loss (connected with some arrangements as to the change of College Officers,—a change affecting the income of such Fellows as held office). But both disappointment and loss he bore, as the Journal attests, in the most exemplary manner, reckoning up his gains by the postponement of the tour (for it turned out to be only postponed, not abandoned) in the following fashion:—

"1. I shall have the comfort of seeing dearest Hugh" (his nephew, recently come up to Oriel) "*through the first year* of his University course.

"2. I shall be able to keep on at the Workhouse, and my other useful and quasi-pastoral occupations.

"3. I shall gratify the Reays" (great friends of his from the very commencement of his Academical life), "and many others by stopping in England.

"4. I shall have time to prepare myself fully—by reading and otherwise—for my Eastern tour.

"5. I shall be able to publish (D.V.) at least two works before I go, besides finishing my Roman Letters.

"6. I shall enjoy twice as pleasant a tour (D.V.); for I shall start with her, and earlier in the year.

"7. I shall enjoy the benefit of a year's interval of rest; and truly *that* is requisite after a journey to Rome.

"8. The East will probably be more settled by that time, so that we shall see much more. . . .

"On the whole I desire to bless God for all that has happened, and to express my unfeigned submission to His Divine decree."

A.D. 1861.
[Æt. 48.]

On June 25, 1861, the Journal notes;—

"To-day, at a little after 2 p.m., I wrote the last words of 'copy' for '*Inspiration and Interpretation*' (the Table of Contents). Very thankful I feel to have completed the task, and very, very weary too. The weather is sultry; the College empty; my rooms littered and dusty; on every side some trace is discernible of something which has been neglected in order to enable me to give the more time to this task."

On the 10th of September, 1861, the much wished for, but deferred tour began, the party consisting of Miss Webb, Miss Frances Guise (a cousin of Miss Webb's), Captain and Mrs. Bayley, and himself. Two ladies' maids accompanied Miss Webb, the elder of whom insisted on taking her bullfinch with her, which bird will figure in the story further on. The various stages of the tour, as well as (for him personally) its ill-starred and disastrous close, are thus described rapidly in a most affectionate and interesting letter addressed to one who had been in early days his Tutor at Mr. Greenlaw's School in Blackheath, the Rev. Dr. John Forbes, Emeritus Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Aberdeen. The letter is dated Jan. 12, 1863, and was written in the course of his somewhat tedious convalescence.

"In the autumn of 1861, I, who till 1860 (when I went for three weeks as English Chaplain to Rome) had never allowed myself holiday or recreation since 1841, left England on rather a distant tour. A lady whom I had known at Rome invited me to accompany her party as her Chaplain. We went from Constance across the Alps to Milan, Venice, Trieste, whence we proceeded to Alexandria and Cairo. We went up the Nile to the Second Cataract, and back to Cairo. Thence to Sinai, Petra,

Hebron, and Jerusalem. There, at the end of a fortnight, I fell ill; and the dream of my life (Samaria and Galilee) I could not visit. A fever caught at Jerusalem, but injudiciously treated, fastened upon a constitution naturally strong, but enfeebled by over-study. I was conveyed to Jaffa; lingered some weeks at Beyrout; and finally reached England last July, where I have been ill ever since! The rest of my party saw all I so much desired to see,—the Holy Land, Smyrna, Constantinople, the Danube, Munich, and so on. . . . Need I tell you that I endeavour to bow my heart to the Divine decree, sure and certain that perfect Love and unerring Wisdom have been at work on my behalf.”

For the rest, Burgon shall speak for himself, in his own lively and affectionate style, both as to the original proposal of the tour, and as to his own experiences of foreign travel, and the movements of his party.

TO MRS. HENRY JOHN ROSE.

“Naples, June 3, 1860.

“My dearest Carry,—

“This is only to communicate to you what I cannot keep from you at Houghton and Turvey any longer—though I must entreat that for the present it may be kept strictly to yourselves.

“As I was riding round the Lake of Albano, side by side with Miss Webb, she told me in a kinder manner than I like to write down, that she wished to try to persuade me to accompany her to the Holy Land *as her Chaplain*. Her party consists of a naval officer and his wife, a Miss Wynne, and of course Servants, &c. I hesitated, but she is so much in earnest, and this visit to Naples has so clenched the matter that I think it may now be regarded as a thing to come off—if God wills.

“The brief outline is:—I am to join her at Thebes, shortly after Christmas—we are to see part of the Nile;

then to take Petra if we can; if not, to go at all events *all about* the Holy Land. She says laughing that she leaves the mapping out of that part of the tour to me!!! Then we are to come through Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and Greece generally, to Venice, and to part either there or at Florence. The tour will last some six or seven months.

"I have tried to persuade her that my society as Chaplain is not worth the having: but she is quite firm, and in short the thing is settled.

"You will ask who is she? She is a lady of considerable fortune I find—a niece of Sir John Guise I did not meet her in Rome until a few days before she left: but then we became friends. My poor ministry seems to have been very acceptable to her.

"Of course I could not be with her now, except that her cousin and her kinsman are travelling with her: so we four form a pleasant party—very pleasant to me certainly. The retinue consists of her two maids and courier. We go about delightfully; and she is never tired of seeing us happy.

"Many, many more particulars when we meet. Her wish was that I should have started down the Nile with her in October: but I cannot get away from College so soon, and I must and will start *my boy*³ nicely before I go. After Christmas, I see no reason however why I should not allow myself this great gratification—the realisation of all my wildest dreams. She tells me very often that we shall see *everything*, and is for ever making me talk to her about the Holy Land, and about the Gospels She has never heard of my Commentary, or Sermons. It is a friendship which has grown out of a slender beginning indeed. Her manners are very charming, and

³ He means his nephew, Hugh James Rose (Mrs. Henry John Rose's eldest son, named after his illustrious uncle, the Rev. Hugh James Rose), who had recently come up to Oriel. He says in his Journal (of Oct. 14, 1860): "The only draw-

back to my happiness" (in the arrangement with Miss Webb) "is the necessity of leaving my dearest Hugh behind me at Oriel. God grant that I may make the most of the present term to start him fairly in his new career."

her independence and pleasant good sense are truly delightful.

“With a hearty kiss to all (whom I long to embrace)

“Ever, my dearest Carry,

“Your loving Brother,

“J. W. B.”

TO MRS. HENRY JOHN ROSE.

“Hotel du Brochet, Constance,

“Sunday, Sept. 22, 1861.

“My dearest Carry,—I seem to have been marvellously silent towards you all: but the days fly wondrous fast, and every moment of them is filled wondrous full. Let me at least tell you something about ourselves.

“That we came hither all safe and sound, I think you know. Our route lay through Paris, Basle, Zurich; but we travelled so fast that we saw nothing except the beautiful Swiss panorama from the railway-carriage window, coming from Basle to the Lake of Constance. On arriving here all that hospitality could provide has made the place delightful to me. We have delightful quarters (eight or nine rooms at the best hotel), a carriage daily, and unbounded kindness.

“Our Hotel is within 100 yards of the Lake, beyond which is a belt of blue mountains. The quaint old mansion in which the famous Council of Constance was held is on our right,—very picturesque it is. (I have drawn it of course.) The scenery is far from grand (except that snow mountains come to view the moment the air is clear), but it is very beautiful indeed, and the drives are delightful. The people quite charm me. They are so quiet, honest, sober, civil, kind to their animals, and in-offensive, that you cannot return from a walk without liking them better than before you started. The place is Roman Catholic, and the contrast between this form of Romanism and the Romanism of Rome interests me immensely. Miss Fanny” [Miss Guise] “and I get an early walk, and poke into every hole and corner, and come

back two or three times a day with a host of new notions and odd discoveries. Tell dearest Rose that my *very circumscribed knowledge of German* is the greatest barrier. But we contrive *after a fashion*. Miss Fanny knows about a hundred words, and I have learnt about twenty.

"It would not interest you much, or indeed at all, to have the names of the places we have driven to and drawn. I reserve it all for some happy future day. The chief thing I wish to explain is that we are here so long simply because, Constance being the residence of Miss Webb's courier (who has a charming house by the Lake about two miles off), she makes her head-quarters, and keeps her carriages and luggage here. All the planning and packing takes place here, and it is only within the last day or two that the plan of our future march has been fixed. We have been joined by Mrs. Bayley only to-day, and she is not quite well. *On Tuesday we start*. Our route lies through Milan and Verona to Venice. There we are to halt for six days, and so on to Trieste, whence at the end of two days we proceed to Alexandria.

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"This is a charming old place—a decayed city, but full of interest. I have made several drawings, chiefly in order to get my hand in, and hope that I shall be able to achieve something of interest before I return.

"You will be glad to hear that I feel wonderfully improved in health, and I am told look much better than when I came out . . . I read and write next to nothing; but eat, drink, sleep, draw, and walk or drive. Miss Webb's kindness is unbounded. All is as luxurious and comfortable as can be. I was so gratified to hear her say after I had been vaunting of Tina⁴ to her, that she hoped to have her as her guest some day in Chesham Place.

"I find my sketching umbrella *very* useful; but the weather has been rainy and even cold. In the East it will be invaluable. All my equipage does well as far as I have had occasion hitherto to prove it.

⁴ His niece Emily, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Henry John Rose.

"I will write in a day or two again. But I am anxious to send you all my love, and to ask after you all. Remember me with fondest love to every one. Tell the beloved children that I miss them sadly.

"Ever dearest Carry,

"Your loving brother,

"J. W. B."

TO THE REVEREND HENRY JOHN ROSE.

"Hotel de la Ville, Milan, Oct. 2, 1861.

"My dearest Rose,—It is midnight, and this is the second of two fatiguing days; but I perceive that the next and the next will be even more fatiguing;—so I must send you a few lines before going to bed.

"We left the Tyrol and entered Lombardy on Monday, coming across the Stelvio Pass, which is perhaps the grandest. I can scarcely give you any idea of it with my pen, but I have made plenty of sketches (indeed my pencil *never* rests) and kept a full journal. The Stelvio Pass is the highest carriage road in Europe, being 9176 feet above the sea, and half a mile (perpendicular) above the Simplon, 1000 feet above the great St. Bernard. The day was splendid, not a cloud in the sky, and the view unspeakably grand. The Ortler Spitze ('the giant of the Rhaetian Alps') was before us; and we looked down on its many glaciers streaming from its sides, every wrinkle in the ice visible. I wished much for you all... We were far above the line of perpetual snow of course. Then we descended (the road quite wonderful,—eternal zigzags) to Bormio, where we slept. Yesterday we came on from Bormio (the first town in Lombardy) to Morbegno (starting at six, and getting in at eight,—fourteen hours drive), a small town in the Valtellina (or Val of Tellina), passing through a perfect garden for beauty of scenery and fertility of country. The vintage was going on, and the sights were lovely. Peasants carrying huge baskets of grapes, carts with full vats, and all sorts of rustic occupations, such as Virgil may have seen. The costume most picturesque, and all most pleasing. To Miss Webb,

who knows every inch of the road by heart, and who is disgusted because she cannot post with four horses, it was stupid enough; but to me it was a rare treat.

"This morning we came on from Morbegno to Colico (on the banks of the Lake of Como) and went down the lovely lake in the afternoon from end to end. At eight we left Como, and reached Milan at ten. We are in splendid quarters.

"To-morrow I must be up early. A *valet de place* is to wait upon me; and I flatter myself I shall tire him out. We have but *one day* here! On the next day we go on to Venice and stay there for five days. I long to receive news of you all there D.V. Till Oct. 12, letters will find me at Hotel de la Ville, Trieste.

"I think of you all hourly. Tell my Tan⁵ that as we drove past the *Rosanne* river, Miss Fanny asked me if I was not thinking of *Anna Rose*. Kiss all for me. Remember your Article on Bishop Horne for the *Quarterly*.

"With much love, ever, my dearest Rose,

"Your loving Brother,

"J. W. B."

TO THE REVEREND HENRY JOHN ROSE.

"Between the Island of Philæ

"and the 1st Cataract, Jan. 16, 1862.

"My dearest Rose,—This is my first letter to any of you since I was nearly in this locality about one month ago. And it must be to you, because your birthday fell out about midway. I did not fail to think of you, my dearest fellow, very affectionately on the 3rd, and to wish you from my soul (and to myself and to so many more) many happy returns of that day. May God preserve and bless you, bless you in your beloved ones, and in your Parish, for CHRIST's sake.

"You are doubtless sufficiently familiar with the

⁵ His niece, Miss Anna Rose, daughter of his correspondent.

geography of the Nile to understand from my date where we are, and what we are about. We have happily achieved our journey as far as the second Cataract (which we saw and shot), and from that spot (Wady Halfeh) have been coming down the Nile ever since, arriving at this village (Mehatte) last night after spending a long day at Philæ. We reached the second Cataract on the 31st of December (singularly enough), and have been since coming back, stopping to see every Temple in the way. There are fifteen of them; and I have made drawings of all but two, which we saw on a Sunday. I have been very happy, and have copied several inscriptions (especially the curious one, which the soldiers of Psammithus engraved on the left leg of the colossal figure of Rameses the Great, close to the door-way of the rock Temple of Abou-Simbel). Indeed I have not been idle (except sometimes between sunset and seven o'clock) for a single hour, I believe. We have all enjoyed perfect health and been very happy. As for Miss Webb's kindness, I cannot describe it. She says she will repeat the journey next year, if I will, or rather can, come with her; for we all wished sadly to have gone up as high as Abyssinia. She stops the boat till I have done drawing, and is bent only on making us all happy, in which she certainly succeeds. I long for you to know her. Mr. Bayley will have made far more than a hundred photographs,—some exquisite ones. Miss F. is the helper of all the party, and my companion in all my scrambles and drawings—the gentlest, cheerfullest spirit imaginable. Mrs. Bayley has looked after my eyes as kindly as any sister could, touching them with nitrate of silver every morning, and giving me a lotion every evening for half-an-hour. I perceive that my hard reading has weakened them very considerably. Thank God however, since the three dark days at Cairo, I have not been hindered a single day from drawing, though I have winked and blinked like an owl.

“We have seen some wonderful sights certainly; but two are preeminent, viz. the Rock Temple of Abou-Simbel and the Island of Philæ, which is the loveliest

object imaginable, and quite a romance⁶. I had no idea of the beauty and interest of the Nile, and we are all agreed that travellers must be blind to have said so little about it. What a vividness will what I have been seeing and doing for the last two months give to all my subsequent reading in relation to Egypt! and how I should rejoice if *you* could be here—you all—to share the delight with me!

"Since I wrote the preceding we have shot the rapids of the Cataract and are safely moored to the Island of Elephantine. As we came in between it and Syena (Assouan), I read aloud and laughed heartily over the account of the place given by Herodotus (Croph and Mophi)⁷. That feat of shooting the Cataract is really

⁶ "A calm and noble reach of the majestic river, shut in like a lake with its mountain border, soon opened on us through a portal of the last of those scattered piles of sombre rocks through which we had forced our noisy way; and in its midst an island slept, as it were, in enchantment—the sacred Philæ; its temples of mysterious sanctity half hidden by sheltering groves of palm, and reflected far down into the broad, silent, and glassy river. Gliding across this tranquil basin, we furled our sails and laid the boat under the deep cool shadow of a high bank overhung with foliage; certainly the most beautiful spot in Egypt. A graceful columnar building, of the later style of Egyptian art on a bold and massive foundation, looked down from amidst clusters of palms upon the water—one of those combinations rather like the creation of a painter's fancy than an actual scene."—Bartlett's *'The Nile Boat'* [London: H. G. Bohn, 1862], p. 209.

"Other views in Egypt are re-

markable for the magnificence of the panorama which they afford, or the historical associations which they evoke; but the view of Philæ is nothing but one of pure beauty The temple of Karnac is the embodiment of the majesty of Egyptian art; Philæ is the point at which we see that majesty blending with the pure beauty of Greece. The scene of ruin almost heightens the effect of Karnac; it jars with the beauty of Philæ. We look away from the black rocks; we hear the distant roar of the cataracts, speaking of rage and strife; and we recognise in the lovely island the abode of Peace."—Bell's *'From Pharaoh to Fellah'* [London: Wells Gardner, 1888], p. 142.

⁷ The passage of Herodotus referred to will be found in Book II. *Euterpe*. Cap. 28. A translation of it is subjoined:—

"With regard to the sources of the Nile, not one of the Egyptians, or Libyans, or Greeks, with whom I have conversed, ever professed to know anything, except the Registrar

a perilous operation. We took on board thirty-two fresh sailors, and in our boat alone we were sixty souls. An accident would be certain destruction; but an accident has not happened for twenty-five years, when the boat was lost, and all the fourteen people on board perished. The tide boils through a channel ten yards wide and about fifty long, and along you rush with three men to each of the ten oars,—two pilots and two captains being all the time objurgating and urging the men and one another. The instant the peril was over, out came the drum and tambourine, and some of the sailors sitting in a circle began to chant a merry tune, while an old buffoon danced with a stick. O we have certainly seen some of the strangest scenes imaginable of late! I long to describe it all to you.

“I heartily trust I shall have good accounts of you all. It makes me anxious after so prolonged an absence from England.

“This evening I believe we leave Assouan and begin to drop down the Nile to Cairo, where we expect to be

of the sacred treasure of Minerva at Sais, a city of Egypt. But this individual, in my opinion at least, was only joking when he asserted that he had a thorough knowledge of the subject. He however gave the following account: ‘That there are two mountains, whose crests rise into sharp peaks, situate between the city of Syene in the Thebaid and Elephantine; and that the names of these mountains are, of the one Kropi, and of the other Mophi; that the sources of the Nile, then, which are bottomless, flow from between these two mountains; and that one half of the water flows into Egypt, and towards the north, while the other half flows into Ethiopia, and towards the south. That the sources are

bottomless,’ he said, ‘was the conclusion at which Psammitichus the king of Egypt arrived by experiment; for having caused a cable to be twisted many thousand fathoms in length, he let it down into the aperture, and yet never reached the bottom.’”

The historian adds, as his own view of the subject, that, supposing the story about Psammitichus’s experiment to be true, what really prevented the plumb-line from going to the bottom was, not that there was no bottom, but that the strong eddies and whirlpools which the Registrar admitted to exist at the source of the river (and which still are found at the Cataracts), would not allow the lead to sink.

by the middle of February, and to stop at Cairo till the end of the month. Thence Sinai and Petra, if God will. About sixteen Temples remain to be inspected and drawn between this and Cairo, at which place I mean to send home all my journals and sketches and purchases, which are very numerous, all three of them. No pyramids as yet, and Thebes only cursorily, have we seen. In short, three months is not enough (nor six months either) for Egypt.

"I shall be curious to hear the fate of my book" [*Inspiration and Interpretation*], "in which a *great deal remained to be done by yourself*. I hear from England that 750 copies were sold at Murray's book-sale. . . . You seem to have had cold weather. With us it is very hot; far too hot to draw in the sun, but the nights in Nubia (which is a lovely country with a delicious climate) were cold enough. . . . We are absurd enough to feel as if it were quite commonplace to be in the vicinity of Thebes,—quite *cockney*. Every thing in Nubia is *so agreeable*; the people so harmless and kind; the face of Nature so interesting! In short, I cannot express the easy luxury of such travelling as this.

"But it is time to conclude. Adieu, dearest Rose. God bless you all. We talked and thought of you so much on Christmas Day, when we decked our cabin with evergreens, and had turkey and plum pudding. We have daily prayers, and spend some of every day with our Bible, which gives quite a home flavour to our furthest wanderings.

"Ever, my dearest Rose,

"Your loving brother,

"J. W. B."

The above letter contains, in its earlier part, a reference to his having "copied the inscription which the soldiers of Psammitichus engraved on one of the legs of the colossal figure of Rameses the Great, close to the door-way of the rock Temple of Abou-Simbel" [Ipsamboul]. On the

night of the 4th Jan., 1862 (twelve days previously to the date of the letter) he had spent an hour in the rock Temple, which he afterwards described in print, by extracts from his Journal. This he did in compliance with the request of Miss Finn, the daughter of the English Consul at Jerusalem, who showed him the greatest possible kindness when under his roof, and brought very low by the Jerusalem fever. Some extracts from this paper (now not easily obtainable) are here presented to the reader, partly in order to illustrate the preceding letter, partly by way of exhibiting the poetry that was in him, and that intense susceptibility to the sublime and the grotesque (they lie proverbially close together), which characterized him from his earliest youth.

“While we were at breakfast, a swing of our boat brought us within a stone’s throw of Abou-Simbel. We were soon moored to the bank, Up a hill of golden sand—the mighty sand-drift which half hides the front of the Temple,—we climbed impatiently; and every sentiment of awe and admiration, even of surprise, which the first sight of the four amazing colossal figures which guard the entrance had inspired, was reproduced in an instant. There is a calm dignity in those faces,—an air of imperturbable gravity prevailing over what might once have turned into, but what you feel never *can* become, a smile,—which awes and yet wins you at the same instant.”

He then describes the interior of the Temple, with its vestibule and thirteen chambers, and its adytum (or inmost shrine), behind the altar of which, “a mere square block of stone, four grim gods sit, facing you as you enter.”

“My next object was to obtain a sight of the famous Greek inscription left by the soldiers of Psammitichus

(B.C. 600). on the base of one of the colossal figures of Rameses the Great at the left of the entrance. Nothing was to be seen, the sand being more than half way up the calf of the figure in question. There had accumulated round us a strange number of men and boys. They live, I suspect, on the top and in the rear of the rock in which the Temple has been excavated. Like birds of prey at the sight of carrion, down they had come at the news of our two boats. Ali was instructed to offer twenty of them five piastres apiece if they would remove the sand, with a promise of extra pay (so as to make up a pound) if the inscription were discovered. Twenty or thirty men and boys were busily at work in an instant, scooping away the sand with right good will, and chanting lustily all the while. One to whom I owed the pleasure of that journey, and who always took the liveliest interest in operations of this nature, on hearing of my agreement with the natives, kindly insisted on defraying the expense herself. The shrewdness of those fellows amused us all. Without understanding a word of English, they divined the upshot of what she was saying, and instantly changed their chant and its burthen: admitting *her*, so to speak, into the concern. (*Before*, I had figured alone.) Any thing more unscientific than their method I never witnessed. The sand streamed back as fast as they removed it; and still they were for going on, without resource or remedy of any kind. Their stupidity astonished me. The ladies of our party took their seats on a little fragment of rock, and watched the operation with great delight. It was really a very animated scene."

The inscription having at length been disinterred, Burgon copies it with great care, and, standing on the backs of "two most good-natured and accommodating Nubian boatmen, takes accurate measurements of the face of one of the four colossal figures at the entrance."

The Paper concludes thus:—

"Strange, that after transcribing so much of my Journal, I have not yet written the few words, for the

sake of writing which I took up my pen! After what precedes they will at least be fully intelligible; which else, they certainly would never have been.

"At about ten o'clock in the evening of this most interesting day, a strong wish came over me to go back, and pay one more visit to Rameses the Great. Two of our party expressed their willingness to bear me company. We furnished ourselves with a slender pole, to the extremity of which we secured a candle: left our shoes behind us,—(the sand was so warm and soft to the feet, and walking with shoes was so very inconvenient)—and after the most noiseless fashion imaginable, took our starlight way towards the Temple. We were soon there.

"Having entered, we made a complete survey over again of every part; leisurely exploring the walls in every direction with our solitary candle, so as to obtain a notion of what was anywhere incised upon them. The silence was intense: the whirring of the wings of a nervous little bat, who made the circuit of the Temple with us, the only thing audible. We found our way into the remotest chamber of all,—the shrine; where (as I have said before) four gloomy gods face you, in a sitting posture. Quite awful was it to find them still sitting there in the dark, as, twelve hours before, we had left them, motionless, in grim majesty. 'And there they will sit' (we said to ourselves) 'unconscious of change, until the ages shall have run out, and the end shall be!'

"The last thing I did on leaving the great hall of the Temple was the first thing I had done on entering it,—namely, to obtain a careful survey of the features of the first colossus on the right, by lifting up the candle above the head of the figure. I cannot express how striking was the result. In that vast, mysterious, cavern-like chamber the only object in bright relief was the countenance of the monarch who, 3,200 years ago, had caused this mighty fabric to be wrought out of the solid rock. The serene majesty of the expression of those features was even affecting. It was the deep repose, the profound

calm, of death. Making the boatman who waited on us hold the light for me, I drew for a few minutes,—minutes which seemed like hours; so many solemn thoughts crowded themselves in, unbidden. None of us spoke. The silence was so intense that one might have heard the ticking of one's watch. What is strange,—at last, on looking up from my paper, I thought I saw the beginning of a smile on the lips of Rameses. Intently I gazed, and of course recognised the sufficiently obvious fact that the supposed smile was merely the effect of my own imagination. But it is just as certain that I gazed on until,—I am half ashamed to write it, but it is true,—until the features seemed to me to smile again. Then they grew graver than ever: but at last I felt sure that they relaxed—just a little bit—again. One's nerves were getting over-strung. I invented a sentiment for the lips to utter, and felt sure that I was interpreting their most expressive outline rightly. I daresay, if I had been alone, and had stopped long enough, I should have heard Rameses speak. It would have been somewhat to this effect:—‘You seem astonished, Sir, at what you are beholding in this remote corner of my dominions. No wonder; for with all your boasted civilisation and progress, you could not match this edifice in the far-away land to which (as I gather from your uncouth dress and manners) you and your friends belong. I have been reposing here in effigy for upwards of 3,000 years. I have seen generation after generation of ancient Greeks, and then generation after generation of ancient Romans, enter this hall; peep and pry,—as you have done this evening; and then vanish at yonder portal,—as you will yourselves do a few moments hence. If I smiled for an instant just now—(it is not my wont to smile),—it was only because you really looked alarmed as well as awed at my presence. But I shall not smile again. So now, go home, Sir,—go, and write a book, like the rest, about the little you have seen in Egypt; but let it humble you to remember that Rameses will be standing here, unchangeable, long after you, and your book, and all that belongs to you is utterly forgotten. You may go, Sir.

It is getting late—for *you*. You had better go, Sir. Good night!

“We lingered: retiring a few steps, and then turning again to look; profoundly conscious that we were looking our last; that we should never fasten our eyes on those glorious forms again. I fancy too that we were, all three, impressed with an uneasy suspicion that it was not mere lifeless stone that we had been visiting, and were now leaving to profoundest silence and utter gloom. . . . It was a relief to emerge into the fresh evening air; to survey the starry heavens overhead, Orion, and the rest; and to recognise our two boats, bright with lights, beneath us, moored to the bank of the broad shining river.”

TO MRS. HIGGINS.

“Cairo, Feb. 21, 1862.

“The contents of box No. 1 were very acceptable. The reviews” [of his Book on *‘Inspiration and Interpretation’*] “interested me of course. I think they are not by any means unfair, from the point of view of almost any one but a Divine—and he a very earnest one. Laymen will naturally think me unduly harsh. I cannot say, after the two opposite currents of praise and blame, whether I am right or wrong. I suspect I must be rather in the wrong, and have been too personal, though I am by no means sure. Dr. Jebb, Mr. Darby, and MANY others, back me up unconditionally. Anyhow I think the *‘Literary Churchman’* unreasonably *brief* concerning so very large and thoughtful a work, and *‘The Guardian’* somewhat harsh; for the Reviewer barely admits,—however, it matters not. I did what I thought my duty. . . .

“Your loving Brother,

“J. W. B.”

TO MRS. HENRY JOHN ROSE.

"Cairo, Feb. 26, 1862.

"How much I wished for you and the beloved children in Nubia! Travelling there is so very delightful, and so very amusing! I drew incessantly, and shall have a great deal to show you when I return.

"But *when* that will be I do not exactly know; for Chase holds on S. Mary's (*entre nous*) till October; and there is a great, great deal in *our* programme! Meantime I accumulate keepsakes for you all; and keep ample journals of every day's occupations. The interest of these countries to one who dips a little below the surface is indeed great. When you consider that Memphis (close by) was illustrious *certainly* a few centuries after the Flood, it is needless to say how stirring and how striking are all indications of the missing links in the long chain of the history from that day to this. You would be amazed at the interest and the wonder of the ground I drive over daily.

"To-morrow, for example, we hope to pass at Heliopolis—the On of Genesis. The solitary Obelisk which stands in the middle of it *was there in Joseph's time*, and it was there probably that Moses received his education⁸. It is a most complete wilderness now, but one which seems to teem with mysterious life!

"Your loving Brother,

"J. W. B.

"The carriage is at the door and the donkeys are waiting."

⁸ Dean Stanley enters with even more enthusiasm than Burgon on the associations clinging to this famous obelisk. "The other vestige of the great Temple of the Sun (the high-priest of which was father-in-law of Joseph) is the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple. This is the first obelisk I have

seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world,—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Ase-

TO THE REVEREND HENRY JOHN ROSE.

“Cairo, Feb. 26, 1862.

“My dearest Rose,—

“That I am well, and so on, you will learn from my letters already written, and which will reach England along with this. I do not suffer in any respect—eyes or hand; but I have thought it right to consult a great oculist who is here for his health, and whose advice amounts almost to this—‘Wear spectacles, attend to your bodily health, and do not use your eyes at night.’ More easily said than done! However, I really mean to be careful.

“All is now settled for our journey. We shall be off by the close of next week (D.V.), with upwards of thirty camels. Our exact equipage you shall hear more of by and by. The sheik who carries us to Akaba came to see us yesterday—quite a dark son of Ishmael. Ali, our dragoman, is deemed the best dragoman in the place, and he says our sheik is the best to Akaba. A great deal depends on the man we have with us, for we have so many ladies; and we want to see Petra.

“The nature of this last difficulty I never understood before. There are three tribes of Arabs between this and Hebron, and they must be severally conciliated by a payment of money—each taking us over his own territory. Unless they are actually at war, Ali (who knows them all) says there will be no difficulty in passing three days at Petra. The only expense of *that* feat (extra) is about £2 a head for leave to pitch our tents there. I should like to see that stronghold of Edom, dearly, I confess.

nath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sate under its shadow: of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the

Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.” Stanley’s *‘Sinai and Palestine in connexion with their History,’* [London, 1856], INTRODUCTION, pp. xxxi, xxxii.

"Miss Webb is resolved not to hurry in the Holy Land, and really considers *me* to an extent, which makes me quite ashamed to think how much I am and shall be indebted to her. She insists on my going to the East of the Jordan, drawing everything, and even prescribing the line of march . . . I trust my health will be spared to me!

"Our going up the Nile and back was delightful indeed, and by no means uneventful. We had a kind of shipwreck at the First Cataract, having a hole knocked in the bottom of one of the boats, which filled and partly sunk, damaging stores, &c., and compelling those on board to come off in the jolly boat. Of course this occasioned delay. In truth, going up the Cataract in a large boat is really a dangerous operation. No one at last remained on board but Mr. Bayley and myself, besides the crew. Rope after rope cracked; and if the main rope of all had given way, we should have been lost. Literally, twenty-five years ago the Pasha's boat was lost, and *all hands* perished.

"In fact nothing can well be conceived more picturesque and amusing, or at the same time worse managed. You are compelled to put your boat into the hands of the Cataract pilots, who bring their men; all behaved so badly the first day, that Ali was forced to have *six of the daks bastinadoed*. This was done by order of the Governor of Assouan (Syene). Next day, in consequence of the manifest difficulty, as many as 400 or 500 men assembled on the banks to haul us through. O the jabber and the row of that little army of naked Nubians! To complete the scene, *they quarrelled and at last came to blows!* A blood feud among those quaint boulders would have been a scene indeed. To pacify them was impossible; but Ali got us out of the scrape in a manner worthy of a great man.

"With perfect calmness he called for pen and ink, went on board, and wrote a letter to the Governor of Assouan requesting an immediate supply of soldiers, for that the Cataract sheiks were just going to blows. *The certain prospect* of their villages rased to the ground, and

themselves bastinadoed or worse, wrought like magic. . . As soon as it was discovered what he was doing, the ringleaders rushed on board, and wanted to prevail on Ali not to write. He wrote though as calmly as possible: then gave the letter to one of his own men; posted him on a rock, a quarter of a mile on the way to Assouan, and instructed him to rush off without stopping the instant he saw another blow struck. The storm lulled at once; and the remarkable scene followed of the two boats hauled up by that large multitude. I shall never forget the sight. . . . The return too, when we *shot the Cataract* (as it is called), was very striking. You come tumbling headlong, as it seems, down a roaring current about thirty feet wide and a few hundred yards long. One touch against a rock would consign you all to ruin. The joy of all the men when you are *through* (going up as well as coming down) is laughable.

“And what shall I say of Karnac, with its mighty ruins, the Tombs of the Kings at ancient Thebes, the vocal Memnon, and so on! . . . I must describe these sights piecemeal, as I write to one or the other of you. I often thought of you all during my visits to these places, especially, I think, at Thebes, where I used to go on shore at sunrise with Mr. Bayley, and ride or walk from Luxor (where our boats were moored) over the vast plain where Thebes stood, making once the Colossi, at another time, the Memnonium, at another, the Tombs of the Kings, my object. I drew or examined these wonders all day; and we all returned at sunset over that same wondrous plain. These rambles I never shall forget while I live. And O the interest of transcribing the inscriptions! On the legs of the Colossus (the vocal Memnon as he is called) I saw the Emperor Hadrian’s name.

“But I must not go on further, or there will be no room for anything else.

“With kindest love to all, ever, my dearest Rose,

“Your loving Brother,

“J. W. B.”

TO CHARLES LONGUET HIGGINS, ESQ.

"Cairo, March 6, 1862.

"My dearest Charles,—

"I never advert to the scenes I have been of late surveying without seeing first one, then another, stand out in magnificent prominence. Philæ ever wins me by its romantic beauty—the only bit of Romance in Egypt:—Aboo Simbel, by its solemn grandeur,—(a rock temple in Nubia, in front of which are four stupendous colossal statues of Rameses the great):—Karnak, by its architectural magnificence—a very forest of gigantic columns, many of which belong to Temples anterior to the Exode:—the Tombs of the Kings, by their historical interest,—vast halls full of sculpture and hieroglyphics:—but the Pyramids are after all the greatest wonder of all. You have seen them, so I need not describe. Did you ascend the greatest, and go inside? I performed both feats, and came away more wonderstruck than when I stood at the foot. But who can stand at the foot of the great pyramid of Ghizeh and *not* be wonderstruck? In that huge triangle, St. Peter's at Rome might hide itself: while from its apex the spire of Strasburgh Cathedral might swing securely!

"But Cairo itself is enough to interest any intelligent being—is it not? We have been in all about five weeks here, and I think we have seen all the principal sights. I hope you visited the mosks. With a Government order, and a Janissary at one's heels, one is now allowed to inspect any, and we have inspected all the best. They are really superb, not as *showy* objects, but as *grand* specimens of Oriental architecture. The prevailing feature in them all is a square pillared court, with a fountain in the middle (where the court is open). The pillars are invariably the spoils of ancient Temples of ***⁹ time: but the rest of the mosk is purely Eastern. The walls are inlaid with black and white marble and porphyry. Tiles and fresco ornaments cover the upper

⁹ A word which cannot with certainty be deciphered.

part. The floors are carpeted, or covered with mats. The windows delight me much. They are *painted*: the odd feature being that the pattern (generally geometrical, or looking like Arabesque work on an Indian shawl)—is circumscribed not by *lead*, as with us, but with white pierced stone, which gives a peculiar *lace-like* effect to those small elevated windows, which is very pleasing. . . . The Bazaars of Cairo are also very interesting: but incomparably the *most* curious thing here is the Roman fortress. It is about two miles off, and was the central point of *Egyptian Babylon*—the Babylon of St. Peter's 2nd Ep. I do believe. The Christian Church there stands at the top of the ancient Roman staircase, and adjoining to what is still a Temple of Diana! And over the door is a Greek inscription of the time of Diocletian which I have copied—and very curious it is . . . (I have copied so *many* inscriptions!)

"To Heliopolis we have been twice, and each time with rare pleasure. It stands in the land of Goshen,—unmistakeably. What a wondrous spot! It scarcely yields in interest to a scene we visited on Monday, namely the *gathering place* of the Israelites previous to their starting for Canaan. The locality is *quite* unmistakeable, I think: and I am little disposed to believe a lame story. You will recognise the spot on the map, if I remind you that Cairo would be its northerly point, the Nile its western boundary, and the hills of Mokattum its eastern. The southern line being drawn at the opening of the Wady el Tyh, or of the Wandering.

"Your loving Brother,

"J. W. B."

TO MRS. HENRY JOHN ROSE.

"Suez, March 15, 1862.

"My dearest Carry,—I think I rather owe a letter to yourself than to any other member of the family; so I will avail myself of a halt at this delightful Hotel to tell you how we have fared hitherto.

"We left Cairo with Ali on Saturday the 9th at mid-day, some of us (I for one) mounting our camels at the door of Shepherd's Hotel, and proceeding through Old Cairo towards the Desert. I suspect this is the Rameses of Exodus, from which the Israelites journeyed. At Besatîn, at the edge of the Desert, we met the ladies and our Arabs, and set forth as follows:—Miss Webb on a pony; the other seven on camels: seventeen Arabs of the tribes of Towára and Haiatât with their sheik (*Imbarrak*); a cook, two men servants, and a groom, some on foot, some on camels, and a heap of luggage. In fact, we are thirty-one souls, and our caravan consists of thirty-five camels, a foal, a horse, and a donkey.

"We are woke at 4; at 6 we breakfast, and at 7.30 we are all on our way. At 12 we halt for $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour for luncheon, and at 3 we halt for the night. The six tents are pitched in less than $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, and by 5.30 our dinner is ready. Then the servants dine. At 8 we have tea, and then the servants have theirs. We then have prayers and go to bed.

"Miss Webb and one of her maids have one tent: Miss Fanny and another maid, another; Mr. and Mrs. Bayley one; I have another; Ali and the courier sleep in the saloon tent, and some in the kitchen. We have each of us a portmanteau and bag, a bundle of wraps, and well-crammed saddle-bags. Each has an iron bedstead, and the dragoman provides bedding. . . . Everything I have brought is most useful; and the bag the dear children gave I carry so regularly everywhere that Miss Fanny calls it *my harness*. It is invaluable.

"I like camel riding immensely, and could go on camel-back to the world's end. It is a hundred times pleasanter and less fatiguing than a horse or donkey. As for getting off, I can do it without waiting for the animal to come down; and when weary I sit side-saddle. I can write and read, and do all but draw on the creature's back. It is unfortunately only too easy to *sleep* as well—which I *must* avoid. I am, thank God, quite well: and we are all most prosperous.

"But we have had our adventures already. A blood

feud exists between the tribe we are with, and another which it was feared we should encounter on the third day. By consequence we took a *détour*, and came through a wild rocky valley of exceeding grandeur and sublimity—a branch of the Wâdy Ramlieh, which has not been taken by any traveller for six years. Blood would have flowed had we met; so we had spies posted on every crag; and when it was over we were told of our danger. But the strangest accident happened to us on Thursday night. We were encamped at C (reference to a rough tracing of the route). At our rear were the Gebel Attâka¹, or Towârak, a noble chain of purple mountains, and the Red Sea was within twenty yards of our tents. Doubtless the Israelites saw that locality, wherever their crossing place may be fixed Well, there was a little wind at sunset, and at 10 it blew considerably. Still I was so weary that I slept like a top till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1, when a shrill cry from Miss Webb woke me—roused us all. *Her tent had been blown flat down.* It was in fact blowing great guns, and I expected every minute to see all our six tents scattered. You may imagine the consternation in the dark. However, with about twenty men we soon righted the tent, and knocked in the pegs afresh of all: but to stand the storm was hopeless: so we dressed as well as we could, and packed in double quick time, and divided ourselves into two companies. Ali and I, with some Arabs, conducted the ladies and servants to Suez; the rest staid behind to look after the property and follow when it was day. So at 3 we set off—I on foot, carrying at Miss Webb's request *the bullfinch* (!!), she on her donkey, and the rest on camels. It was a very solemn walk,—the Gebel

¹ "I have at last, as far as mortal eyes can see it, seen the passage of the Red Sea. . . . High above the whole scene towered the Gebel 'Attâka, the 'Mountain of Deliverance,' a truly magnificent range, which, after all, is the one feature of the scene unchanged and unmistakeable. Every theory of the pas-

sage" [of the Red Sea] "combines in representing this as the impediment which prevented the return of the Israelites into Egypt when Pharaoh appeared on their rear. It was this which 'shut them in.'"—Stanley's '*Sinai and Palestine*' [London: 1856], pp. 65, 66.

Towarak or Attaka showing like a grey shadow on our left, and before us the level horizon. The ground was seamed with countless camel tracks, in which I was careful to tread to avoid a fall. The sun was invisible, and the grey morning melted very slowly into daylight. At 7½ we reached Suez, and really I was glad to rest on a sofa, where sleep overtook me before I was aware.

"Our future intended route you know, I think, in outline. We sleep to-night (Sat.) in our tents, about ¾ of an hour's walk from Suez; and next day (alas that it should be Sunday!) halt at Ayn Mousa (Moses' Wells). In ten days we hope to reach Sinai and thence make our way to Akaba (Ezion Geber). There we hope to find the sheik of Petra to give us camels and escort for Petra—else, we go straight to Hebron. But as soon as I reach Jerusalem (D.V.) some of you will hear from me again. . . . Are my darlings all well? I think of them daily. Embrace them for me—and tell Lady Dundee² that I would give the world to hug her just now.

"Ever, dearest Carry, your loving Brother,

"J. W. B."

TO THE REVEREND HENRY JOHN ROSE.

"Akaba (the Elath of Scripture), Ap. 9, 1862.

"My dearest Rose,—I have been sending to dearest Helen a general sketch of my movements since we reached Suez, Friday, 14th March. Let me fill up some of the details in a letter to your dear self.

"Everything has been hitherto most prosperous, and I am agreeably surprised to find that desert travelling is even delightful. Of course the tent is but a makeshift; and rising at 4 is a tiresome trick; and there is little fun in passing eight hours consecutively on consecutive days, on the back of a camel. But it is to me a great point to be introduced to marvellous scenes such as those we have gone through, and to be for ever treading

² A jocose name for his niece Gertrude, Mrs. Henry John Rose's youngest daughter.

in the footsteps of the Israelites, and to see the scenes they certainly looked on. Even now, we are on their track, for they came to *Ezion Geber* and *Elath* (which is Akaba) on their final way to the Promised Land.

"The points considered as almost identified, after leaving Suez, are Ayn Moussa, Marah, Elim, the encampment by the Red Sea (Num. xxxiii. 10), which is a fixed locality beyond all doubt, and a glorious point to fix also; then Sinai, and the way thither (which we certainly came), and lastly the spot which we are at *now*. But since the people of GOD wandered about the peninsula for thirty-eight years, one cannot doubt that they were acquainted with almost every Wâdy³, and had encamped beneath almost every mountain. Thus all the ground seems invested with a kind of sacred interest. From this place forward one especially feels the influence of association. With Hebron begins the Promised Land itself.

"We are likely to have a superfluity of protectors. Two of the Petra Sheiks are arrived, and the Sheik of the Allowin tribe and his brother (who own the territory from Akaba to Hebron) are all in our camp. We crack our humble jokes together daily, and are on very friendly terms. I was writing in a grove of palms when the Petra Sheik entered, lay down on the ground, and began to smoke. I bungled out a sentence, on which he began enumerating all the things he could show us, the *sik* (or ravine which leads to Petra), *Ároon's* tomb, *Wâdy Moussa*, and so on. All being now settled about our going to Petra, last night (10th April) Imbarrak (the Tawârah Sheik, who brought us from Cairo to Akaba) took leave of us in the moonlight with his thirty camels, and retraced his steps to Sinai.

³ "It is necessary to use this Arabic name (wâdy), because there is no English word which exactly corresponds to the idea expressed by it. A hollow, a valley, a depression—more or less deep, or wide, or long—worn or washed by

the mountain torrents or winter rains for a few months or weeks in the year—such is the general idea of an Arabian 'wâdy,' whether in the Desert or in Syria."—Stanley's '*Sinai and Palestine*' [1856], p. 15.

"April 29. We arrived in Jerusalem $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour ago, and until Mr. Finn comes in, I am writing these few lines in his office. We achieved Petra with great effort, passing four and a-half days there, including Good Friday and Easter Day. We ascended Mount Hor also. The interest—the wild wonder—of those localities, surpasses my powers of description. Unhappily, I was far from well the day I reached Petra, so that I lost an afternoon lying on the grass among the wild Arabs, dozing away the time. But I made a great effort, walked about from morning till night, and drew a great deal every day we were there. The view from Mount Hor is affectingly grand, and the very shape of the mountain-top reduces it to a *certainly* that we were in the very spot where Aaron surrendered his soul to GOD¹. It was deeply affecting, and gave a reality to Scripture such as I have never experienced before.

"As for Petra, it is too much to describe. It passes all expectation. Please God, I will some day—sitting by your dear fireside—tell you and Carry and the beloved chicks all about it. But it seemed to me passing strange to be wandering alone with a single attendant, among wild ravines, where one was at every instant falling in with lawless men, each armed with a sword and a gun, who yet sat down by my side, watched me draw, and were as peaceable as English labourers. However, I must be candid with you. I attribute our safety, under God, to our excellent dragoman (who is Miss Webb's *l'ôte noire*). . . . To explain what I mean, Sir Capel Molyneux, who was there with a large party two weeks before us, was so impressed with the danger of visiting Petra (from the constant feuds they witnessed, &c.), that

¹ "Mount Hor is one of the very few spots connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, which admits of no reasonable doubt. . . . The proofs of the identity of 'Gebel Haroun,' as it is now called, with Mount Hor, are (1) The situation 'by the coast of the land of Edom,' where it is emphatically

'the mountain' (Hor). Num. xx. 23. (2) The statement of Josephus (Ant. IV. iv. 7), that Aaron's death occurred on a high mountain enclosing Petra. (3) The modern name and traditional sanctity of the mountain as connected with Aaron's tomb." Stanley's '*Sinai and Palestine*' [1856], p. 87, footnote 1.

he literally sent a dromedary across the Desert to stop us and deter us from our projected visit

"I have written some account of Hebron to our beloved Racks⁵. The journey between Petra and Hebron is of exceeding interest and struck my fancy much, as it would have struck yours. At first, one is in the Arabah, or great valley,—plain rather,—which forms a high road between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea; and on first leaving it, one is in a dreary wilderness (that of Sin or Zin, if I remember right). But from the instant one sees the pass of *Sufâh* (*Zephath*) before one, all is delightful. That is beyond a doubt the 'way of the spies,' the way by which Israel tried to force their passage and were repulsed. Palestine begins to dawn on you from that spot, and a more instructive sight can hardly be imagined.

"Ever, dearest Rose, your most loving Brother,

"J. W. B."

TO MRS. HIGGINS.

"Akaba (the ancient Ezion Geber), April 10, 1862.

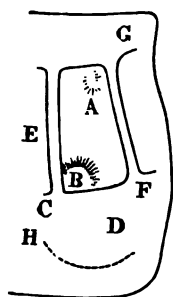
". It seems to me a good long time since I wrote to you, and I am sure it has not been because I have not thought of you, for I think of you daily. Let me devote a few moments of leisure to you now; for I have an immense deal to tell you.

"I am writing under the shade of some Palm trees in a delicious little grove at Akaba, at the end of the gulf of that name—the N.E. extremity of the Red Sea—only Miss Webb is writing on a mat at my side. Among the trees a party of Bedawin Arabs are in loud altercation, and presided over by their chief—Mohammed,—who (now that old Husseyn is dead) is the sheik of the whole tribe of the Allouins. It is too hot to go and draw, and a letter to you all is just the thing for me to do. Let me explain all that has occurred since I wrote last, which was at Suez. We pursued the usual route, certainly treading close in the steps of the Israelites,—

⁵ A comical name given in the family to his niece, Mr. Rose's eldest daughter.

witnessing with admiration I cannot express the very view of the sea alluded to in Numbers xxxiii. 10⁶—and then pursuing our way to Mount Sinai—where we passed four days. O! what a wondrous place, and how I wished for you all!

“We encamped at the mouth of the valley in which the Convent stands, and with some of the monks, and some Arabs paced all over the mountain. A little plan will make it familiar to you. We were



encamped at *C*; at *E* is the Convent, *A* is *Jebel Moussa*, the traditional (but not the real) scene of the delivery of the Law. *B* is *Jebel Sasáfêh*, where the Law certainly was delivered⁷, and *D* is the *Wâdy Rahah*, where the Children of Israel were all encamped. *F*, the *Wâdy Liza*, and *G* the *Jebel Katharine*. I ascended *B* three times, and drew the view, which will I know delight dearest Charles. I also drew the

⁶ Numbers xxxiii. 9, 10. “And they removed from Marah, and came unto Elim: and in Elim were twelve fountains of water, and threescore and ten palm trees; and they pitched there. 10. And they removed from Elim, and encamped by the Red sea.”

⁷ Dean Stanley seems to be upon the whole of the same opinion,—that Râs Sasáfêh (so he spells it) was the scene of the delivery of the Law. “No one who has approached the Râs Sasáfêh through that noble plain, or who has looked down upon the plain from that majestic height, will willingly part with the belief that these are the two essential features of the view of the Israelite camp. That such a plain should

exist at all in front of such a cliff is so remarkable a coincidence with the sacred narrative, as to furnish a strong internal argument, not merely of its identity with the scene, but of the scene itself having been described by an eye-witness. The awful and lengthened approach, as to some natural sanctuary, would have been the fittest preparation for the coming scene. . . . The cliff, rising like a huge altar, in front of the whole congregation, and visible against the sky in lonely grandeur from the end to end of the whole plain, is the very image of ‘the mount that might be touched,’ and from which the voice of God might be heard far and wide over the stillness of the plain below, widened

mountain itself from *H*, which strange to say is called *Jebel Senéh*⁸ to this day. Down the romantic or rather sublimely savage *Wády Liza*, I also got two walks, and I climbed the lofty *Jebel Katharine*. I really feel quite at home at Sinai, which is a proud and a strange feeling.

"From the awful scene we came away to this place, taking the *Wády Mokatteb* (or written valley) in our way. I have copied many of the inscriptions, and am confident that I have the clue to their real history. They are the writing of ancient pilgrims⁹ coming over these famous scenes. Here we fell in with a Major Macdonald, who knew our dear father, and had spent an evening at Osnaburgh Street! He asked after *you*! Most hospitably also did he entertain us, with capricorn and gazelle. He is mining for turquoises where (as the inscriptions shew) the ancient Egyptian kings had their turquoise mines; and he shewed us many of the dwellings of those ancient men. It was altogether a most picturesque incident in our travels.

"We came out on the sea at last—the sea of the Gulf of Akaba—passed the *Hadiar Allouin*¹, or heap which indi-

at that point to its utmost extent by the confluence of all the contiguous valleys."—*Sinai and Palestine* [1856], pp. 42, 43.

⁸ "The most probable origin of the ancient" [name] "'Sinai' is the *sench* or acacia, with which, as we know, it then abounded." Similarly, "*Rás Sasáfah*" means the willow-head, "from the group of two or three willows which grow in the *Wády Sasáfah*, in its recesses."—*Sinai and Palestine* [1856], p. 18.

⁹ Dean Stanley discusses the inscriptions in the *Wády Mokatteb* on pp. 61, 62 of the 1856 ed. of his *Sinai and Palestine*. His is on the whole a disparaging estimate of them, both as to their numbers and their significance. "However else

they may be explained, I can hardly imagine a doubt that they are the work, for the most part, of Christians, *whether travellers* or pilgrims" The levity of travellers might make them grotesque, as he describes many of the figures to be.

¹ "When, on their return" [the return of the tribes of Reuben and Gad to their allotted possessions on the east of Jordan, after the completion of the conquest], "they reached the Jordan—the boundary between themselves and their more settled brethren—they erected, like the true Children of the Desert, the huge stone of division to mark the frontier, which their more civilised kinsmen mistook for an altar; just as Jacob and Laban had in earlier times raised a similar cairn on the

cates the boundary of the territory of the Tawârah and Alouin tribes; and finally on Saturday reached Akaba, a poor place, but a beautiful locality to my eye². Here I have made several drawings.

"We are much disappointed to find that all chance of reaching Jerusalem by Easter is at an end; but it is something to find (as this day we have done), that we shall certainly see Petra. The day before yesterday, on returning from a walk, I heard to my joy that Sheik Mohammed was in my tent. I entered and found a most picturesque group assembled. On my rug lay the great man in a scarlet pelisse with gold lace and light blue trowsers, encumbered with pistols, sabres, and so on. He was smoking and resting his elbow on my roll of wraps. Ali is on one side (the Dragoman), and on the other Imbârrak (a sheik of the Tawârah who has accompanied our caravan from Cairo). In front, the guard of Akaba. How he was wrapped up! But so are *all* the Allouins, with cloth veils over their heads, and two cords to keep it in its place. I told him through Ali that if we were in England I would entertain him hospitably, but that my property among the Allouins was so *exceedingly* inconsiderable, that I really could not pretend to do anything of the kind. He laughed at the

heights of Gilead; just as the traveller now sees the 'Hadjar Alouin'—the pile of stones that denotes the boundary of the Alouin and of the Towâra tribes at the head of the Gulf of Akaba." '*Sinai and Palestine*,' p. 319. There was, however, no "mistaking" in the matter. It was expressly called "an altar" by the persons who built it (Josh. xxii. 23), and, although not built for actual sacrificial purposes, it was designed "to serve as a witness in after times that the tribes on the East of Jordan had a part in Jehovah, and in His altar which was at His tabernacle in Canaan." See vv. 24, 26, 27, and '*Keil on Joshua*' (trans-

lated by Martin: Edinburgh, 1857) p. 464.

² "'Akaba is a wretched village, shrouded in a palm-grove, at the north end of the Gulf. . . . It stands on the site of the ancient Elath,—'The Palm Trees,' so called from the grove. Its situation, however, is very striking, looking down the beautiful gulf, with its jagged ranges on each side."—'*Sinai and Palestine*,' p. 84. Of Ezion-geber, which Burgon, as we see from the date of his letter, identified with Akaba, Stanley says; "There is nothing to fix the site of Ezion-geber, 'the Giant's Backbone.'"

joke. Then I gave him dear Charles's message to his father, and said how sorry he would be to hear that Sheik Husseyn is dead. He shrugged up his shoulders, and said that 'no one could help it.' . . . I should have dearly enjoyed joining in the conversation which followed, and which was very animated. Ali explained to me that the wretched man was laying a plan for stopping and robbing all who come by this way, as a punishment to the Sultan for sending the Hadj (or pilgrim caravan) by steam direct to Mecca, instead of sending them round this way.

"There is not much to be done here—but I have done and drawn all I could. One of the two Sheiks of Petra is arrived, and we take Mohammed and his brother all the way to Hebron (and to Petra of course), as an additional escort and protection. No party ever travelled, surely, with more comforts and conveniences than we do.

"I cannot tell you how much kindness I experience, nor how happy I have been. My health is perfect. We do but travel eight hours a day. The rest shall be added D.V. at Jerusalem.

"*Jerusalem, 30 Ap.*—Well, dearest, we achieved Petra gloriously, and I drew considerably, though alas! I felt *far from well* there. It was strange, passing Good Friday and Easter Day in that wild region. On Easter Monday we left, and encamped at the foot of Mount Hor (which however we had ascended, on our way to Petra), and so made our way across the Araba, until we reached the pass of *Sufâh* (Zephath)—which is the ancient road—the road by which Solomon's caravans brought the wealth of India (the 'apes' and the 'peacocks') into Palestine, and where had been also certainly '*the way of the spies*'.³ From this spot forward all is delight and wonder, the frontier-land of Palestine, exactly the scenery of English Downs; and as you advance, it is the scenery of Devonshire. David at Ziph, Maon, and Carmel, (we saw them all, and they are called *by the same names* to the present day!) would not have known the difference, had he been simply transported into some of the Devonshire

³ See Num. xxi. i.

valleys. Trees there are NONE; but shrubs and flowers abound; and the whole soil is gray stone cropping out among faded grass, the effect of which is lovely, especially if, here and there, a little patch of cultivated land comes to view.

"From Hebron (where we spent two days—*How* it did rain!) we came on yesterday hither, one of the most beautiful rides I ever took in my life. We had been on camel back for fifty days, having come some 800 miles, which made a horse a pleasant change. At 5 in the evening, when (after the delicious view of Bethlehem, and after inspecting Rachel's tomb) we got to the convent of Mar Elias, I saw Jerusalem before me. I thought I should have fallen off my horse. But it is at first a sadly disappointing place. More of this in my next. Please address to me 'Post Office, Beyrout,' immediately on receiving this.

"Your most loving Brother,

"J. W. B."

TO MRS. HENRY JOHN ROSE.

"Petra, Easter Day [April 20], 1862.

"My dearest Carry,—You will I daresay have kindly speculated 'where John is passing Easter Day'; or rather you will have connected him with Jerusalem for some days past. But we were delayed at Akaba (Ezion Geber, or rather Elath) for a week, and, other hindrances conspiring, we found ourselves slowly pacing into this wondrous city, on our descent from Mount Hor, on Wednesday last. We have been here ever since; and expect to-morrow morning at 4 o'clock to be up, and at 7 off for Jerusalem, or rather for Hebron.

"I hardly know how to give you any idea of all I have been seeing for many days past, and above all of Petra, which is the most astonishing and interesting place I ever visited, and may well stand alone. Nature has done wonders for it, but Man has availed himself of every hint, and turned it into a triumph. The approach, between steep cliffs which almost beetle overhead, at

the end of a mile turns you out upon a rock-temple of exquisite beauty. The Wâdy Moussa (or torrent-bed of Moses⁴), which gives its name to the entire locality, then guides you through the town past the theatres and countless tombs, and not a few Roman temples, escaping through a gorge in the cliffs on the west. Sandstone cliffs enclose the site of this wondrous City, lofty, picturesque, and in colour unrivalled. But there is nothing *rosy*⁵ in Petra by any means.

"We have spent four delightful days here, wandering about and drawing as much as one pleased. We came from Akaba with both the Skeiks of Petra, the brother

⁴ "Before you opens a deep cleft between rocks of red sandstone rising perpendicularly to the height of one, two, or three hundred feet. This is the Sik, or 'cleft'; through this flows—if one may use the expression—the dry torrent, which, rising in the mountains half an hour hence, gives the name by which alone Petra is now known among the Arabs—Wâdy Moussa. 'For,'—so Skeyh Mohammed tells us—'as surely as Gebel Hârûn (the Mountain of Aaron) is so called from the burial-place of Aaron, is Wâdy Mousa (the Valley of Moses) so called from the cleft being made by the rod of Moses when he brought the stream through into the valley beyond.'"—Stanley's *'Sinai and Palestine'* [1856], pp. 89, 90.

⁵ He alludes, no doubt, to his own description of the cliffs of Petra in his Prize Poem (line 125 to 135)—"not virgin white . . . not saintly grey," &c., &c.

"But rosy-red,—as if the blush of dawn

Which first beheld them were not yet withdrawn :

The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,

Which men call'd old two thousand years ago !

Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime,—

A rose-red city—half as old as Time ! "

Travellers do not seem to agree entirely as to the colour of the rocks at Petra. Robinson, as quoted by Burgon in a foot-note to his Poem, says that they present "not a dead mass of dull monotonous red; but an endless variety of bright and living hues, from the deepest crimson to the softest pink." Dean Stanley on the other hand says: "All the describers have spoken of bright hues—scarlet, sky-blue, orange, &c. Had they taken courage to say instead, 'dull crimson, indigo, yellow, and purple,' their account would have lost something in effect, but gained much in truth. . . . A gorgeous, though dull crimson, streaked and suffused with purple, these are the two predominant colours,—'ferruginous,' perhaps, they might best be called,—and on the face of the rocks the only colours." *'Sinai and Palestine'* [1856], p. 88.

of the Sheik of the Allouins, and indeed a lot of semi-official fellows: but the chief Sheik of Petra is my friend—*Harb* (i. e. *war*) Ben Gazeh. A more thorough gentleman I never saw in my life. He went with us to the top of Mount Hor, where a singular scene occurred. He was forced to pay a kind of blackmail himself! He paid it with great dignity (3 f.), seeing guns levelled, &c., &c., but reminded the miscreants that he has the power to sweep them all from the mountain.

“O my dearest Carry, that view from Mount Hor,—what a magnificent and affecting spectacle it is! We read aloud the account of Aaron’s death, and surveyed the sight which he must have contemplated with his dying eyes; turning ours, you may be sure, in the direction of Palestine. . . .

“Ever, dearest Carry, your loving Brother,

“J. W. B.”

TO MISS GERTRUDE ROSE.

“Jerusalem, May 4, 1862.

“My dear beloved little Sister^e,—I will not go to bed until I have written you a letter, as a proof that I remember you on your precious Birthday. How I should rejoice in giving you a tremendous kiss! and I would not promise to keep myself to *one*—by any means.

“We have been very busy, since we arrived, in seeing the sights of Jerusalem—and as a first step we exchanged our tents for a house—not a very smart one: but still infinitely pleasanter than being under canvas. . . . I think I have enjoyed most the walk to Bethany over the Mount of Olives. You would be astonished at the exquisite beauty of the landscape on the other side of the Mount. The Dead Sea is seen, with the glorious mountains of Moab soaring up behind it, while all the foreground is decked with exquisite colours, and at your feet lies the quiet little village of Bethany. We were shewn the grave of Lazarus, the house of Simon, of

^e His niece, Mrs. Henry John Rose’s youngest daughter.

Martha, and so on; but it is the view of the landscape which so delighted *me*: for *that*, at least, is genuine, and must be the very same which so often cheered the eyes of the Son of Man.

"The Garden of Gethsemane is a disappointing, disenchanting place⁷: being merely a few of the oldest trees walled in, the ground being planted with roses and potherbs. This, as you know, is just beyond the brook Cedron.

"Yesterday we visited the fort of Gihon, the valley of Hinnom, the potter's field, the fort and village of Siloam, and many old tombs, the Armenian Convent, the Syrian Church, the House of Caiaphas, the scene of the Last Supper, and so on. This will give you a notion of the things you are taken to see. Of course, one cannot believe scarcely anything,—not even the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Still it is deeply interesting to be shewn spots which are so famous everywhere. But it is refreshing to turn from many of these sights to the *realities* of the place. Thus the ancient Temple wall, as Solomon left it, is wondrous perfect in many places: and the sight of this quite transports one back to sacred times. In one place (called the Jews' *place of wailing*) there are five courses of these huge stones, twenty or thirty feet long; and very strange is it to witness the lamentation of those modern Israelites,—shedding real tears and sobbing,

⁷ "A few words, and perhaps the fewer the better, must be devoted to the Garden of Gethsemane. . . . In spite of all the doubts that can be raised against their antiquity or the genuineness of their site, the eight aged olive trees, if only by their manifest difference from all others on the mountain, have always struck even the most indifferent observers. They are now indeed less striking in the modern garden enclosure built round them by the Franciscan Monks, than

when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill side; but they will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth; regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem; the most nearly approaching to the everlasting hills themselves in the force with which they carry us back to the events of Gospel History."—Stanley's '*Sinai and Palestine*' [1856], p. 450.

while they repeat the Psalter, and pause to kiss the walls of their ancient Temple.

"Jerusalem itself is a most picturesque town, though dirty and inconvenient. It is built on a hill, or rather two or three hills; and the curious mixture of Saracenic, Gothic (brought by the Crusaders), ancient, and purely modern masonry, produces quite a perplexing effect on the mind. The people in the streets sustain the impression; for they seem to be of every nation under heaven, Jews, Turks, Spanish, Russians, Germans, Armenians, Arabs. It seems to me as if they could talk every language in the world except English, French, or Italian.

"To-day we have been twice to our little English Church, Miss Fanny and I between the services going out by St. Stephen's Gate in order to have a good long gaze (of one hour and a half) on the Mount of Olives. . . . Well, darling, I have to thank you with all my heart for your dear letter, which awaited my arrival here. Pray write to me a *little oftener*. Your next must be to Beyrout after receiving this.

"And so I send you a hearty kiss, and all the most loving wishes heart can form for the darling little girl's prosperity. The *keepsake* I hope to bring. With fondest love and a kiss to all,

"Ever, my little darling, your loving Uncle,

"J. W. B."

Between the date of his last letter (May 4), and May 19, when he wrote to Mrs. Higgins to announce what had befallen him, he became so seriously ill that all thought of prosecuting his tour had to be abandoned, and the only thing to be done was to make the best of his way home. The proximate cause of this illness was a damp underground room, which unfortunately fell to his lot in the house occupied by Miss Webb's party, the better apartments being naturally assigned to the ladies. But that there were other remoter causes, arising from

his own imprudence, he seems from his Journal to have at all events suspected. Writing at Houghton Conquest at the end of January in the ensuing year (1863), he says of his illness:—

“I had been not quite well for many days. I suspect I may have caught cold from frequent early bathing in the Red Sea at Akaba. On reaching Petra I felt ill. However, I entirely got over the sense of indisposition. But at Jerusalem I gradually found myself falling a prey to disease. Lassitude, which nothing but mental activity enabled me to shake off, headache, and a sense of cold in my limbs,—all this came on, induced as I firmly believe, by the damp room allotted to me as a bed-room. I still remember very keenly the sense of illness, with which on the afternoon of ———” (he has forgotten the exact date of the day) “I sank. A very skilful man, Mr. Chaplin, could only attend to me for two days; and I fell into the hands of a Greek named Masaráki. . . . The Finns removed me to their house, and treated me like a brother (surely it was something to have fallen ill on Mount Moriah, and to have been nursed on Mount Zion!), but all was in vain. Humanly speaking, I feel *sure* I should have got well within a reasonable time, if I had but been skilfully treated at first. But it was not to be.”

The connexion between his illness and the room which had fallen to his lot becoming apparent to his fellow-travellers, it was arranged by Miss Webb that another and proper bedroom should be provided for him on the return of the party from an excursion to Jericho. This excursion he was enabled to make; and he writes to Mrs. Higgins: “The journey to Jericho did me good; but the mischief had sunk into my constitution, and I felt wondrous ill.” His “new quarters” (on the return from Jericho, May 10) were, he says, “delightful, though in a low part of the town.” As his travelling companions were obliged to leave him, to make the tour of the Holy

Land, it was arranged that he should be removed to the house of the English Consul, Mr. Finn, where, "on the highest summit of Mount Zion" he became "the guest of a most amiable and delightful household. Really the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Finn is what I shall never be able to forget."

"Monday, May 20.—I have received a kind note from Miss Webb, from which I learn that their plan of starting holds, and that she proposes to leave behind a capital *laquai de place*, to see me safe as far as on board the steamer at Jaffa. This is kind and considerate, and relieves me of all anxiety."

In Mr. Finn's house,—

"all that love could do for me was done. Can you fancy, while I was eating an orange for very despair,—at 12 o'clock at night—the door opening, and Mrs. Finn coming in (so like a sister!) with an entreaty that she might with an etna make me some sago?" [this was on the night before he left Jerusalem, May 23]. "Having once discovered that I want so much support, simple *hot slices of mutton* were at all times ready for me; at starting" [at 8.30, on the morning of the 24th] "I ate a plateful. With her own hands, she sent off—for the furniture of my litter—the pillows and mattress off my bed. Else the journey would simply have been *unmanageable*. Finally, after a few croaky words of prayer and friendship, the Consul in person mounted his horse, preceded by his cawasses (official attendants), and with his son accompanied me (mounted on a donkey) outside the Jaffa Gate. Here I found my litter, which I can only describe as a crazy covered little wagon, pulled along by two mules, one behind, one before." [In the margin of his letter he gives a sketch of the litter.] "I had not gone a quarter of a mile when the whole thing came to the ground with a crash. It would have been ungrateful indeed to grumble. At 9 I was off. . . . The sight of Mizpah (where Saul was made king) revived me, and I kept casting an eye of interest on the scenery for hours. But I was

very ill; and the jolting, as we went over the scarcely passable road (for a Syrian road is often a mere pile of rocks) took a great deal out of me."

At Ramleh he was domiciled for the night ("a night of rare suffering") in an Arabian house, and next morning, as he is wondering "how he should possibly get through the day on Arab diet," is visited by a German Missionary, who had married an English lady, and is suitably fed, as well as most kindly nursed and tended in their house. After "a second night of unspeakable trouble and unrest" he is in his litter again at 7.30 the next morning (May 26), and at 11.15 reached the Palestine Hotel, Jaffa⁸.

The next day (May 27), "the Russian packet having arrived," he totters down to the shore, leaning on the arm of the consul of Jaffa, Assaad à Khayat, and there is caught up by the sailors, and laid in the boat which Captain Mansell, who was surveying the coast, had kindly lent him for the purpose of his embarkation. "It was delightful to find myself in Jack's arms, who treated me like a plaything." On board the packet, Mr. Meredith, the Civil Engineer ("the same who laid down the Smyrna Railway, and who of course knew many of our own Smyrna connexions"), placed his dragoman at Burgon's disposal, and "promised not to forsake me till he saw me safe on shore. I am sure you" [Mrs. Higgins] "and dearest Charles will not require the assurance that so many marks of Mercy and Providence and Love many a time overcame me. I murmured to myself many a time; 'I see, I see Thine Almighty Fingers moving.'" Stretched on a mattress and pillows which were placed for him on the highest deck, he drank in the sea-breeze

⁸ Letter to Mrs. Higgins, "Palestine Hotel, Jaffa, Monday, May 26, 1862."

for five hours of daylight; and at night the steamer was moored off Mount Carmel,—“a sad night of suffering to me.” The next day he was laid upon the deck again; and in the afternoon “we neared Beyrout and Lebanon—grand and beautiful all—but I felt too ill to enjoy anything.” Mr. Meredith, with the utmost kindness, fulfilled his promise, got the patient through the Customs (which, had he been alone, “would have been a simple impossibility in that hot sun and with those noisy clamorous men”), and delivered him safe at the Belle Vue Hotel, Beyrout⁹.

At Beyrout, he found the regular practitioner (Dr. Berkeley) absent, he having been sent for to attend the celebrated Henry Buckle, who was then lying sick with fever at Damascus, and who died there while Burgon was at Beyrout. In Dr. Berkeley's absence he at first, by the advice of the Consul-General, Mr. Niven Moore, consulted a Milanese doctor, under whom for a time he seemed to progress favourably, but who at last gave him a quack medicine, which brought on alarming symptoms. This led him to send for Dr. Berkeley, who had by that time returned, and who took his case in hand. Still he found himself very low and weak. “Utter prostration is all I can say for myself,” he writes to Mr. Rose on the 6th of June; “How can a man be taking 6 gr. of quinine *per* day, and three wine glasses of tonic, with wine, pale ale, and solid food at 9, 1, and 5, without being strengthened? But there is an indescribable languor and faintness,—a desire to fling myself on the sofa, which is distressing. Still I hope and believe, as the Doctor says, that I am decidedly better.”

At Beyrout he remained, invalided, for the whole month of June. Miss Webb, it appears from a letter

⁹ Letter to Mrs. Higgins, “Beyrout, Ascension Day, May 29, 1862.”

to one of his nieces dated June 14, rejoined him here in the early part of the month. "Her arrival," he says, "has already worked a great change in my health for the better." In a letter to another niece, written six days after, he says;—

"Only one great mistake have I made since I have been here. Dear Miss Webb most kindly proposed carriage exercise; and the Doctor was strenuous in seconding the move. No one told us that the carriage could not come within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Hotel! That walk, and the drive that followed, almost made me ill. I returned in a boat, but O! it was pain and grief to me. This is some days ago; but I recollect it still with horror, like some dreadful nightmare!"

The extraordinary affectionateness of these two letters to his nieces (one of them written on the young lady's birthday), makes them unsuitable, except in the short passages already cited, for publication (one of them begins, for example, "My own most tender and sweetest of little sisters"). It would seem as if the strong love of kindred and of young people, which characterized him throughout his life, was rendered more intense, and even extravagant in its expressions, by his then state of physical prostration and imbecility. But the piety of his mind as well as its tenderness comes out in his effusions during this illness. Witness the following verses, which were written as he was lying on the deck of the French steamer, which conveyed him from Beyrout to Marseilles.

"LINES WRITTEN IN ILLNESS."

"When sorrow's tide runs all too high,
And on my bed I sleepless lie
With throbbing pulse and tearful eye,—

Jesus my Saviour, mighty Lord,
By Angels and by Saints adored,
Help me to lean upon Thy Word.

To lean on that,—to lean on Thee,—
What difference? There, *Thy* form I see,
Thy voice it is that speaks to me.

And there in all my deep distress,
And in my spirit's loneliness,
I find Thee waiting but to bless.

Hold Thou me up from day to day,
And lest these footsteps go astray,
Still keep them in the narrow way.

Nor do I ask that when I die
An angel may be hovering nigh;
I pray for *THEE* to stand close by.

Be with me in that darksome hour
When Satan struggles most for power—
Lest spirit, soul, or flesh should cower.

And for the rest,—O Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, Thy Will be done!
I know 'twill be a righteous one.

“J. W. B.

“Written July 3, 1862, lying on the deck of the steamer, before it left Beyrout.”

His Journal (already quoted) written on the 31st of January, in the ensuing year, gives this rapid summary of his voyage from Beyrout to England:—

“On July 3, I was conveyed on board the *Jourdain* which reached Marseilles July 16. We¹ hurried on to Paris, and after a halt hurried home, reaching Chesham Place on the evening of Friday, July 18.”

¹ Captain and Mrs. Bayley accompanied him home, and most kindly took charge of him during the voyage.

In Chesham Place was the Town residence of Miss Webb. His sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, met him there, and conveyed him the next day to Turvey Abbey, their place in Bedfordshire.

"It was an unspeakable comfort," he says, "that meeting with dearest Helen and Charles. Their kindness is not to be told. But Oh! in what need I was of kindness and help. I was reduced to an extraordinary degree. At Turvey I could scarcely sit upright. My nights were sleepless and painful; my days I used to pass on the sofa. To walk for twenty minutes in the garden was a supreme object of dread with me,—an effort to which I was wholly unequal. I could neither write nor read. I could neither dress nor undress myself at all. Thus in many respects I was worse than at Beyrout; but in one respect I was better, viz. that a little conversation was not so oppressive, or rather so overwhelming, exhausting. . . . A visit of five weeks to Dover (24 Sept. to 30 Oct. 1862) did much for me; but I went back sadly by spending two days in London. At last (Tuesday, 18 Nov.) I came on hither" [Houghton Conquest]. "I have had ample leisure, since I first fell ill, to think over the whole of what I have felt to be a most mysterious dispensation. Nearest to me, and most indisputable, have been the marks of God's watchful providence and love."

He then speaks with deep gratitude of all the persons who have shown him kindness in his illness,—Mr. and Mrs. Finn at Jerusalem, Captain Mansell and Assaad à Khayat at Jaffa, and Mr. Meredith on board the steamer to Beyrout.

"All these were instruments in God's hands; I could never lose sight of *Him*.—But that which has most struck me with wonder is the astonishing way in which I have been denied a sight of the sacred objects I left England expressly in order to see. It was

passing strange. A few weeks would have shewn me what I most wished to see,—Bethel, Shechem, Nain, Nazareth, Carmel, and oh! far, far, above all, the Sea of Galilee, but no! *Deo aliter visum est!* In pain, and in weakness, and in sorrow, and in loneliness, I went by sea to a point far north of the Holy Land. Damascus was within reach. But even Damascus I could not visit. . . . I came home in broken health, and quite a wreck.”

The secret of his disappointment he finds in the imagined sinfulness of his going abroad, when St. Mary’s was waiting for him as its Pastor.

“How can I review this solemn dispensation without a deep suspicion that I can understand it also? I do believe that I ought never to have gone, and oh! that I had stayed in England, and undertaken the duties of St. Mary’s! Oh! how gladly would I undo the past if that were possible!

“Most solemn of all has been the prolonged duration of my illness. Here is not only the denial of my desires, but their chastisement as well. At the end of a full year from the day I first fell ill, I was in great suffering and a prisoner to the sofa. The weeks still roll by, and I still do not recover. How long is this to last? I am miserably weak.”

It will be seen that this conviction of his having acted wrongly in going abroad recurred to him again and disquieted him in the month preceding his death, when, as during the illness which arose from the Jerusalem fever, his bodily powers were prostrated. The reader will be inclined to think that on both occasions his physical weakness had affected the mind, and rendered it morbid; and that the sounder view of the subject is that which he tells us, strange to say, in the same page of his Journal had sometimes presented itself to him, when pondering the subject of his illness:—

"I have even thought sometimes that *had* I commenced work again at Oxford, in Oct. 1861, a *severer* break-down might have been the consequence,—so reduced was I, and overworked, when I went abroad. The religious troubles, which have since occurred there, might also have been too much for me. I try to find comfort where I can."

But it is a long lane which has no turning, says the old proverb, and, seriously ill as Burgon had been—so ill that on his first arrival at Turvey, Mr. Higgins had said to his wife, "we must do all we can for the dear one, but I fear he will not leave our house alive,"—so ill that he himself was continually saying to his sister and brother-in-law, "My work is done, I shall never be able to do anything more,"—he began to rally after his visit to Dover, and found himself able to dispense with the two sticks, by the help of which he had hitherto walked. The following letter seems to show that his mind also had recovered its tone, and that in affection for his friends, love of little ones, and tenderness towards past associations, he was the same as ever.

TO THE REV. ALFRED HENSLEY.

"Turvey Abbey, Bedford, Nov. 11, 1862.

"Dearest Old Buck,—I have been long wishing to write to you. I have to thank you for many kind enquiries, and am now able to tell you, under my own fist, that I am a great deal better than I was, though still a lame dog, and very far from well.

"I have been over wonderful scenes, and often thought of you, when I was most happy in them. But the interest of entering the Holy Land (alas! I did but enter it!) surpassed everything. I made many sketches, some of which I shall much like to shew you one bright day.

"And on your side, what have *you* been doing? spoiling our little Fanny—eh? come, be honest, and tell me exactly what kind of little maiden she is. Remember me kindly to your dear wife also, and be sure you do not forget me yourself.

"Time steals on apace. Do you remember how we two walked up Beaumont Street together, some twenty years ago, to be matriculated? It seems like yesterday. And yet, when my younger nephew took the same walk the other day (*he also* is at Worcester), I was forcibly reminded that full many a yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow have gone to make up the sum of the years.

"One word more and I have done. Some one told me the other day that *you* had helped to spread a report, that I am going to be married. Nothing in the world is more untrue. I have not had, for some years past, any intention whatever of the kind. Do me the favour then, if it be ever in your power, to contradict, in the roundest manner, a report which cannot but be injurious to somebody, and against which, when it is unfounded, every instinct of chivalry revolts. Believe me ever, my dearest old man, Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN W. BURGON.

"I fear I shall not be able to return to Oxford on this side of Xmas. I hope *you* are well? Adieu!"

One quite sees in the fact of his having travelled in the company of two or three ladies, whose society he much enjoyed, and who greatly admired him, the genesis of the false report about his marriage.

When Christmas came, his return to Oxford had still
 A.D. 1863. to be postponed; for on the 12th of January, 1863, we
 [*Att.* 52.] find him thus writing to Professor Forbes, his old Tutor at Mr. Greenlaw's School, Blackheath. He writes from his elder sister's house at Houghton Conquest, to which, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins had brought him on Nov. 18 of the preceding year. In the earlier part of the letter,

after referring to the after life of several of his school-fellows at Blackheath, he gives Professor Forbes a rapid sketch of what had befallen him since he left school, bringing down the narrative to the time of his illness, and concluding thus: "I am convalescent,—nay, really getting well; but I am advised not to think of returning to Oxford, until after Easter." From another paragraph of this letter we find that the interest always hitherto felt by him in the structure of Holy Scripture is still the same as ever. Professor Forbes in his letter to him, had referred to the subject of Parallelism, the great principle of Hebrew poetry, and seems to have asked his opinion on Bishop Jebb's well-known application of the principle to the Lord's Prayer, and other passages of Holy Scripture not usually considered poetical. Burgon replies:—

"One word about Parallelism. I am not an unbeliever; still less an unwilling listener; but *I cannot see the proof*. I see enough to feel convinced that there is *something* in it, but I cannot take the leap sometimes required of me; or I hesitate to admit something which seems to me purely arbitrary; or an analogy seems to me fanciful; or a correspondence which clearly maintains in three instances, breaks down (*me judice*) in the fourth. Thus (to speak somewhat at random) the Lord's Prayer I have always thought consists of three petitions which have God, and four which have men, for their object. But you bid me *isolate* the fourth, and regard it as a central petition, on either side of which others balance. The Beatitudes I reckon at eight, not seven. But be they in a manner seven, their *partial* correspondence with the Lord's Prayer I have long since noticed (and Augustine before me); but it is not (as far as I can see) complete and systematic. To be brief, I *wish* to be persuaded, but cannot persuade myself of more than this, *that there is something in it*. Jebb has brought me thus far, but no further.—In the meantime I should rejoice unspeakably if by this, or by any other unsuspected

method, men could be convinced of the Divine structure of the material of Holy Scripture. The hostility of the world against God's Word is the most fearful sign of the times."

His convalescence under God's blessing proceeded favourably, and on the 9th of Feb. 1863, a letter was addressed to him by Canon (afterwards Bishop) Christopher Wordsworth, who had recently put forth his '*Tour in Italy*²,' which was evidently designed to amuse him in his retirement. The Canon had tried, he tells him, when at Rome, to conciliate Padre Vercellone by showing him Burgon's courteous words about him in his '*Letters from Rome*³.'

"But, *au contraire*, your strictures on the errors in the Roman edition⁴, and still more your strictures on the errors of the Church of Rome (which he felt I believe to be too well merited), were too much for him; and he almost foamed at the mouth. . . . I had some reason to fear that he would take me, and put an end to me by letting me quietly down into the well of his Convent."

We find from his Journal that on the 5th of August he was able to leave Houghton for Margate, where he

² The first Edition of the '*Tour*' appeared early in 1863, and was no doubt sent by the Canon to his invalid friend shortly after its publication. A second Edition was published six months after, the Preface to which is dated July 29, 1863. The tour itself commenced May 13, 1862, and may be said to have ended when the Canon and his party reached Paris on the return journey, July 4, 1862.

³ "I cannot name this learned gentleman without recommending to your notice the very laborious

and admirable edition of the Vulgate, which he has now in hand, and of which part has already appeared. It ought to have a place in all our college libraries." '*Letters from Rome to Friends in England*,' p. 34.

⁴ The Canon means Cardinal Mai's Edition of the Codex Vaticanus, completed, after the Cardinal's death in 1854, by Padre Vercellone. The "strictures" will be found in Letters II and III of Burgon's '*Letters from Rome*.'

staid till the 11th of September to complete his recovery, then returning to Houghton. On the previous day, 10th September, which he notes as being the anniversary of the day of his departure from England in 1861, he received a letter from Mr. Chase, intimating his intention of resigning the Vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin's, and five days after, September 15, came another letter announcing that he himself would be appointed to succeed Mr. Chase, on Michaelmas Day, that is a fortnight afterwards. By some dear friends and admirers in Oxford he was strongly urged to accept the position. Hereupon he moralises thus in his Journal:—

“How is it that I am so faithless, as to be full of misgivings about my health, strength, ability, and the like? Surely I am the most faithless thing alive!

“My heart sinks too (but that is surely not inexcusable) at the consciousness that this is *the last* of my many vacations here” (at Houghton); “the thought is heavy; and I watch the sands running out of the glass with a pang unspeakable. Those many quiet studious days and nights, at Christmas, at Easter, and in the summer, sweetened by unceasing kindness, and by the society of those seven who are so dear to me,” [his sister and brother-in-law and their five children], “are almost at an end. This pleasant vicissitude with Oxford life,—a *prolonged* vicissitude, which I have found salutary for mind and body—will be no more. For short periods it may be resumed; but alas! it must henceforth be reckoned with the treasures of the past. This dear place can never more be *my home*!

“Such sorrow is good for us. It is good to face it, and to feel it too. All things must come to an end. An adopted like a real home, cannot (alas) be for ever. All things here below have an end; and I must now brace up my heart to go forth when God calls me, and not seek my own selfish enjoyment, as I did this time two years ago.

“O my God, be with me! leave me not, neither

forsake me ! let the Angel of thy Presence comfort me, and shew me my way in this wilderness of life, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of us all.—J. W. B.

On Friday, the 9th of October, 1863, he left this happy home for Oxford, to be inducted to the Vicarage of St. Mary's.

END OF VOL. I.



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